Boston Public Library
3 9999 10586 454 8

BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

FITCHBURG PUBLIC LIBRARY
WITHDRAWN

P. Library

THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. L.

BOSTON:
FERDINAND ANDREWS, 4 WATER STREET.

1840.

051
N1-50

CAMBRIDGE:
FOLSOM, WELLS, AND THURSTON,
PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

CONTENTS

OF

No. CVI.

ART. PAGE

I. NATIONAL MUSIC 1

The Life of Haydn, in a Series of Letters written at Vienna; followed by the Life of Mozart, with Observations on Metastasio, and on the Present State of Music in France and Italy. Translated from the French of L. A. C. BOMBET, with Notes by WILLIAM GARDINER.

II. STEAMBOAT DISASTERS 19

1. A Report on Explosions, and the Causes of Explosions, with Suggestions for their Prevention; prepared at the Request of the Citizens of Cincinnati.

2. Letter from the Secretary of the Treasury, transmitting, in Obedience to a Resolution of the House, of the 29th of June last, Information in Relation to Steam-Engines, &c. December 13th, 1838.

III. ITALY IN THE MIDDLE AGES 43

View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages. In Three Volumes. By HENRY HALLAM, Esq.

IV. DISCOVERY BEYOND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS . . 75

1. Journal of an Exploring Tour beyond the Rocky Mountains, under the Direction of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, performed in the Years 1835, 1836, and 1837; containing a Description of the Geography, Geology, Climate, and Productions, and the Number, Manners, and Customs of the Natives. With a Map of Oregon Territory. By the Rev. SAMUEL PARKER, A. M.

2. Narrative of a Journey across the Rocky Mountains to the Columbia River, and a Visit to the Sandwich Islands, Chili, &c. With a Scientific Appendix. By JOHN K. TOWNSEND.

V. HYPERION 145
Hyperion; a Romance. By the Author of "Outre-Mer."

VI. BACON'S HISTORICAL DISCOURSES 161
Thirteen Historical Discourses, on the Completion of Two Hundred Years from the Beginning of the First Church in New Haven, with an Appendix. By LEONARD BACON, Pastor of the First Church in New Haven.

VII. SPENSER'S POETICAL WORKS 174
The Poetical Works of Edmund Spenser. In Five Volumes. First American Edition, with Introductory Remarks on the "Faerie Queene," and Notes, by the Editor.

VIII. CLAVERS'S GLIMPSES OF WESTERN LIFE . . . 206
A New Home; Who'll Follow? or, Glimpses of Western Life. By MRS. MARY CLAVERS, an Actual Settler.

IX. MANUFACTURES OF MASSACHUSETTS 223
1. The Second Exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, at Quincy Hall, in the City of Boston, September 23d, 1839.
2. An Address delivered before the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, at the Celebration of their Eleventh Triennial Festival, and Second Exhibition and Fair, October 3d, 1839. By JAMES TRECOTHICK AUSTIN, Honorary Member of the Association.

X. HILLHOUSE'S POEMS AND DISCOURSES 231
Dramas, Discourses, and other Pieces, by JAMES A. HILLHOUSE.

XI. CRITICAL NOTICES.
1. Gesenius's Hebrew Grammar 263
2. Longfellow's Voices of the Night 266
3. Osgood's Poems 269
4. Worcester's Geography 272
5. Pebblebrook, and the Harding Family . . 273
6. Translation of La Fontaine 277
7. German Dictionary of Flügel and Sporschil . 279
8. Southern Literary Messenger. [Translation of the Tusculan Questions] 283

NOTE TO ARTICLE II. 287

QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS 289

CONTENTS

OF

No. CVII.

Art. Page

I. ITALIAN LITERATURE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY 301
1. Proposta di alcune Correzioni ed Aggiunti al Vocabolario della Crusca [di VINCENZO MONTI.]
2. Storia d' Italia, di CARLO BOTTA.
3. Elementi di Filosofia, di PASQUALE GALUPPI.
4. Collezione degli Scritti sulla Dottrina della Ragione, di GIANDOMENICO ROMAGNOSI.

II. LEGISLATION OF PLYMOUTH COLONY 336
An Historical Memoir of the Colony of New Plymouth. By FRANCIS BAYLIES.

III. THE ALLSTON EXHIBITION 358
Exhibition of Pictures painted by Washington Allston.

IV. ORNITHOLOGY 381
1. History of British Birds, by WILLIAM MACGILLIVRAY.
2. Ornithological Biography, by JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

V. LORD CHESTERFIELD 404
The Works of LORD CHESTERFIELD.

VI. POLITICS OF THE PURITANS 432
1. The Planter's Plea.
2. An Historical Discourse, by JAMES L. KINGSLEY.
3. Thirteen Historical Discourses, by LEONARD BACON.
4. The New York Review. No. XI., for January, 1840. [Article 2. Politics of the Puritans.]

VII. BODE'S HISTORY OF GREEK POETRY 461
Geschichte der Hellenischen Dichtkunst, von Dr. GEORG HEINRICH BODE.
History of Grecian Poetry, by Dr. GEORGE HENRY BODE.

VIII. English Poetry in the Nineteenth Century 488
The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell.

IX. The District School Library 505
1. The School Library. Published under the Sanction of the Board of Education of the State of Massachusetts.
(1.) Irving's Life and Voyages of Columbus.
(2.) Paley's Natural Theology, with Selections from the Illustrative Notes and the Preliminary Dissertations of Sir Charles Bell and Lord Brougham; the whole newly arranged and edited by Elisha Bartlett, M. D.
(3.) Lives of Eminent Individuals, celebrated in American History.
(4.) Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons, by the Rev. Henry Duncan, D. D.; adapted to American Readers, by the Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood, D. D.

2. The School Library, Juvenile Series.
(1.) Pictures of Early Life; or Sketches of Youth. By Mrs. Emma C. Embury.
(2.) Selections from the Writings of Miss Jane Taylor, by Mrs. S. J. Hale.

X. Critical Notices.
1. Turner's Elements of Chemistry 516
2. Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind . . . 520
3. Porter's Description and History of Plainfield 524
4. Hague's Historical Discourse 525
5. Felt's Account of Massachusetts Currency . 526
6. Chitty on Precedents in Pleading 528
7. Langley's Principia Saxonica. 530
8. The Analyst, a Collection of Miscellaneous Papers 531
9. Addresses on Literary Occasions 533
10. Rejected Addresses 534
11. Winthrop's Address 535
12. Buel's Farmer's Companion 535
13. Juvenile Biography 536
14. The Annualette 537
15. Lothrop's Sermon 537

Quarterly List of New Publications 541

Index 551

FITCHBURG
PUBLIC LIBRARY

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CVI.

JANUARY, 1840.

Art. I. — *The Life of Haydn, in a Series of Letters written at Vienna; followed by the Life of Mozart, with Observations on Metastasio, and on the Present State of Music in France and Italy.* Translated from the French of L. A. C. Bombet, with Notes by William Gardiner, Author of "The Music of Nature." Boston: J. H. Wilkins and R. B. Carter. 1839. 16mo. pp. 389.

When this title-page first met our eye, we were pleased with the thought, that a new book, or at least a book with new notes, had appeared, upon the lives of these Fathers of Music. We hailed it as a happy omen, that the public mind was turning back to those undefiled wells, to the principles of a pure taste; and that, amidst the dazzle and glitter of an artificial and exaggerated style, the beauties of these great composers were again beginning to be appreciated. In this expectation we have been disappointed.

There is nothing new in the volume but the title-page, and the preface of the American publishers. The original "Letters" by Bombet were written between the years 1808 and 1814. These were soon after translated into English, and published with notes, by the author of the "Sacred Melodies," William Gardiner. A reprint of the work was issued in Providence, Rhode Island, by Miller and Hutchens, and Samuel Avery, in 1820. Since that time, the author of the Notes marked "G.," has become a favorite from his "Music of Nature," published in 1832, and his name is therefore given in the title-page of the new reprint, as more likely to render the work attractive.

But, although the work contains nothing which has not been before the public for more than twenty years in England, and nearly as long in America, we feel indebted to the publishers for the reprint of 1839. The original work is interesting ; it contains much information, and much pleasant discussion ; it is written *con amore* by a hearty admirer of Haydn and Mozart, and one apparently capable of appreciating their merits. No one, who has any love for music, can fail to be interested by the lively remarks and the pleasant style of the French writer. And as for the notes, by Gardiner, we agree with the writer quoted in the new preface, that, "here he has shown some of his finest powers of description." The work is worthy of a place in the libraries of intelligent men, and Messrs. Wilkins and Carter have published it in becoming style. Their volume would not disgrace the fastidious centre-table, or the fancy book-case ; whereas the old Providence edition was very shabby, and fit only to be thrown into a rubbish closet, with departed spelling-books, and the mortal remains of dictionaries, grammars, and geographies.

Moreover, it is a good book to be presented to a community, among whom music is, comparatively, but just transplanted. Musical taste, in this country, is yet to be formed. We have nothing like national music, because we have nothing like national taste. We have not even a decided preference for any particular style. We like the music of Haydn, or of Handel ; but we do not find, that it is more congenial to our fancy than that of Rossini, or Bellini. We do not decide in favor of Italian music over that of Germany, or of French music over that of Scotland. On the whole, perhaps, the simple Scottish airs are the most generally relished in America. But the preference is not decided enough in favor of any class or style of music, to indicate that there is here, as in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, a distinctly marked national taste.

The inquiry is interesting, whether such a taste is the gift of nature, or rather a result of cultivation. If it be the growth of time or civilization, why is there no national music of England? Why, on the contrary, is the music of Scotland so distinctly marked? What influences have been in operation in the latter country to produce this effect, which have been wanting in England? Are such influences ever to act in America? Are we to have a national music, or are we, with all our wealth, luxury, and refinements, to be as destitute of music as England?

Were it not for the unfortunate instance of our mother country, we should say, unhesitatingly, that wherever there is poetry, there must be music. If a nation has traditionary ballads, if the spirit of poetry has ever made a tabernacle in the heart of a people, it seems impossible that music should not be invoked to give it expression. Wherever there is human nature, music should be found. May it not be, that England is an exception to the common law of national taste; and that, but for certain peculiar circumstances, we should now be enjoying the music of that country, as well as of other civilized lands?

It is obvious, that although climate and scenery may affect the character of a national music, they can neither cause nor preent its growth. In a clear and elastic atmosphere and a genial climate, the voice is generally more flexible and clear than in a cold and damp region. This would perhaps have an effect upon the music of such a country during its gradual formation. Italy is called "the land of song"; not probably because the Italians are a more musical people than the Germans, for instance, but because the voice is more generally good, and consequently there is more vocal music in Italy. No traveller can fail to be impressed with the appropriateness of the appellation. This difference would lead us to expect, what we find to be the case, on comparing the Italian with the German music. The former is more simple, more distinguished by melody, more passionate. The latter is profound, complicated, metaphysical, often more grand and sentimental. The former, from its simplicity, indicates that it is the music of the voice; the latter, by its rich and compound harmony, appears to be the result of instruments combined

Natural scenery may also exert an influence on the character of a nation's music. It is difficult to imagine the same music to be the growth of the sunny plains of Lombardy, and of the awful scenery of the Alps, or the wild shores of the northern seas. Whatever influences are exerted upon national character by these differences, must become apparent in music, if the nation has any. And although we have no faith in the theory, that music is merely the result of man's imitative propensities, we have at the same time no doubt, that it is in a degree modified in every country by the prevalent sounds. For instance ; in a land of tempests, where the mournful sigh of the coming storm, or the roar of its fury, and the deep, angry, and incessant roll of the ocean are constantly heard, we should expect to find corresponding tones in the music. But a milder region, where the song of birds and the busy hum of insects is continually heard, where the prevalent sounds of nature, the breeze, the purling stream, the cataract, are of a cheerful character, and where, from the gentleness of the scenery, even the storm is robbed of half its terrors, we should suppose that the music would partake of this character. And this we believe will be acknowledged to be the case, as far as experience goes.

But such influences as these can never create a national music. The climate of England is as well fitted to make musicians as that of Scotland or Germany, and the scenery is as lovely as that of Italy. What, then, prevents that fine country from having her own music ? Many reasons may be assigned. In the first place, England has been cut off from the inheritance of her earliest music. Her earliest race, when they retired to the mountains of Wales, carried with them their language and song. Those strains, however wild and uncouth, which their bards poured out, would, if they had continued to be heard in England, to be listened to, reverenced, cherished, and repeated from age to age, have become gradually more and more polished and harmonious, while at the same time they would have been as strongly stamped with individual character as the music of any nation now is. The outpouring of the heart in song, the expression, in this form, of national character, the strains which nerved the rude warrior's arm, or which were thundered forth by victorious bands, would never have been lost ; but, even at this day, we should have heard strains, which perhaps struck terror into the hearts of Julius Cæsar's troops, or which resounded through the mysterious groves of the Druids.

It is thus that a national music is formed. The strains which are poured forth from an enthusiastic people, which really give utterance to popular emotion, are its first origin, and give it an indelible stamp. This enthusiastic outpouring of song generally happens only in the infancy and rudeness of nations, while superstition blinds and mystifies, while the passions are vehement and uncontrolled, and the poetry of life is untamed. The same causes which make a rude age poetical, would also give birth to music. The progress of the national music is afterwards analogous to that of the language. It is softened, improved, polished ; but it remains essentially the same. The features which were derived from the deep sources of national character are never changed. The early airs are repeated from age to age, and others are fashioned from them, bearing the same distinctive character. Thus it has been with Scotland, with Ireland, and with Wales.

The first race with which England was peopled retired before the invader, and a new people, with another language, other customs, and other characteristics, took possession of the soil. These too undoubtedly had their music, as well as their language and their poetry. And, had the Saxons continued to be the people of England, their music might perhaps at this day have been prominent in the fine arts.

But the Saxons were invaded and conquered ; and where did a conquered people ever preserve their song ? "They sat down by the rivers of Babylon and wept ;" they hung their harps upon the willows, and their sound was heard no more.

The Norman came with his romances and his minstrels. But the song of the minstrel was of earlier times, and of heroes long gone by. The language he spoke was soon modified, varied, and finally changed ; and the two nations, the conqueror and the vanquished, became blended like their languages, till the original characteristics of both were confused and almost lost. With the growth of the English language, came an age of reality. The poetry of life was fast fading away. The time when national music is born had gone by in England, and the song of earlier days was lost.

Thus England was deprived of her traditionary music. Other circumstances, adverse to the growth of music as a creation of art, may be traced in her history. We speak of music as a creation of art, in contradistinction to the music which is handed down from a rude age, and whose origin is lost in antiquity. Among a highly endowed and enlightened people, music, as an art, may spring up at any time. Wherever there is a strong taste for it generally diffused throughout a community, composers will be sure to appear. Wherever a nation is peculiarly excited by powerful sentiment, this feeling is likely to burst forth in song. Thus, for instance, the Marseilles Hymn may be considered a genuine offspring of national enthusiasm.

Let us briefly compare the musical history of England with that of Italy. In the former, as we have seen, the traditionary music was lost. In the latter it was in some degree, at least, preserved; and was inherited, perhaps, from the remotest antiquity. For many centuries music in Italy was only preserved by the Christian church, having been solemnly proscribed at Rome after the death of the Emperor Nero. The airs of ancient Rome, inherited perhaps from the Etrurians, the Oscans, or the Greeks, were chanted by the early Christians at their secret devotions, and were preserved by their enthusiasm and piety, when they could no longer be heard in the stately abodes of the senators. And this ancient music, it is believed, has never been lost, the Gregorian chant being nothing more nor less than the classical music of Rome. Thus, although music was almost extinct for a long period, it never perished; and when, after almost disappearing from even the church, it was revived by Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, and improved by Pope Gregory during the fifth century, Italy then was in possession of her traditionary music.

But the art owes its perfection in Italy to the efforts of the church. An institution which depends so much upon affecting the senses of its devotees, would not of course omit to use so powerful a means as music. And accordingly we find, that both the oratorio and the opera owe their existence to the efforts of churchmen to promote a spirit of devotion in their followers. The earliest form of the spiritual drama was presented by the Christian Pilgrims, who, on their return from the Holy Land, used to accompany their dramatic representations of the life and sufferings of our Saviour and of the Apostles, with songs and choruses descriptive of the same. About the middle of the sixteenth century, Philip of Neri established regular oratorios in Florence, with the declared object of calling the public attention to religious subjects. The sacred opera had already assumed a more complete form than the representation of the Pilgrims. A religious drama had been performed at Padua in the thirteenth century; and it appears, that the "Annunciation" was enacted every year at the city of Treves.

From sacred to profane subjects the step was easy. Politian produced a musical drama on the story of Orpheus, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and thus the opera was established.

It was the good fortune of Italy, that a refined state of living, — wealth, luxury, and elegance, and with them elevated and refined tastes, — were acquired before the enthusiasm and devotion, which mark a ruder condition of society, had departed. The church still continued to direct the taste, and to influence the heart, long after the rough features of barbarism had disappeared from Italy; and the church, as we have seen, took music under its peculiar patronage. Music, like the other fine arts in Italy, was the offspring of enthusiasm and a romantic spirit, united with civilization, refinement, and wealth.

The case was entirely different in England. We have seen, that the revived music of Italy was founded on the traditionary airs of the country. Had these been lost, the music might now have been of a very different character. In England there was no such foundation to build upon. In Italy the growth of music was owing to the efforts of the church. But all such influences were almost lost in England. The Romish church never exerted the influence on the arts in that country that it did in Italy, because its power was lost before England became refined enough to take pleasure in the fine arts. While Giotto was painting the walls of the Campo Santo at Pisa, and Lorenzo Ghiberti was casting his gates of Paradise for the old Lombard church in Florence, the English were industriously occupied in cutting their own throats and the throats of their neighbours. The Reformation came; and with it a severe spirit, which looked with aversion upon outward forms and ceremonies, and all the magnificent paraphernalia of the Church of Rome. Many of the decorations were removed from the churches, many of the forms were interdicted, and the splendor of worship was much diminished. Little or no encouragement was given to the arts by the Church of England down to the time of Charles the First. Then the spirit of Puritanism began to breathe its sternness over the land, and its effects were to retard the growth of the fine arts in England more than a century. In the midst of all these changes, that enthusiastic spirit which gives birth to art was lost. The fervor of the Puritans, had their doctrines allowed it, might have originated a new and impressive music, which succeeding refinement would, perhaps, have improved to rival the music of Germany or Italy. But, unfortunately, all such accomplishments and exercises were denounced, and the barbarous twanging hymns of the Puritans had no other effect, than to destroy even the little taste for the art previously existing in England.

The writer of a very interesting article on the piano-forte, in a late number of the "Westminster Review," would make it appear, that music continued to flourish during the Commonwealth in England. In proof of this, he quotes the celebrated passage from Milton's "Tractate on Education," written while the author was Latin Secretary to Cromwell, in which he recommends the learning of music as a part of the regular training of young men. We can go further than this. Whitlocke informs us, that an opera was actually published in 1658, by Sir John Davenant. But we do not think either of these circumstances proves, that music was in a flourishing condition at the time. Milton was remarkably distinguished from the Puritans of his day. He excelled in courtly and chivalrous accomplishments; his learning was profound, and his spirit was deeply imbued with romance. We might as well quote Milton to prove, that all elegant arts and acquirements were cultivated and respected, as that music was preserved. It is well known, that, in the preliminaries to the treaty of Uxbridge, it was positively insisted upon, that all play-houses should be utterly interdicted for ever. Here was, of course, a death-blow to the opera. Davenant published his opera, notwithstanding this law; but it appears to have been a dangerous experiment. We find, at any rate, that he had fallen into such odium with the government, that his life was only saved through the intercession of Milton.

At all events, the writer of the article just quoted agrees with us, that music almost disappeared from England after the time of James the Second. He says,

"The mass of our diaries, correspondences, and periodicals, of the eighteenth century, if consulted, will serve to show, that while fashion still condescended to take music under the shadow of her goose-wings, and the middle classes, therefore, must needs ape the ecstasies of aristocrats, until the very grange of the farmer was polluted by the modish presence of the 'spinet' of Miss Betty or Miss Molly ; the old spirit, which made our Bacons not deem the secrets of the art unworthy of honorable allusion, our Brownes include it among the objects of subtile speculation, our Evelyns condescend to read from the musician's pages, in turn with those of the poet and philosopher, had as utterly passed away as the delicious and racy language of the ancient drama, or the sweet superstition of the Fairies."

We have endeavoured to give a few of the more obvious reasons for the non-existence of English music, because we like to account for this want from external causes, rather than from a deficiency in the national capacities. We do believe, that, but for unfortunate influences, there might have been a musical literature peculiarly English ; but, at the same time, we are forced to the conviction, that there is not in England so keen and delicate a perception of art, generally speaking, as in many other countries.

For many centuries the romance of life has been but little known in England. Even in the brilliant reign of Elizabeth, it was confined to a comparatively insignificant number. True, the accomplished Surrey went abroad proclaiming the charms of his fair Geraldine with spear and sword ; Sidney realized in his own person the ideal virtue and courage of the heroes of the round table ; Raleigh, and Essex, and Hatton, and many a noble knight beside, preserved the golden age of chivalry round the throne of their mistress. But, beyond the magic circle of the court, the romance of life ceased. It found no home among the people. There was nothing of that wild and poetical existence, which, for a hundred and fifty years afterwards, was found in the Highlands of Scotland.

But it may be said, there was as much of the romance of life in England as in Italy, from the time of the Medici downwards. This may be true, and yet nothing can offer a greater contrast than life in these two countries. We do not refer merely to the style of living, the manners and customs, the degree of comfort, and the amount of external conveniences ; but to the spirit of society, the objects of life, the callings of men, the most important and absorbing interests. In England, life is business. Its objects are, improvements in the accommodations of existence; the means of keeping out the cold and wet; commerce, manufactures, voyages of discovery; and, above all, the absorbing game of politics, whether in the forum or the battle-field. These are the great and serious objects of Englishmen. Accomplishments, arts, amusements are the mere ornaments of life, but little prized, and never brought into comparison with the other weighty matters.

In Italy, the case is very different. There, life is art. The weighty occupations, the important business, the concerns of states, and the interests of governments, are art. Cities are more proud of their statues and their pictures, than of their convenient streets and their ingenious by-laws. States boast more of their artists, than of their internal improvements. And this admiration of the fine arts is not confined to the wealthy and refined. It pervades all classes, and becomes the high interest and the pride of all. Italy is, in truth, the *republic of art.* Music, sculpture, poetry, painting, are not there the exclusive property and privilege of any class. They belong to all. They are claimed and enjoyed by all. A few remarks of Bombet's, where he is speaking of the inutility of transferring the objects of art from Italy to France, are in accordance with what we have just remarked. He tells us, that, at Milan, we hear of Titian's "Christ crowned with Thorns," as soon as we arrive. At Bologna, the street valet will direct your attention to the St. Cecilia of Raphael. "At Rome," he continues, "the person best known, and in highest estimation, is Canova;" "at Rome they will talk for a fortnight of the manner in which the fresco of the convent of San Nilo, painted by Domenichino, is going to be transferred to canvass. At Rome it is the great artist who occupies the public attention; at Paris, it is the successful general, or the favorite minister, — Marshal Saxe, or M. de Calonne."

These differences between England and Italy arise, rather, we apprehend, from the natural superiority of the latter country, than from any adventitious circumstances. The Italians have a keener sense of art than the English. Music is the native growth of the country; it is universally understood, loved, and practised. In England it is an exotic; of slow growth, and fit only for the saloons of the wealthy. There is an atmosphere of music in Italy. People hear it from their birth. It becomes one of the invariable concomitants of life. To be without music is not a conceivable idea. The fine arts are indispensable with Italians. They are more needed and more sought than those comforts, which in England are prized as the first requisites for living. The Italians, to borrow the idea of a witty acquaintance, can get on without the necessaries of life ; but the luxuries are absolutely indispensable.

This want of a general capacity to enjoy music or to appreciate it, in England, is, we believe, more than any adventitious difficulty, the reason why they have no national music. It is not enough, that the art should be cultivated by the wealthy ; that the opera should be munificently supported, and that foreign performers should carry away fortunes from the kingdom. We would give more for the chance of a national music in a country where the laborers sing at their toil, or join in chorus as they return from the fields, than in that which devotes millions to the building of opera-houses, and the importation of performers.

The assertion, that England has no music, ought undoubtedly to be qualified. In saying this, we mean, in the first place, that there is no music which, from its peculiar character, we pronounce unhesitatingly to be English. We are never at a loss to distinguish Scottish music, or German, or Italian ; but what are the characteristics of English music ? In this sense, we consider that it does not exist. Again ; there is no class of composers belonging to England, whose works form a distinct musical literature. Half a dozen writers of equal merit with Arne would have created such a literature ; but they are not to be found. Handel we do not rank as an English composer ; were he so, England might indeed boast of her national music. Yet we must acknowledge, that, by adopting Handel's music so completely, the English have done all in their power to make it national. It is remarked in a notice of the Chevalier Neukomm, in the "Musical Magazine," that he learned fully to appreciate Handel's music only in England. We could only wish that a few succeeding composers had showed, or would yet show, that the style of Handel belongs to England peculiarly.

The nearest approach the English have made to a national music is perhaps in the cathedral chants and anthems. Here we think a peculiar and distinctly-marked style may be discerned ; and in this class of compositions are to be found many honored names. A notice of the "Boston Anthem Book," which appeared in a late number of the "Musical Magazine," gives a highly respectable catalogue of English composers of church music. Some of them lived in the early days of music ; as Richard Fevrant, who flourished in the former portion of the reign of Elizabeth, and William Bird, who was born about the year 1543, and whose famous canon, *Non nobis, Domine*, has been ascribed to Palestrina, the father of modern melody.

In speaking of the national music of England, it seems only just to cite a remark of the Earl of Mount Edgecombe, which appears in the "Musical Magazine." He says ;

"There is another species of composition more peculiarly our own, and which I should call our only national music ; I mean *glees*, which differ from any thing I ever heard, and in their style cannot be excelled. Their harmony is so full, rich, and melodious, when executed, as they long were, by the Messrs. Knyvett, and the other performers accustomed to sing them together, that they completely gratify the ear ; and he must be indeed fastidious, or greatly prejudiced, who cannot receive pleasure from their performance. — If the leading voice permits itself to wander from the strict melody of the air, in order to show grace or agility, as is too frequently the case when singers accustomed to other styles are called in, the effect is injured instead of improved, as the great beauty of those compositions is derived from the complete union and equality of all the voices, none preponderating, and from the simplicity of their execution. They then produce the effect of full chords struck on a finely-toned organ."

Our conclusions are, then, that the English as a nation are less gifted with a sense of art than many other nations, and that this deficiency, connected with various adverse circumstances to be traced in the history and condition of the country, accounts for the want of a national music. At the same time we are of opinion, that, but for these adverse circumstances, English music would have at this time been in existence.

We have gone into a somewhat prolix discussion of the subject, from the connexion it has with the prospects of the art in this country. If England has little music of her own, still less has America. We are the heirs of England ; if she had possessed a musical literature, it would have been equally our own. If her traditionary songs had been handed down from the days of Boadicea and Caractacus, they would now be heard along the Rocky Mountains. The same external causes which have crushed the growth of music in England, prevent our having any. And certainly, as far as we are the descendants of English ancestors, it is reasonable to suppose, that we are wanting in the faculties for comprehending and enjoying art, just as much as our relatives.

We come, then, to the interesting question with which we commenced ; What are the prospects for the growth of a national music in America ? Some of the considerations which have already been presented will help us to give an answer to this question. It is obvious, that the kind of music which we have termed *traditionary*, the rude, but strongly-marked airs of a romantic state of life, or the outpouring of universal enthusiasm, will never be known in America, unless some great and unforeseen causes of excitement should arise. We have received nothing of this kind from England, and we shall bequeath nothing to our posterity ; unless a future age shall be polite enough to dignify the great national airs of *Yankee Doodle* and *Hail Columbia* with the title of traditionary music. The art, if it is ever to exist among us, must be of spontaneous growth.

Neither are our institutions better fitted to foster the art than those of England. The influence of any church upon the fine arts is less felt here than in the mother country. There is no rich and powerful institution of any kind to take the arts under its patronage. As the same time, we do not enjoy the same opportunity in this country of hearing fine music as in England. The Italian opera, the cathedral choirs, the musical festivals, show the English what good music is, if they do not firmly transplant it in that country. In our plain republic these advantages cannot be enjoyed.

The habits of our countrymen seem, if possible, even less suitable to favor the developement of art, than those of the English. All classes are here devoted to business ; all are engaged in some active occupation, of a plain, practical character. There is no wealthy class devoted to enjoyment, none to whom the care of the national taste seems peculiarly recommended.

The obstacles to the formation of a musical literature in America are indeed formidable. But we do not consider the case entirely hopeless. There are several considerations, which lead us to believe, that the art may at no very remote period be found to flourish among us.

In the first place, if climate and scenery have any effect upon national character, this effect must be felt in America. Are the senses quickened by a burning sun, and the passionate beauty of a tropical climate ? Ours is the land of the cypress and myrtle ;

> " of the cedar and vine,
> Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine."

Are the faculties keenest in the region of perpetual sunshine and temperate mildness ? Such too is America. Do the glories of a northern climate impart a portion of their arctic splendor to the mind ? We are sheltered beneath the crystal shield of winter. All the varieties of climate and scenery which are found in Europe, from the shores of the Bosphorus to the Orkney Islands, are comprehended within the boundaries of these United States. Certainly, if climate could create music, our hills and valleys would be vocal with song.

Now the effect of this vast variety of climate, though it can never call forth music, will be powerfully felt hereafter, should the art ever be made to flourish among us. American music, if it ever exists in the true sense of the word, must be as varied, as copious, and as comprehensive, as the character of a people growing up under such widely differing influences.

We, as a nation, are marked by some peculiarities, which may, in the end, prove favorable to the growth of music among us. One of these is, the democratic spirit of the country. It may seem a strange assertion, that an art, which has ever been reared and fostered by wealth and aristocracy, can find a genial soil in this republic. Music, it will be said, is peculiarly at war with the spirit of democracy. There is not a more absolute monarch on the earth than the leader of an orchestra. The moment his divine right is disputed, the empire falls to destruction. For musicians, in the practice of their art, there can be none but an absolute autocracy, a pure despotism. And besides this, music is an expensive art. It is supported by princes. It depends upon the civil list. The aristocratic opera, the wealthy church, are the soil in which it best flourishes.

To this we answer, that music, to become national, must be received by the people at large. The opera, which is open for the wealthiest classes alone, which has no influence beyond its own walls, or the saloons of the aristocracy, is a mere hot-house plant. It belongs in no way to the nation; and seldom or never will national performers be found on its boards, or national airs be heard within its precincts. A national opera must be only foremost in a long train of musical performances. The music must be echoed not merely within the walls of other theatres and the dainty drawing-room, but in the cottage of the laborer, in the workshop of the artist, in the market-place, in the streets, in the forecastle. And, more than this, the opera must not attempt or expect to be the creator of national music. It may lead, correct, and improve the public taste, but it can never create it. On the contrary, the opera must be the result of a national music already existing, and rising to the higher walks of the art.

No opera, we are certain, is supported more richly than that of London. The first performers in the world appear on its boards, and their harvest is gold. Great artists, the Pastas, the Malibrans, the Grisis, the Lablaches, the Paganinis, carry away fortunes from England; and yet all this does nothing towards cultivating a national music there. There is more hope, far more hope, that a national music will grow out of the rude but fervent hymns, with which the overflowing congregations of Wesleyan Methodists rend the heavens, than that it will ever be reared by the opera, or the costly concerts of the nobility.

In America, music must be in a considerable degree popular. That is, it must be addressed essentially to the people. There is no wealthy class, distinctly preserved, of sufficient numbers to support the opera. The attempt was made, where alone it could succeed, if anywhere, in New York; and there it failed. A favorite singer may occasionally come upon the American boards, and be received with enthusiasm; but experience has fully proved, that the Italian opera cannot be supported in this country. There is no church establishment which would undertake the task of forming a national music, or which for any length of time would support any musical system. Music in America must be surrendered to the people, must be domiciled among them, must grow up among them, or it cannot exist at all.

The inference from this is, not that we are never to hear good music in America, nor that a vulgar and depraved taste is to be for ever gratified, but that the efforts of the lovers of the art must be directed to elevating the taste of the people at large. They must not seek so much to please the few, as to instruct and refine the many. Music must be made popular, not by debasing the art, but by elevating the people. Once excite a general love of the art in all classes, and the standard of music will rapidly rise. In no art is taste more rapidly progressive.

Another effect of our levelling principles upon music is, that the majority of the performers must be native. An Italian company cannot be maintained here ; nor can choirs of foreign singers be kept for our churches. At the most, our leaders and instructers alone can be imported ; most of the music of the country must be committed to American performers. The consequence, we allow, is, that there is an immense amount of very bad amateur music. Not a country village but has its choir of singers from the people. Music of some sort is everywhere. But let us reflect upon the importance of this fact, that music *is* everywhere ; no matter how bad, if there be but a commencement, we may hope for improvement. It is a beautiful principle in our nature, that our conception is far beyond our execution. The choir of singers, who can perform in a tolerable manner the tune of *Old Hundred*, and the congregation which can enjoy the performance, are fitted to estimate a high order of music. A country where the mass of people have a real relish for music of any kind, no matter how indifferent, is in a fair way to have a national music of no mean character.

We do not undertake to assert, that we should not have better music than we now enjoy, if the Italian opera were established in some of our cities. Perhaps even centuries must pass away, before we can listen to such music as is yearly performed at the King's opera in London. But we wish to impress upon our readers the truth, that, if such an opera were supported among us, it would do nothing to promote our national music. Could the whole of that wonderful company who enchant the cities of Europe with their strains, Lablache and the Grisis, Rubini and Tamburini, and all the others that end in *ini*, be induced to make their abode in New York or Philadelphia, the cause of the art would gain little in America by their presence. Their music would be for the wealthy few ;

not only beyond the means of a large majority of our citizens, but also beyond their taste, and altogether unsuitable to do any thing towards elevating their taste. Between such music as that and the mass of people, there must be a complete non-intercourse.

More than this, the establishment of such an opera would do harm to the cause of music among us. The efforts of the wealthy would be exhausted in its support. The taste of one class would be gratified to the entire exclusion of the many from any such enjoyment. Native performers would be depressed ; native music derided. The travelling Chinese, when first introduced into a ball-room, inquired with great wonder, why all these gentlemen and ladies took the trouble to dance themselves ? why did they not hire dancers ? With similar notions about music, namely, that it is better to hire foreign performers exclusively, we are about as likely to have a national music, as the Chinese to dance.

The establishment of the Academy of Music in Boston will do more to advance the art among us in ten years, than the New York Opera could have effected in ten centuries. The Academy offers instruction on terms which need not repel the poorest citizens ; at the same time, it is able to give concerts which shall be cheap enough for any to attend. We have felt, when we have seen the Odeon crowded at these concerts, and have listened to the truly magnificent performances of native musicians, collected or reared by the Academy, that the art was indeed prospering among us.

And what are the pieces which week after week draw two thousand of our fellow citizens at a time to the Odeon ? Certainly not of a low order of music, but selected from the highest productions of the art ; the compositions of Haydn, of Mozart, of Neukomm, of Romberg, and other great masters. We will venture to say, that the Oratorio of the "Creation" is as well known and as popular in Boston as in Vienna. The efforts of the Academy are calculated in the best possible manner to prepare the way for national music among us. Its object is to render music popular ; to plant the art among the people ; to make it a universal resource for elegant enjoyment. To promote this object nothing could be better adapted than the measure taken by the city of Boston of introducing music as part of the regular course of instruction in the public schools ; a measure for which we have in no small degree to thank the active and intelligent professors and directors of the Academy of Music.

It is commonly asserted, and we incline to think correctly, that there is less of good music in Boston than in the southern cities. In its churches and drawing-rooms we hear less remarkable performances than in New York and Philadelphia. The young ladies do not play and sing so well, as their sisters further south. Few hereabouts can sing Italian airs in such a manner as to be recognised, even could the composer himself hear them ; and drawing-room music consists pretty much of the defunct remains of operas which have been murdered to make *contre-danses* of, or the hum-drum English songs brought out by the last popular concert-giver. But when we turn from such forlorn music as this to the grand concerts of the Academy, or the Handel and Haydn Society, and witness the crowds from all classes who flock to hear them, we feel assured, that music is established on a firm basis in Boston, and that it will be sure to prosper if the principles we have been suggesting are adhered to.

In speaking of the means of promoting the cause of music in this country, we must not omit noticing an excellent periodical to which we have had occasion already to refer ; the "Musical Magazine," edited by Messrs. Hack and Hayward. The work is issued twice a month, in the octavo form. The subjects as announced in the prospectus to be discussed, are the Theory of Music ; Instrumental and Vocal Music ; the History of the Art and of Musical Instruments ; Biographical Notices of Composers ; Criticisms on Musical Compositions and Performances, &c. The Magazine has now reached the sixteenth number, and has thus far been extremely well sustained. It is not so professional as to be unintelligible to those who are not musicians, and at the same time it may be read with pleasure and profit by those who are. One great merit of the Magazine is, that the contents are made interesting. They open to the reader a little world by itself. In the biographies and anecdotes of musical composers and performers, and in the history of the art, we seem to be looking upon a life apart from the cares of the busy world about us ; a life whose paths are green, and whose bowers are pleasant. We earnestly hope that this excellent little periodical will be supported and encouraged. Its price is so low, that it need not repel any one, and we are sure that those who take it will never regret placing their names on the list of subscribers.

Art. II. — 1. *A Report on Explosions, and the Causes of Explosions, with Suggestions for their Prevention; prepared at the Request of the Citizens of Cincinnati.* Cincinnati. 1838. 8vo. pp. 76.

2. *Letter from the Secretary of the Treasury, transmitting, in Obedience to a Resolution of the House, of the 29th of June last, Information in Relation to Steam-Engines, &c.* December 13th, 1838. 8vo. pp. 472.

The Steamboat, during the last twenty years, has been the means of peopling the West with millions of enterprising and prosperous citizens. It has built up large and wealthy cities, and placed within their reach all the means of comfort, all the elegances of refinement, and every blessing, social, religious, and literary, enjoyed by the inhabitants of the seaboard. It has borne to every foreign region the surplus of those productions, with which the teeming earth has rewarded the Western cultivators. In fact, it has been just as essential to the growth of the nations, that are now expanding themselves in all the vigor of healthy, thriving youth over the prairies and forests, as the rich soil, whose products must otherwise have lain useless on their hands. And it has enabled the whole West to anticipate, by centuries, the tardy growth which seemed to be in prospect for it, when a toilsome voyage of months was necessary to bring up, against the strong current of the Mississippi, a very slender portion of the necessaries and comforts, produced in older and more civilized countries.

Such magnificent results could not reasonably be expected, without some accompanying evils. The cup of good has never yet been administered unmixed to human lips; and the amount of property that has been destroyed, the hundreds and thousands of human beings, that have been ingulfed by the turbid stream, the aching hearts of surviving friends and bereaved families throughout every part of our country, give abundant proof, that the Father of Waters will ever and anon rebel against the dominion of man, and that his angry torrent has not yet been subdued into a safe thoroughfare, over which to float himself, and the various trophies of "his pride, his pomp, his skill." In truth, the accidents involving destruction of life and property, have become so frequent upon the Western rivers, that we look as regularly, when we open a newspaper, for a steamboat disaster, as for the foreign news.

The importance of the subject, and the odium which such an apparent recklessness of life was bringing on the country, have led to statutory regulations on the part of several States, and have at last attracted the attention of the national legislature. The first result of this awakening has been, the passing of the "Act for the better security of the lives of passengers on board of vessels, propelled in whole or in part by steam." For ourselves, we hail the movement as auspicious; and, however short of meeting the necessities of the case, or of answering the purpose for which it was designed, this Act may be, (as we shall have occasion in the course of this article to show that it is,) yet, as indicating on the part of our representatives a disposition to investigate, and to do something in a matter of such extreme importance, we are disposed to rejoice, in the hope that it is the commencement of a course of legislation, which, if properly pursued, and rigidly enforced, must be productive of great good. Believing that much of the unwillingness which has been manifested by our legislators to act in this business, and much of the misapprehension which is so prevalent everywhere, arises from an ignorance of the subject, — not very surprising when we reflect, that but few even of those who travel most on these waters give themselves the trouble to investigate it, and that the interest of those concerned in the building and running of boats, while it gives them the requisite information, makes them very generally unwilling or unsafe witnesses, — we hold it very desirable, that all those who possess information should give it publicity; and it is with an earnest desire to contribute our mite towards the disseminating of correct views, that we approach the subject.

The intercourse between the East and the West has become so continuous, that there are few families on the seaboard, but have relatives or friends whose lives and safety are occasionally intrusted to a Western steamboat; and few Eastern merchants, but are interested, more or less directly, in the safe transportation of merchandise by the same mode of conveyance.

There are at all times afloat on the Western waters, probably not less than fifteen thousand human beings, and an amount of property, in boats and cargoes, hard to be calculated. An inquiry into the causes that render unsafe the transit of so many people, and so much property, to produce any valuable result, should extend beyond the researches of science, or the experiments of the laboratory, or the institute. We must look to the peculiar characteristics of the Western rivers, and to the construction of the boats that navigate them; to the composition and character of their crews; to the qualifications and habits of their captains and other officers; and to the temper, wants, and deportment of the class of people who form the majority of their passengers. And the result will show, how far any laws that have been yet enacted are likely to go towards remedying the evils at which they are aimed, or whether those evils are within the reach of legislative remedy at all.

Ingenuity may exhaust itself in the controversy, as to whether any given boiler exploded simply from the gradually increased pressure of the steam, confined by an overloaded safety-valve, from the collapsing of a bare and overheated flue, or from a certain much talked-of and mysterious explosive gas. Yet, as long as the management of so tremendous an agent as steam shall be abandoned to the control of careless, ignorant, or intemperate engineers, no perfection of boiler or engine, no strictness of periodical examination, will insure any exemption from explosion. The statutes of the general and State governments may be filled with enactments for the punishment of carelessness on the part of owners, or captain; but, so long as boats shall be intrusted to the care of men, unfit, from their youth, inexperience, or want of moral principle, for the responsible station, so long shall we hear of their sinking, burning, and running each other down.

In a community such as ours, it has long been held, that a free competition must inevitably compel those who look in any way to the public for a support, to consult the wants and convenience of their patrons. And there is no question, but the proverbial shrewdness of our countrymen has enabled those of them engaged in the steamboat business, after a thirty years' experience, to settle down upon the description of conveyance, and the style of accommodation, which, by satisfying the greatest portion of the travelling public, assures to them the largest patronage. An extended experience enables us to say, that the qualities which will most effectually fill the cabin of a Western boat are not (generally speaking) the greater stability and experience of the captain, the safer or more substantial construction of the boat, or engine, but rather, a reputation for speed, which promises a progress of a few more miles a day, or the difference of a few dollars less in the price of the passage. It is in vain to hold it out as an inducement to passengers, (we have seen it tried,) that any boat is furnished with the patent safety-valve, or supplied with life-preservers ; another lying alongside, which has proved the faster in a trial of speed, leaves port crowded, while the empty cabin of the former causes captain and owners mentally to resolve, that the next boat they build, shall at all events be a fast one.

The peculiar character of the rivers themselves forms one of the chiefs obstacles to their safe navigation. The "falling-in" banks of the Mississippi, Missouri, and some others of the streams, covered, as they mostly are, with a heavy growth of forest, are constantly filling the channel with obstructions of the most dangerous description. A huge tree is precipitated into the stream, and the earth adhering to the roots sinks them to the bottom, while the buoyancy of the leaves and branches, causing them to float, gives it of course a direction slanting with the current. The deposit of mud that the river ever makes about any obstruction soon anchors it. The running ice and drift-wood remove all the smaller limbs, and sharpen the main body of the tree, — and we have, in few words, the history of a *snag*. Some of these snags show themselves above the surface of the water, others are entirely below it, being more or less submerged according to the stage of water. The former can of course in the day time, be easily seen and avoided ; but the latter are at all times dangerous, the break that they cause in the current, especially if far below the surface, not being always distinguishable.

The danger from this source is increased by the style of boat-building now almost universal. It was formerly usual to put a mass of solid timber in the bows of boats, and they consequently often came off from these encounters with impunity. But it was found that this substantial mode of building gave them too much draught, and that boats so constructed hadto lie by, sometimes for several months, in the season of low water. Lightness of draught, therefore, has recently been a quality especially sought after ; and it has been attained to such an extent, that, excepting the bark canoe, there hardly floats a craft more buoyant, and more frail, than the low-water steamboat. The look-out that is kept, while the boat is under way, is by no means in general adequate to safety ; more especially at night. For, though this is understood to be the business of the portion of the crew on watch, yet it is a duty often but carelessly performed, and the whole affair is frequently left to the unaided vigilance of the pilot. Knowing all this, the traveller may well press an anxious pillow, while in the darkness of the night the boat is still rushing by a succession of obstacles, like those whose black and sharpened points he had watched, as they presented themselves by daylight with alarming frequency. The labors of the officer, who for several years past has been engaged, under the authority and at the expense of the United States, in removing these and other obstructions, have been doubtless most beneficial ; but, as they are continually forming, the task of their removal must be reiterated and perpetual. Nothing but the entire removal of the timber, which can only be effected by the cultivation of every acre of the river banks, can effectually arrest the evil. But the reasons are obvious, why, even after the whole of the interior of the countries bordering these rivers shall be settled, years must elapse before the wet and sickly bottom-lands will become the chosen and habitual residence of man.

Another description of accident of frequent occurrence, arises from boats' coming in collision. In this case, the weaker boat of the two is very apt to sink, and sometimes almost instantaneously. To the nature of the rivers, again, we must mainly look, for the frequency of this casualty. Nearly all of the Western streams run in a series of curves or *bends*; the point of one bend frequently shutting out all sight of the river beyond it. Each of these points throws the strength of the current across, and into the centre of the river, forming under itself something like a slackwater. The ascending boat takes advantage of this, and keeps as close as possible to the shore. A boat in descending, availing itself of the strong current, keeps the middle of the channel. Consequently, so long as the boats are "in the bend," there is but little danger of collision. It is during the night, in emerging from behind these points, when it becomes necessary for the ascending boat to cross the river to get into the hollow of the next bend, or in coming suddenly from behind some one of the islands, with which the Mississippi and many of its tributaries are dotted, that these accidents mostly happen. As the two boats come instantaneously in sight of each other, their fire doors are flung open, and a prodigious glare of light is thus thrown across the waters; but this serves only to convince the pilot of either boat of what he was well aware of before, — that is, that his boat is in dangerous proximity to some other, while, as to the precise course the other may be steering, it affords no information whatever. In the tremendous emergency, it is not surprising that the pilots sometimes lose their presence of mind. In fact, the situation of the two boats can be best understood by noticing the perplexity which sometimes attends the meeting of two persons in the street; and the alternate dodging, the indecision, and the final collision that often winds up the encounter, afford no unapt illustration of the case in hand. There is no accident, the consequences of which are generally more frightful than this. The crash of the meeting boats, more terrific than words can express, the screams of the affrighted passengers, the utter confusion, need only the concomitant horrors of darkness, to complete a scene such as those who have once passed through it can never forget. It is impossible, of course, to ascertain at once the extent of damage, or the degree of danger; and, though one boat may go down at once, and the water be covered with her struggling crew, the alarm and confusion on board of the other, even although she may be comparatively uninjured, may well prevent the rendering of any effectual assistance; and, when the subsiding of the panic, and the return of authority and reason, permit an attention to the dictates of humanity, the few moments so important to many a drowning wretch may have elapsed.

The astonishing depth of the Mississippi adds greatly to the danger to life, when a boat sinks from any cause. On the Ohio or Upper Mississippi, or in fact on almost any other river but this, the great height of their upper works would prevent these boats from being entirely submerged. But there are many places on this mighty stream, where a line of three hundred feet has failed to find bottom; and this depth is retained to the very edge of the perpendicular and crumbling bank. We remember to have seen the place where a large boat sank, after being made fast to the shore, indicated only by remnants of the lines by which she was fastened to the trees.

Next, perhaps, in point of frequency and danger, on the list of casualties, is fire. A consideration, again, of the peculiar character of these rivers, of the construction of boats, and occasionally of the nature of their cargo, will account for the destruction of life attending accidents from this cause, on rivers, where (as the shore is never very distant) an easy means of escape would seem to be always at hand. It not unfrequently happens, that there are reaches on the rivers, of considerable extent, where it is impossible for boats of the larger class to land on either side. A large boat, many years ago, coming up from New Orleans, having among her freight a considerable quantity of turpentine and gunpowder, took fire at a place, where, on the one side, a falling-in bank had filled the river to a considerable distance with logs and other obstructions, and on the other a bar made out, on which she would have grounded in seven or eight feet of water. By the exertions of the captain and crew the fire was extinguished; but the horrible situation, during the few moments of suspense, of those who knew the true state of things, can hardly be imagined. A more combustible mass than the whole upper works of these boats it is difficult to conceive. And this must necessarily be the case, since lightness of draught must be united with a considerable extent of accommodation. They tower story over story, a huge pile of pine boards, ready, it would seem, to be ignited by any one of the shower of sparks which the chimneys are continually pouring over the whole boat. A spark from this source, communicating with something easily combustible, has been the origin of most of these conflagrations. The carelessness manifested on this point is in fact appalling. It is not enough, that the piles of dry wood are placed in such dangerous proximity to the furnaces, that, every time the fires are stirred, showers of sparks are poured into the inflammable mass ; but crates of earthenware, every description of household furniture, and carriages wrapped in straw, are placed, without any covering, in the most exposed situations. And, in the "cotton boats," bales of cotton are piled over the guards and whole outside of the boat, even littering and obstructing the engine-room to such an extent as to interfere with the motions of the engineers and crew in the discharge of their duty. The burning-off of the tiller ropes, one of the first consequences of a boat's taking fire, frequently prevents a landing even in places where it could otherwise be effected. And in order, it would seem, to preclude all possibility of escape under these circumstances, steam vessels have been known to leave port without any small boat attached to them.*

Though the bursting of boilers is generally more dreaded by the inexperienced Western traveller, than any other accident, yet its consequences can be more easily avoided by the passengers in the cabin than those that ensue from most of the others. It is the deck passengers and crew, who in this case are the principal sufferers. From the greater frequency, however, with which it happens, and the excruciating agonies suffered by the victims, it is entitled to a prominent place on the list of casualties. It is sometimes contended, that the frequency of these explosions is in no way attributable to the use of high steam, which is universal in the Western boats. The only plausible argument in favor of this theory is drawn from the circumstance, that, in order to meet the increased pressure, boilers are made proportionally strong, the smallness of their diameter, even when constructed of materials of no greater strength, affording a greater power of resistance. The fallacy of this argument hardly needs pointing out. For in the first place, granting that there is no greater liability to explosion in the one case, than in the other ; yet when an explosion does occur with a high-steam boiler, it must be productive of a wider extent of mischief, exactly in proportion to the strength of the boiler to be overcome before it gives way. But the truth is, the whole position is a false one. Steam is now currently used, at the West, with a pressure of one hundred pounds to the square inch ; and boilers are constantly, — we believe universally, — submitted to this strain, without any previous trial whatever. There is no law requiring such trial, and none of the engine-builders, we believe, ever think of proving them. Whatever weak points there may be, that a few pounds of additional pressure might show, it is left for an excited and reckless engineer to discover, when a crowded boat and heedless passengers may make most disastrous an explosion, that in the engine-shop would have been harmless. Moreover, the peculiar construction, now universal in boilers applied to the propelling of boats, renders them liable to an accident much more common than exploding, or bursting, strictly so called. It requires no knowledge of mechanics to convince any one, upon a glance at the construction of the *flue boiler*, of its being much more insecure than the simple cylinder. The danger to the boiler in question arises from the water getting low, and leaving the flues bare, and liable to become red-hot from exposure to the fire, the result of which is the collapsing or forcing in of the flues, and the escape of the hot water and steam through the orifice to the destruction of every thing within their range ; an accident liable to happen from a variety of causes, (such as a defect in the forcing pump, and the rolling of the boat to one side, thus allowing the water to run from the upper boilers into the lower,) all of which are only to be guarded against by the most unremitting vigilance.

---

* "March 2d, 1838. The Tangipaho took fire about four miles from Briton Island. She had no boats attached to her. The master, pilot, and a passenger, left the vessel on hatches, and were drowned. The mate, with the assistance of some negroes, extinguished the fire, and ran the boat ashore by means of temporary sails." — *Report of J. C. Larue to the Secretary of the Treasury*, p. 310. We have made a passage in a steamboat, unprovided with any small boat whatever.

The facility with which steam can be generated with a small quantity of fuel, and the less weight of water that they carry, are the advantages which have recommended these boilers to such general use. The expense of the low-pressure engine will ever prevent its introduction in these boats, as long as they are constructed with so strict a view to economy. Its complication and the consequent difficulty of repairing any derangement, and its liability to be disordered by the deposit from the muddy water, are serious objections, while long voyages have to be performed through a wilderness, where no mechanical aid is within reach, occasionally, for hundreds of miles. And the greater weight of this description of engine, where every pound added to the machinery is grudged, as so much deducted from the ability of the boat to carry freight, adds one other and a formidable objection to its use.

Passengers themselves often cause the collapsing of a flue, by rushing simultaneously to one guard of the boat, when any thing on that side attracts their attention. An explosion on the Mississippi several years ago, one of the most destructive which, up to that time, had ever happened, was occasioned by the passengers crowding to one side, in their anxiety to witness a chase on the river, after some fugitive negroes. The same heedlessness manifests itself in the zeal with which the passengers will most generally participate in the excitement produced by a trial of speed. Among the many singular phases in which the human character presents itself, few have appeared to us more unaccountable than this frantic desire to get ahead, no matter at what risk, or for what object, or haply for no object at all. A few hours gained in the time of arrival at the place of destination may not signify a sixpence to any one on board; yet to gain these few hours a great majority of those concerned will sacrifice every consideration of prudence. When to this all-pervading spirit is added the excitement of rivalry, there is no longer any controlling of the mania, and a rash or an ambitious captain will be stimulated by the frantic eagerness of his excited passengers to put additional weights upon the safety-valve, and to raise the steam by the application of any light combustible that may be at hand; while they will wantonly expose themselves, and crowd about the place of danger, regardless of the warning given by the quivering throes of the over-worked boat, or by the whizzing of the steam from the straining boilers beneath their feet. We are not disposed to deny that speed is desirable, and should be a consideration in the constructing of a boat; nor are we ignorant, that it is to this quality, as much as to any other, that our boats are indebted for their superiority over those of other nations. And, so long as boats excel in speed, by their superior model, and strength of engine, without extra strain or effort, the preference given to them is legitimate and reasonable. But the danger lies in the rivalry created in boats whose structure and power do not make the same rate of speed easily and constantly attainable.

The character of the people who form the majority of the passengers on board of these boats, may in part account for the disregard of danger manifested by them upon this, as well as upon most other occasions. Emigrants of slender means, Western merchants going to or returning from the markets of the East, young men sent out by their friends to seek their fortunes, traders who have been disposing of their produce down the river, range themselves evidently somewhat lower in the scale of civilization and refinement, than the tourists in pursuit of health, or pleasure, who, with their wives and families cover the decks, and regulate the tone, of the Eastern steamboats. And the lower we descend in this scale, the less is the estimate we find put upon human life, and the less is the horror felt at its violent or wanton destruction. The nourishing of the sensibilities into more active operation, is as evidently one of the results of the refinements of education, as is the improvement of the intellectual faculties. This descent is obvious, at a glance, to the Eastern traveller. He not only perceives it in the rude character of many of his fellow passengers, but it strikes him in the filthy condition of the engine-room, as he contrasts it, floating with water, and redolent of grease, with the punctilious cleanliness of the same parts in the Eastern boats. He sees it in the slouching look of the dirty cabin boys, in the "unwashed and unkempt" condition of the officers, and in the squalid raggedness that characterizes the crew.

In the spring of 1838, it was our lot to embark at St. Louis, in a new and very splendid steamboat bound for Pittsburg. Her captain was a young man of some experience on the river, and of a very ambitious and energetic character. The boat was evidently built with a view of embracing all the accommodations and improvements then known ; and our party were congratulating themselves upon the comfort and cleanliness of the cabin, and the order and neatness apparent throughout. Before casting off her fasts from the shore, steam was got up beyond the limits of safety, and the boat shot up the strong current of the Mississippi, and, turning above the town, dashed by the wharves with a velocity frightful to behold, but which seemed peculiarly exhilarating to both crew and passengers. As this, however, was no more than the usual practice for *crack* boats on leaving port, we thought nothing of it; but the haste, with which her necessary landings for wood and other purposes were managed, and the excited condition of her crew, soon made manifest (what was afterwards confirmed by the express declaration of the captain), that it was intended to make a *brag trip.* Now there were, no doubt, some few among the passengers, whom a knowledge of this really alarming fact rendered uneasy and apprehensive; but upon a large majority it produced no other feelings than those of pleasing excitement; and the watching of her rapid progress, and estimating from time to time her rate of speed, seemed to form an agreeable relief from the usual monotony of a steamboat voyage. No boat was for some time encountered whose speed was equal to our own, and one after another was easily passed; till, between Louisville and Cincinnati, a vessel was discovered in our wake, whose two escape pipes and double engine showed her to be one of the mail-boats that ply between the two places, and reputed to be one of the fastest boats on the Western waters. As each bend of the river occasionally disclosed her to view, it was evident, that she was gaining on us. The excitement on board of our boat now became tremendous. Captain and passengers vied with each other in stimulating the exertions of the firemen. Rosin was freely thrown into the furnaces, and the thundering of her paddles, and the quivering of the boat, told of the increased action of the steam upon her engine; while no warning voice was heard from the passengers, those who felt alarm contenting themselves with keeping astern, as far as possible from the scene of danger. These efforts, as it proved, were unavailing. The power and speed of the mail-boat carried her by us; while our captain concealed his mortification as best he could, swearing a deep oath, that the next time he encountered this rival, he would pass her, or blow his own boat out of the water. Fearfully was the pledge redeemed. His time, however, had not yet come. We landed in safety, and all tongues were loud in applause of our captain and his fast boat. The newspapers recorded the trip just accomplished as the quickest ever performed; and the challenge was thus in effect thrown out to all other captains, to emulate this despatch.

A few days afterwards, in Philadelphia, a friend, aghast with horror, informed us, that news had just arrived, of the most frightful explosion which had ever signalized the Western waters. The question rose instinctively to our lips, — Was it the *Moselle* ? It was but too true. The rashness of the captain had most fearfully recoiled upon his own head, hurling with him to destruction more than a hecatomb of innocent victims, and this too the result of an effort to pass the very boat which had outstripped him on his previous trip.

This disastrous explosion, the most terrific, we believe, recorded in the history of steam, awakened for a time the public from their apathy. In Cincinnati, the scene of the disaster, a public meeting of the citizens was called, where, among other resolutions having for their object principally the relief of the surviving sufferers, one was passed, raising a committee of five, to inquire into the causes of this calamity, and "to report such preventive measures as may be best calculated hereafter to guard against like occurrences." Upon Dr. Locke, one of this committee, devolved the principal labor of preparing their report ; and on the 15th of August it was submitted by the mayor to the city council, under the expectation that they would cause it to be printed. Several weeks, however, having elapsed, and no steps having been taken by that body towards giving it publicity, the committee asked and obtained leave to withdraw it, and it was afterwards procured of Dr. Locke by a number of the citizens, and by them given to the world. This report, which thus struggled into light, was limited in its range, by the terms of the resolution under which it was prepared, to an investigation into matters connected with that class of accidents arising from explosions. Upon this point, much valuable information was collected, and many useful hints were suggested. The result of the Doctor's investigations, brings him, we think, very justly to the conclusion, that the explosion on board of the *Moselle*, which utterly demolished the boat and destroyed the lives of one hundred and fifty people (p. 22), took place while there was a sufficient supply of water in her boilers, and was the natural and inevitable consequence of the increased expansive force of the steam, confined by an overloaded safety-valve, while she lay for fifteen or twenty minutes "with boilers closed, and a furnace as hot as dry wood could make it." He says ;

"I have obtained direct evidence, that the valve was overloaded. Formerly, the machinery of the safety-valve was of more simple construction, as ordinarily made, than at present. It consisted of a simple lever, or steel-yard, with an adjustable weight, which was occasionally raised by the engineer, by means of a cord attached to the extreme end of that lever, and passed over pulleys. This gave the engineer no power of holding down the valve. In the present more complicated and more objectionable plan, a long rod, or axis, running from the engineer's station, at right angles to the steel-yard, engages it by a short arm for that purpose, in such a manner, that, when the rod is twisted auger-like, it shall lift the valve in one direction, and *hold it down* in the other. This rod terminates at the other end, near the engineer's station, in a cross or T, like the handle of an auger; but the two ends of this cross-piece are not alike, one is a handle by which to raise the valve, and the other *is a hook intended expressly for the application of extra weights.*" — *Report, &c.* p. 52.

Satisfactory evidence was procured to show that this hook, significantly called the *death-hook*, was loaded with a weight, which would have required a pressure of steam of two hundred and thirty-seven pounds to the square inch to raise it.

"It appears from the above, that *safety-valve* is a nickname. There is a *valve*, which *can* be raised to let off steam; but, when thus indefinitely loaded, it scarcely affords safety." — *Ibid.*, p. 53.

The evidence that the boilers were not empty, and consequently were overheated at the time of the explosion, is we think conclusive. The following fact, establishing this position, cannot be explained away. Upon repairing to the scene of the casualty,

"The first point to which Mr. Tift drew my attention, was the fact, that the leaden collets, called *grummets*, which lie under the heads of the bolts connecting the boilers with each other, *were not melted*. These leaden collars are inside of the boilers, and at a part exposed outwardly to the fire, and at the same time so near the top of the water as to be first exposed to great heat when the water should become too low. . . . . The fact, that the lead was not melted, was fully ascertained in the fragments of the boilers, of about fifty to sixty square feet, lying part of the way up the bank, opposite the place of explosion."

But yet so inveterate is the prejudice in favor of the "notion," (referred to at page 31,) "that the only thing necessary for safety is, that they should keep water enough in the boilers," that this pregnant fact failed to convince many of the spectators; and the belief is now prevalent on the river, that the *Moselle* exploded because her boilers were empty, from the effect of *gas* generated upon the sudden admission of water, on the starting of her forcing-pump. "Why not," says the Doctor, "call it witchcraft?"

This explosive gas, so much talked of, has, by the way, never yet been detected by the researches of science.

> "Hot iron will decompose water and evolve hydrogen, but hydrogen alone is not explosive; besides, the heat required for this decomposition is far above that attained in cases of explosions attributed to the presence of gases. Nor is hydrogen explosive when mixed with oxygen, unless within certain limits not likely to be attained in steam-boilers. Theoretically, gaseous explosions of boilers are improbable, and, practically, they have been quite disproved." — *Report*, p. 36.

Professor Hare, in his answer to the Secretary of the Treasury, says;

> "Every well-informed chemist knows, that in copper boilers hydrogen could not be generated, and that in iron boilers its generation would require a heat of which the consequent pressure would be irresistible by the strongest vessels, especially as the tenacity of the vessels would be much lessened; that, if hydrogen were generated, it could not explode *per se;* that the only imaginable agent which could enable it to explode would be the atmospheric oxygen, which could have no adequate access; that, if atmospheric air were present, the intermixture of the steam would so impair its efficacy, that inflammation could scarcely ensue, and that of course, no explosion could take place." — *Letter*, &c. p. 383.

Why need we, as a palliative for recklessness or folly, look for some latent and mysterious cause, when a rational deduction from well-known and intelligible facts will furnish a solution?

> "The expansive force of steam produced in a close boiler containing a sufficient supply of water increases as the heat increases, but not at the same rate, the force increasing faster than the heat." — *Report*, p. 29.

The expansive force, it appears from experiments, is doubled by every fifty additional degrees of heat. Now, in the case before us with the safety-valve loaded beyond the possibility of being raised, and furnaces heated by the continual introduction of dry wood, what difficulty is there in coming to the conclusion, that the boilers, by the increasing pressure of the steam, were strained to their utmost limit of tension, and that the jar occasioned by the starting of the machinery produced the explosion? The result of a jar, or slight concussion, upon bodies so strained, is well explained by several apt illustrations, at page 38 of the Report.

We have dwelt, somewhat at length, upon the history of this casualty, both because of its prominence on the list of disasters, and because we thought it well adapted to show the ignorance and wantonness of men to whose charge are sometimes committed the lives of so many of their fellow-creatures, the blindness and infatuation of passengers, and the gauge by which steamboat performances are generally measured.

Whether it is possible to guard against these manifold accidents, and to render steamboat travelling as safe on the Western waters as it has become generally at the East, — is a question, in answering which a great diversity of opinion may well exist. It appears to us, that the dangers we have been endeavouring to portray, so many of which are intrinsic to the Western rivers, will for a long time prevent the attainment of the same precision and safety as now characterize the performances of boats on the Eastern waters. But of the effect of care and vigilance in diminishing risk, we have abundant proof. We know a captain, who, during sixteen years of service has never had a man scalded, nor ever met with any worse accident than the breaking of a shaft. *He never allows a man in his employ to play at cards on board of his boat, and is careful to select men of temperate habits.* We were gratified some time since to hear him say, that he was about building a boat, from which the bar (that fruitful source of accident and death) was to be utterly excluded. Whenever this example shall be universally followed, a moiety at least of the danger in these boats will cease. It is a well-known fact, that accidents but seldom happen to the larger and more valuable boats, and the reason is obvious; the amount of capital invested in them compels their owners, in the selection of commanders and crew, to exercise a care which a sense of responsibility, and the dictates of humanity, in all other cases demand of them in vain.

We were long of the opinion, that public sentiment, the great corrector of all abuses in this country, — bestowing patronage only on boats that were carefully managed, —

would, by addressing itself to the self-interest of boat-owners and captains, gradually bring about the change so much to be desired. But the experience of the last few years, during which accidents have been fearfully increasing in frequency and magnitude, seems to forbid us to look to this source with much hope of its speedy or effectual operation. The reason for this must be looked for, partly in the ignorance of the travelling public as to what are the qualifications of the boats offered to their choice. A stranger reaches Pittsburg, perhaps an emigrant with his family, who has never seen a Western steamboat. He repairs to the landing, and finds one or two boats about to start for his place of destination. He goes on board, and sees in the cabin spacious and showy accommodations ; while the elevation above the water, and the entire separation of the passengers' apartments from the machinery and dirt of the deck naturally please him ; but any correct information as to the character of the captain, the competency of the engineers and pilots, the condition of the hull, the safety of the engine or boilers, is as much out of his reach, as though he were on the other side of the mountains. For we can hardly suppose him so gullible as to place any reliance on the framed certificate (of an inspector who knows no more about it, nor has much more chance of knowing, than himself,) which sets forth, that, some six months before, hull and engine were in good order, and "every way suitable for the transportation of freight and passengers." He asks for information, and the first person whom he encounters is perhaps an agent for the very boat whose character he wishes to learn ; and he is assured, that, by a fortunate chance, he now has an opportunity of embarking on board the very best boat, under the charge of the most careful captain, on the Western waters. He steps into a commission store, belonging most likely to one of the owners of the same boat, and the same agreeable information is repeated. Nor, if his information be erroneous, is he likely ever to be undeceived ; for he will find but few who know any thing about it, and they who know aught unfavorable are unwilling to tell it. Or, suppose the traveller has some experience in the matter, and would give the preference to certain boats ; they may be a thousand miles off, in a different trade ; or the time of their arrival may be uncertain. Few are willing to incur the expense and delay of waiting ; and the consequence is, that the first boat leaving port generally takes all the passengers then ready.

The astonishing increase of travel on the Western waters has been another reason of the indifference of boatmen to the comfort and safety of their passengers, of whom the crowd is occasionally so great, that the existing number of boats, increasing too as they have been with unexampled rapidity, is altogether inadequate, at certain seasons of the year, to their comfortable or safe transportation. When boat after boat leaves port, as is often the case, in the busiest season of the year, with double the number of passengers for which they have suitable accommodations, it is no longer a question with the traveller which boat he will select, but rather how he can get a passage in any.

Again, the great increase of boats renders it impossible to procure for all of them commanders of suitable age and experience ; and it is unfortunately too often the case, that property and lives are placed, in this dangerous navigation, under the charge of mere boys in age and intellect. The same cause, in connexion with the increased demand for laborers generally, and more especially in the West, makes it difficult to procure efficient crews. It is of course impossible to enforce the discipline so necessary to safety, when each member of the crew is perfectly aware, that a discharge is at worst but a temporary inconvenience, so many are the situations where he can readily dispose of his services. Such is the demand for pilots and engineers, that their wages are enormous ; and a man, skilful, or reputed to be skilful, in either of these characters, can command a better remuneration than frequently rewards the efforts of a man in a learned profession, after devoting many years to his business, and expending much money to qualify him for it. The inevitable result of the rapid and easy acquisition of money by men of coarse habits and uneducated minds, is to produce profligacy and its attendant recklessness ; and, though instances can doubtless be pointed out, of men, who under such trying circumstances have, by the practice of sobriety and economy, accumulated property, and become respectable citizens, yet the observation of all those conversant with the subject, will pronounce these to be exceptions to the general rule.

Among the circumstances which tend to the diminution of accidents is the practice, wherever it has been introduced, of running boats as regular packets, for short distances, from one important point to another. Several causes may be assigned why this practice should have such a result. Pilots, that are constantly passing over the same space, must of course acquire a more accurate knowledge, not only of the channel of the river, but of the situation of snags and other obstacles, than can be obtained by those whose observation is extended over a space of a thousand or fifteen hundred miles. The business, too, has a stability about it, which renders it more easy to secure the services of a steady crew ; and the boats and their engines are more easily kept in thorough repair.

That much more can be done by legislative enactment, than has yet been attempted for the safety of travellers by this mode of conveyance, we verily believe ; but it must be by a course of legislation, intelligently adopted, systematically pursued, and rigidly enforced. Without deliberate investigation, all demand for penal restrictions becomes senseless clamor, and compliance with it positively mischievous. Already has the recent act of Congress, become, as to some of its most important provisions, a dead letter ; and the defects of the bill are so glaring, and its structure so bungling, that it can be violated with impunity. The boatmen are so numerous, form so powerful a class in all the river towns, and have so long lived uncontrolled, — their wandering life rendering them but little amenable to the laws, — that it is not to be expected the first attempt to bring them into order and discipline should be entirely successful. State legislation must always be ineffectual, from the impossibility of enforcing laws, where boats are passing so rapidly from one State to another, and frequently from the difficulty of deciding within what especial territory any offence may have been committed. The shocking disasters of the early part of the summer of 1838, — namely, the explosion of the *Moselle*, the *General Brown*, the *Orinoco*, and the *Pulaski*, and the burning of the *Washington*, — were the immediate occasion of the law to which we have just alluded. The Secretary of the Treasury, during the same summer, was collecting information upon the subject of steam-engines generally, in obedience to a resolution of the House of Representatives ; and the result has been the presentation of a mass of documents, ill-arranged and undigested, as was perhaps unavoidable, from the haste with which they were necessarily prepared. With regard to Western boats, the information obtained is singularly meagre. As was to be expected, from the number of people consulted, a great contrariety of opinion has been elicited. That doctors will disagree is here amply exemplified ; and the uninstructed reader will seek in vain to settle his faith, among the opposing theories submitted to his consideration. This, we repeat it, is no more than might be expected ; an equal diversity of opinion would be made manifest, if as many individuals were catechized upon any vexed question. But, because a correspondent on one page contemns, and deprecates, all legislative interference, and another, on the next, insists upon multiplying enactments, and increasing their penalties, our representatives should not be deterred from investigating the matter thoroughly, and from taking such steps as this investigation may convince them are salutary and right.

Without intending systematically to review the "Act for the better security of the lives of passengers on board of vessels propelled in whole or in part by steam," approved the 7th of July, 1838, we may be allowed to point out some of its most striking defects, and to suggest some additional provisions, the introduction of which, it appears to us, would increase its usefulness.

The first five sections relate principally to the duties and compensation of inspectors, for examining periodically the condition of the hulls and engines of steam-vessels. Now it is perfectly manifest, that no examination, even when made by the most skilful and conscientious, of a vessel lying in port, can detect every imperfection in its construction, or every flaw or defect of its engine ; and the services of the skilful and conscientious, the smallness of the compensation will ever make it difficult to secure. A far more effectual provision for the safe construction of boats and engines would be to require, that boat-builders should have each boat inspected during its progress, by an authorized inspector ; to establish some test to which each boiler should be subjected before putting it in use ; and then to exact, that one of the safety-valves (for every boat should be furnished with two) should be loaded with a specified weight, and placed beyond the control of the engineer. Any tampering with, or alteration of, this regulating valve should be prohibited under the heaviest penalties. This provision would supersede Section seventh, requiring the safety-valve to be raised upon every occasion of the boat's stopping her engine, which, as it stands at present, is positively mischievous, and would, if obeyed, be frequently productive of the very accident it is intended to prevent. Its absurdity, from the first, caused it to be utterly disregarded.

Section ninth requires all steamboats to use iron rods, or chains, in the place of tiller ropes. A recent judicial opinion, however, has decided, that this provision of the law does not reach the boats navigating our Western waters. As clumsy as may be the construction of this section, we think this decision a palpable perversion of its meaning. Certain it is, that it never received a moment's obedience, even before judicial ingenuity pronounced it inoperative. It is very generally urged by the steamboat interest, that the adoption of these chains or rods would render boats less manageable, and their navigation consequently in narrow or intricate channels more hazardous. Their great security in case of fire, should render our lawgivers cautious in entertaining these objections ; but, in case they should be found to be valid, a spare tiller, kept always at hand, to fit into the rudder post, which should extend through the upper or hurricane deck, would be found a great protection. A recent invention, however, *the wire rope*, would seem to do away with all objections, founded upon their unmanageableness, to metallic steering ropes. We have seen these wire ropes in use, as pliable as hemp, and yet pronounced to be as incombustible as a bulky chain. At any rate, whatever precautions against fire, whether in the surveying of buckets filled with water, a fire-engine, or hose, or any other, (except, perhaps, requiring them to be provided with an extra number of small boats,) are exacted of lake or sea-going boats, should be extended in terms, clear, beyond the possibility of legal quibbling, to boats navigating the Western rivers.

By Section tenth, boats running during the night are compelled to carry, in some conspicuous part, at least one signal light. It is obvious, that one light, suspended above a boat, can give no precise information as to the course she may be steering ; and it is the difficulty of ascertaining this, as has been already observed, which occasions such frequent collisions. If instead of one signal light, suspended at random about the boat, it were required, that two lights of different specified colors should be displayed, the one above the bow, and the other at the stern, the pilot of each boat could tell at a glance the course and bearings of the other, and regulate himself accordingly.

The latter sections of the act provide for the punishment of neglect, or carelessness, upon the information of those aggrieved. Now we would suggest, that, instead of leaving it to the sufferers to prosecute, (a step that many causes may prevent them from taking ; for instance, poverty, ignorance, want of friends, and unwillingness to lose the time it would consume, or dread of incurring responsibility ;) it should be made the duty of the surveyor, collector of the port, steamboat inspector, or other suitable officer, within a certain distance of whose post any accident shall happen, to repair at once to the spot, taking with him a specified number of respectable citizens, who should be sworn to inspect and examine faithfully and impartially ; all of whom should be well paid for their services. And their report it should be the duty of the officer to dispose of in some summary way, either by submitting it to the grand jury, if it be then in session, or to one or more magistrates, who should be required to receive the same, and, if recommended by the examiners, either commit for trial the offenders, or hold them to bail, to answer the charge which it should still be made the duty of the presiding officer in the district to prefer, at the first competent court thereafter to be holden. Yet it may well be asked, after all, How can the dread of legal penalties cause any additional vigilance in an officer, who knows that his own life will almost inevitably pay the immediate penalty of his negligence ? The engineer on duty at the time of any catastrophe is almost without exception the first victim ; and all the officers of the boat, whether on or off duty, occupy the most exposed situations. Ignorance, therefore, we may fairly conclude, more often than negligence, is the cause of these accidents. And how can it be otherwise, than that, among the thousand or fifteen hundred uneducated men, who have charge of engines on these waters, there should be many who know nothing, or next to nothing, about the nature and properties of the mysterious and powerful agent, which is as yet in some respects an enigma even to the learned. The law which is prompt to punish, it may well be said should not be backward to instruct, or should exact some test of competency. It has been suggested, and it seems to us with much propriety, that the government should either establish schools for the education of engineers, or should appoint boards for the examination of candidates for the station, which no one should be allowed to fill without a certificate from such board of his possessing the suitable qualifications, both as to character and skill. We repeat it, however, that whatever laws are passed should be the result of deliberate investigation ; those passed like the one we have been examining, in haste, and under the influence of temporary excitement, must of course be crude and ill-digested, and may be mischievous.

But it must be evident, we think, to those who have watched the signs of the times, — the progress of public improvement, — that a change is about to be wrought in the means of locomotion. The scene of danger and of risk to the traveller is about to be removed from the water to the land. The construction, rate of speed, and management of the steamboat will soon be a matter of as much indifference to the voyager, as the rate of sailing of a coasting sloop. It needs but the completion of the railroads already projected, to divert at once three fourths of the travel from the Ohio river. The rapidity, the ease, and we may add, the safety of railroad travelling (that is to say, upon substantially constructed railroads,) would instantaneously demolish all competition upon a river, where ice in winter, low water in summer, a circuitous and tedious route at all times, interfere inevitably with precision and accuracy of movement. Indeed, the prediction is hardly a rash one, that as much as the steamboat has done for the West, the railroad is destined to do more. So long and winding is the course of the rivers, that a journey from the East to the far West is now, even when performed in the fastest boats, an undertaking to be measured by weeks. A glance at the map will satisfy us, that the "tireless speed" of the locomotive engine may, and will, traverse the space from the Atlantic to the Mississippi in three days. The increased travel, the benefits that would result to both sections of the country from the enlarged intercourse, the additional bond it would be to the union of these States, it is no place to enlarge upon here. But, in view of these advantages, and of the diminution of accidents and suffering of every kind, which must result from the substitution of this mode of travelling for all others now known, we may sigh that we are born fifty years too soon.

Some of the remarks of one of the Secretary's correspondents must, we think, have edified him, by their *naïveté* and piquancy ; and as they cannot but amuse our readers, we will close with a few of them this article.

> "Laws, to be of much public utility, must be based upon, and administered with, equal justice to all ; to be generally known, they must be permanent ; and, to be respected, must be sure of enforcement.
>
> "The great fault of the law-makers of our country, from highest to lowest, is too great a multiplication of laws and too little enforcement. They see a certain crime or species of injustice go unpunished, and straightway a law is passed against such crime or injustice, regardless of the laws already in existence against them ; whereas the cause why justice did not follow by the old law should have been the subject of action.
>
> "In our peculiar form of government, where almost all officers are elective, even to the constable, no officer is willing to risk his own popularity by the enforcement of an unpopular law." — "Thereby it is, that our laws are so little enforced ; that hundreds of our most valuable citizens are deprived of life against all law, because it would be against the *interests of trade* for an inquest to examine too closely into the causes of such fatal consequences, or to institute legal proceedings to bring the perpetrators to justice." — "If half the citizens of this country should get blown up, and it should be likely to affect injuriously the trade and commerce of the other half by bringing to justice the guilty, no elective officer would risk his popularity by executing the law, without some alternative which should weigh stronger on his mind than the loss of office ; and perhaps an appointed officer would find it rather dangerous business to execute an unpopular law during an excitement, unaided by numbers, which he seldom has at command." — *Letter*, &c. p. 396.

Art. III. — *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages.* In Three Volumes. By Henry Hallam, Esq. London. 1819.

Few spaces in the realms of memory are filled up by more highly interesting scenes than the long interval between ancient and modern civilization; that period of darkness and violence, which historians have designated by the name of *the Middle Ages.* That epoch was to Europe, what, to the globe, was one of those great convulsions of which only imperfect traditions and vague conjectures reveal to us the ultimate effects. It fixed anew the boundaries of land and water, established in a general equilibrium the hostile elements, traced the course of the mountains and the beds of the rivers, and gave the surface of the earth its geological physiognomy. The Middle Ages are to us what the heroic times of her demigods were to Greece, fertile in scenes of peril and strife, among which the imagination loves to expatiate, but of which reason cannot desire the reproduction. The spirit of poetry and romance clings to those feudal memorials, as the domestic Genius does to the ruins of the ancient Gothic towers and mansions, whose inmates had lived under his special protection. It seems as if those lofty piles of building could only have been raised by a generation of giants, and before them we feel disposed to look upon ourselves as a degenerate race. Those proud cathedrals and castles and abbeys give an indefinable charm to the scenery of the old world; and the traveller, returning from Europe, looks back to the venerable remains with a lingering regret, and is easily induced to account, by the lack of such legendary materials, for the comparative tardiness of America in works of fiction.

But the Middle Ages are fertile in more salutary lessons than can be derived from poetical or romantic inspiration. There is hardly in the existing order of society a single political, religious, commercial, or scientific system, not essentially dating, by its origin or by its reorganization, from the convulsions of that tempestuous era. Hence the efforts of men of superior talents in Europe, as well as in this country, have for many years been chiefly directed to dispelling the clouds that had long settled upon those ages; nor is it likely, that their pursuits on so great a subject will cease, as long as there remain parchments to unroll, inscriptions to decipher, or ruins to unbury.

Hallam's Middle Ages is perhaps the most complete and highly finished among many valuable works on that epoch. It is a series of finely drawn historical sketches of each of the nations, that played an eminent part in those times, and of wide general views on the progress of the great social edifice of modern civilization, and the developement of its most important elements. It leaves nothing to desire on the ground of evidence and precision, of accuracy of information, or of depth and maturity of reflection. There only perhaps remains the question, whether the subject may not be susceptible of more unity and system ; whether those partial events may not be referred to a common point of view ; whether the relations between those different social elements cannot be presented under a closer bond of connexion. But such a question could only be fairly answered by a new trial of the work, an attempt for which a competent mind is not easily to be found.

The object of this article, however, is not to give an accurate criticism of the noble performance, whose title stands at its head, a task which has been long since most satisfactorily fulfilled. We propose only to write over again, and with somewhat different views, one chapter of that history ; that chapter which, perhaps, ought to take the lead of the rest of the work.

There was, in that period of general social dissolution, one country, in which the work of devastation commenced much later and ended much sooner. Italy in the Middle Ages was like Mount Ararat in the deluge ; the last reached by the flood, and the first left. The remains of the Roman social world, were either never utterly dispersed in that country, or far later than anywhere else ; and, if we are to date the close of the Middle Ages from the extinction of feudalism, that revolution was effected in Italy no less than three centuries before the time of Charles the Eighth, the epoch assumed by Hallam as the conclusion of his work. It would then, perhaps, be expedient to refer the history of Europe in the Middle Ages to Italy, as the history of the ancient world has always been referred to Rome. The great ascendency of the papal power, and the influence of Italian genius on the literature and the fine arts of all countries, made Italy essentially the centre of light, the sovereign of thought, the capital of civilization, until her final downfall in the sixteenth century.

The history of Rome, and the history of modern Italy, are no more related to each other, than a tragedy is to the afterpiece. Not only the nations and their languages, not only manners and morals, laws and religion, have given place to others ; not only the monuments of men have been erased from the face of the land, but the land itself, its general aspect, and its very climate, are changed.

The fall of the Roman empire under the invasion of the northern nations, an event so deplorable in its immediate consequences, was not merely a necessary result of the ebbing and flowing of human things ; it was perhaps an event as desirable as it was inevitable. Rome and Roman Italy had ceased to live, long before any foreign nation even ventured across the Alps. It was a superannuated body, which in the last struggle against imminent death, by an animal instinct, summoned all its vital principles to the heart, only to witness the fate of its members and prepare for its own. Rome, as is related of few fortunate pirates and robbers, after escaping all the trials of a life of peril and violence, was consumed by inanition, and died of old age.

Long before Alaric and Attila laid waste the rich vale of the Po, that fair country was little better than a desert. The fertile colonies of Cisalpine Gaul, reclaimed by the sober Romans from the swamps of that unruly river, were abandoned by the same Romans, intoxicated by a long career of success. The right of citizenship, extended over all Italy, crowded in a few years the capital with some millions of inhabitants at the expense of the country. Her games and spectacles, her largesses and unbounded luxury, afforded a gay and easy style of living to the lazy populace, who flocked to her from all parts. Rome became a vast and active crucible, into which mankind, in all its varieties, flowed from all the provinces, and there, by a rapid process, melted and vanished.

To these physical causes of depopulation and moral debasement and corruption, celibacy, and its attendant vices, a general distaste for settled life, for domestic happiness, for all social ties and pure affections, (because all human affections form an uninterrupted chain, a single link of which cannot be broken or relaxed without the dissolution of the whole system,) add unbounded ambition, civil proscriptions, religious dissensions, —an old, discredited worship, with loose and perverted morals, — a new, holy, but misinterpreted creed, corrupted almost at its sources, — the work of God fallen into the hands of man ! In such a state of things, the invasion of the barbarians (so the Latin writers were wont to call the northern tribes) had the effect which an inundation of the Nile has upon the plains of Egypt. The land lies exhausted with its own efforts, burning and withering under the rays of the same tropical sun, which had called into action its productive energies, and languishing in a slow decay, from which no reaction seems to be able to redeem it. Then, from the bosom of unexplored mountains, gathered in the silence of untrodden regions, the flood roars from above. The pale remains of a faded vegetation are washed away ; but all was dead, or doomed to impending death, long before it was buried under the conquering tides. Now let the seasons have their own course ; gardens and fields will smile again on those desolate marshes, palms and cedars again will wave their lofty crests to the skies, in all the pride of youth, as if singing the praises of the Creator, and attesting that his resources are without number, that man alone perishes, with his works, but nature is immortal.

At the first setting in of the storm, the laborer, who had not yet been seduced from his cottage by corruption, was frightened away by the savage yell of the conquerors, and came for refuge to that capital which he still considered as the Eternal City. What yet remained cultivated and inhabited, was trampled under the hoofs of the horses of Alaric. The deluge raged for about two centuries.* The tract from the Alps to the Tiber, the garden of Europe, was but a vast field of carnage. It would be useless to relate the campaigns of Alaric, Attila, and Genseric, the scourges of God, to describe atrocities, provoked, now by the fatal obstinacy of a blind emperor, now by the profligacy of an ambitious woman, now by the sacrilegious revenge of a proscribed subject. They came ; they enjoyed all the luxury of destruction ; but they and their armies vanished among the ruins of the country, as a river lost among the sands it heaps up at its mouth.

---

* Rome was taken by Alaric, A. D. 410. The invasion of Attila was in 451 ; the storming of Rome by Genseric, in 455.

Till the conquest of Odoacer, no northern nation had thought of settling in Italy. They were led by a desire of military fame, or by the thirst of carnage and plunder. They came and passed with a feeling of indefinable awe, mistrusting Italy as a fatal land which might, at every step, open under their feet; and their curiosity, envy, or revenge was no sooner gratified, than they looked for a home in France, Spain, or Africa, where to gather the spoils of Italy, and settle in peace and security. The first stone of the new social edifice was laid under the auspices of Odoacer and Theodoric.* The invasion of the Heruli, and subsequently that of the Ostrogoths, did not bear the marks of the stupid ferocity of the Huns and Vandals. The advantage of a superior culture, and the influence of a purer religion, had already softened the iron hearts of the North. The reign of Theodoric stands alone in those ages of darkness, like a beautiful star in a retired spot of the skies. But his successors, involved in civil discords, and in long, mortal struggles against the Greeks, led by Belisarius and Narses, lay finally lifeless and breathless at the mercy of a new enemy, who, invited at first merely as a mediator in their contests, ended by possessing himself, without resistance, of the prize.

The crowning of Alboin, king of the Lombards in Italy, about the year 568, must be considered as the epoch that divided ancient from modern Italy. After that time the Roman emperors of Constantinople continued to lose ground in Italy until their definitive expulsion. From that time all traces are lost of the old religion and language. From that time Rome, and the charm of her name, belong to the past.

The Lombards and their numberless followers, after their barbaric mode of warfare, carried along with them their wives and children, all they held dear in life. They left nothing behind to regret. At their first arrival they cherished their adopted homes with that fatal fondness, with which fair Italy is but too apt to inspire her visiters. Having found no resistance, they did not indulge in wanton cruelties; having suffered no losses, they turned their strength to secure a conquest, that had so often escaped from the hands of their predecessors. They shared the lands with the conquered. They adopted the religion of Italy; Italy adopted their morals.

---

* Odoacer, king of Italy, A. D. 476; Theodoric, 493.

Laws and languages were mixed, and the two races were soldered by a peaceful contact of two hundred and six years. The scattered remains of Goths and Vandals of the preceding invasions were easily adopted as sons by the conquering tribe, by right of consanguinity ; and the Latin nation, already reduced to atoms, was either dispersed or subdued.

Had Alboin, at his first onset, taken possession of Rome and of the whole country ; had he not been too anxious to enjoy his newly-acquired dominions, fixing his royal seat at Pavia ; had he not so soon fallen a victim to a domestic tragedy, he would have aspired to the glory of the founder of Italy. What he neglected to do, when it was perhaps in his power, his successors attempted in vain, when it was too late. For two hundred and six years, their constant efforts were turned against the pontiffs of Rome and the imperial towns, which, garrisoned by the Greeks, still recognised the sway of the Eastern emperors. Some of these seaports, such as Ravenna and Ancona, could easily have been, and were actually subdued ; but Rome, which already began to impose a new kind of yoke upon the nations, presented a far different obstacle to the Lombard ambition. Here they failed, and here their fortune began to waver. The Franks, who had already threatened to pass the Alps during the whole period of the Lombard dominion, now invited by the popes, after repeated attacks, put an end to the dynasty founded by Alboin.

But this last convulsion had not the same effects upon the country as the preceding invasions. Charlemagne led an army with him, not a nation.* He took the Lombards by surprise and defection. They were conquered sooner than attacked. Those who could fight, would not ; those who would, could not. The campaign of Charles was merely a triumphal march. Having reassured the Pope, and settled, in haste, his new kingdom, he returned to France with the whole of his host, leaving the mass of the Lombard population safe and untouched ; so that, with the exception of the royal dynasty, their great work of regeneration was not sensibly disturbed or diverted.

Between Alaric and Frederic Barbarossa, there was an interval of seven hundred and seventy-four years. So long a time does it require to mature the designs of Providence, as if to give a lesson of patience and resignation to the restless anxiety of human nature. The northern hive of the nations was now exhausted; the Normans, Hungarians, and Saracens were the last tribes wandering for a home. The foundation of the great monarchies of Europe was laid. Armies and fleets might still be busy in their work of destruction, but each nation had settled within defined limits, and belonged to the soil, no less than the forests and mountains among which they had chosen their abode.

---

* Charlemagne's Conquest of Italy was in A. D. 774.

To the circumstances of their original descent is to be principally ascribed the difference of features, manners, and feelings, that characterizes the inhabitants of the various districts of the Italian peninsula even in our days, as also the discordant spirit eternally reigning among them, their different progress in civilization, their different taste in letters and arts. The valley of the Po, indeed all the region from Saluzzo to Venice, and from Aquileia to Ancona, the largest and richest part of the country, is still distinguished by the vague appellation of Lombardy, and is undoubtedly inhabited by the descendants of the Goths and Lombards of Theodoric and Alboin. It has been of all countries the oftenest invaded and trodden over; but, from the time of the Lombard settlement, foreigners have passed through the land, as the Austrians do now, strangers after two centuries as much as on the day of their arrival. The Lombards are to be distinguished, among the sons of Italy, by their fair hair and complexion, large, serene eyes, tall and portly but not always elegant forms. They are of a sanguine temper, which is often turned into apathy in mature age. Living in a rich country, they are fond of the table, and their southern brethren have called them the Lombard wolves, or the Bœotians of Italy. But their lands have always been the best cultivated, their manufactures, as long as liberty protected them, the most flourishing in Europe; and, though they came rather late into such matters, they have now the lead in letters, science, and arts. The Lombards are also the stoutest hearts in the day of battle; they are true and generous, open and hospitable, but too often credulous, and indolent in all the business of life.

Venice, owing, as we have seen, her origin to the barbarian invasions, is perhaps the only spot in Italy pure from barbaric mixture. Politics and commerce having engrossed all her time, Venice has done comparatively little for literature and the fine arts. That city, like Rome, to which she bears so many points of resemblance, never thought of letters, till she began to decline. The Venetians, a pure Italian race, were hardened by the exertion their situation demanded from them. The flame of glory and patriotism supported for a long time a valor worthy of a better fate. But long peace undermined the character of those noble republicans, and now they lie lifeless, and insensible to the rapid decay to which Austria has doomed them. The inhabitants of that spectre-city, with all the magnificence and pleasures of the good old times, have not that same spirit of resistance, that hope and desire of change, which inflame their fellow bondsmen.

The Genoese, inhabitants of hard mountains, escaped foreign mixture to a great extent, and the Ligurian character may perhaps still be traced through the Roman and all the following phases. The inhabitants of the Ligurian Apennines, with all the rest of the chain in Lunigiana, Tuscany, Abruzzo, and Calabria, form one rude population, entirely unknown to foreign visiters, wild and ungovernable, vindictive and hospitable, with all the characteristic virtues of highlanders in every part of the world.

But the inhabitants of the *Riviera* of Genoa, from immemorial time acknowledged as the best sailors in the Mediterranean, never aimed at more glory than what was consistent with their maritime and mercantile interests. Like Venice, Genoa grew by liberty, the soul of all commerce ; but, struck by the same fate, Genoa still preserves all her cohesive strength. The Genoese are the hardiest and most uncontaminated race in Italy ; but out of their ships they are nothing. Literature and the arts never had any credit on the bank of St. George. They never dealt in visions and dreams. They are the only true *utilitarians* in Italy. They join, indeed, a certain spirit of pomp and show to their proverbial avarice. They eat their onions from plates of gold ; their palaces are raised with magnificence, but without taste ; and their churches are handsome enough, when they glitter with marble and gold. The Genoese are the only Italians that settle abroad. Genoese are to be found all over the earth ; but they, and their sons, and grandsons, are, like the Jews, an *unassimilable* race. Their harsh features, their sharp dialect, their feelings and manners, follow them everywhere ; Genoa, like Jerusalem, never loses her rights in her wandering children.

Tuscany, from immemorial time, even before the Grecian era, ruling over arts and letters, over religion and laws, has been in modern times once more the cradle of civilization. Protected by a noble chain of mountains, and by the poverty of a barren soil, Tuscany could not entice the northern plunderers by the charms of the Lombard and Campanian plains. Roused to liberty by the efforts of the Lombard league, the Tuscan cities received their independence as a gift from their sisters ; but, as soon as they were possessed of it, few countries ever exhibited more violence in abusing it ; none ever offered a more memorable example of desperate struggle before giving it up. To the longer enjoyment of that stormy liberty, to the generous patriotism to which it gave rise, Florence, Pisa, and Siena are indebted for the intellectual supremacy, which made their land the birthplace of genius. But, as soon as they sank from that state of excitement, they fell into the hands of artful princes, by whom they were gently lulled and enervated, unaware that a silken chain is still a chain. The Tuscans are in our days the most delicate and refined, but likewise the lightest and weakest, of the Italian people. They are gay, polite, pedantic, and thoughtless ; they are the French of Italy.

Rome, sitting in an unhealthy desert, a dissolute convent of prelates and cardinals, within tottering walls, together with all the Roman provinces on the southern side of the Apennines, the lands of the Sabines and Umbri, is possessed by that Levitical spirit, by which talent of all kinds is exclusively directed to the altar and its intrigues. The very countenance and accents of the highest classes in Rome, are stained by the varnish of Jesuitism. But what is not priest in Rome, the populace of the eternal city, the *Trasteverini*, exhibit in their features, costume, and manners, and not unfrequently in their sudden sallies of generous passions, the antique Roman grandeur and firmness, such as may suit one day the freemen of the capital of the redeemed country.

The southern part of the peninsula, and the neighbouring island, were early occupied by Dorian colonists, who gave that region an indelible Grecian character. Magna Græcia had its games, gymnasiums, poetry, and philosophy, rivalling those of the mother country. The Romans conquered, but did not destroy. The Romans never changed what was good in the hope of doing better. At the fall of Rome, the Greek colonies remained in the hands of the Greeks, and continued so until the Norman conquest; and the Normans were too few, and their reign too short, to have a material influence over the mass of the people. Hence the Neapolitan character is essentially Greek; their levity and fickleness, their taste for jests and sophisms, for spectacles and controversies, their national dances and popular amusements, — all is Greek among them. But the Provençal, Spanish, and Austrian dominion, by turns afflicted that lively population, and have plunged it into a state of degradation far below any other nation in Europe.

The inhabitants of Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica are, in great part, sons of the Saracens. The Normans subdued, but did not destroy or banish the Moors. On the contrary, they were still to be seen enjoying their free rights, and observing their religion, even under Frederic the Second, one hundred years after the peace of Constance. The fierce and melancholy Moorish spirit, the noble and chivalrous, but revengeful and passionate temper, of which the Spanish blood partakes, remained in distinct traces in the Sicilian and Corsican, and may still be recognised in their dark olive complexion and bilious temper.

The different origin of the Italian races, and their physical and moral discordance of temperament, are not, as it has been so often objected, an insurmountable obstacle to future unity, any more than the same difficulty now prevents Welch, Scotch, and English, heterogeneous races, from living under the same government, notwithstanding their long-indulged antipathies. The Italians have long since recovered from their blind municipal jealousies; they have all been educated in the same severe school of common disasters, and the descendants of the German, Grecian, and Moorish races, have joined their hands as brothers, when meeting in the land of exile. At all events, are not Milan and Pavia, Pisa and Florence, Naples and Palermo, the most inveterate rivals, obeying the same rulers? It would be to libel human nature, to suppose that the good understanding, which despotism maintains among them, would be broken at the dawning of liberty.

If enthusiasm of public spirit, or sanctity of private virtues, could be sufficient to secure to a nation its independent existence, Italy would have passed glorious and free to the remotest generations. The constant state of warfare, in which the newly-enfranchised cities found themselves engaged from their earliest origin, was not peculiar to them ; it was the element in which all that age of steel equally breathed. But, in Italy, the field of battle was a gymnastic arena, from which the republics seemed to derive new vigor and energy. The prosperity of their commerce and industry seemed redoubled by their endless conflicts. Their municipal rivalries were for a long time the source of the most generous emulation, nor was ever independence more fertile in prodigies of valor, in generous sacrifices, in daring achievements. But the Italian republics ran their race alone. Liberty rose in Italy prematurely, or rather that country was doomed to run all the risks and chances of a first experiment. The neighbouring nations seemed to sink into barbarism in proportion as the Lombards rose higher in their aspirations. To acquire their liberty, the Italians only needed to rely on the justice of their cause, and the firmness of their will. But to preserve it, they wanted that wisdom of government, which the unsettled state of their institutions, and the pervading ignorance of the age, could not afford.

The greatest part of the Lombard statutes remained still the same as they had been imposed by the northern conqueror upon his new subjects ; but a long contact, a natural spirit of improvement, common interests and vicissitudes, sympathies and family ties, and above all the irresistible influence of climate, had imperceptibly brought about an interchange of friendly transactions, by which, when the components were melted into a common mass, it was found that the conquerors had adopted new sentiments and habits in proportion as they had dictated new orders and laws to the conquered ; so that they had both equally contributed to the new social edifice, and that edifice, according to the modern rules of architecture, was a composite of all orders.

Together with their martial spirit, their active and laborious habits, their love of home, and their domestic virtues, the German nations gave to Italy, as well as to all Europe, that form of government of which we have in our times witnessed the final catastrophe, — the feudal system. From the top of the Alps, the northern chief pointed out to his warriors the fair land that Fate had awarded to their valor. The land of promise was no sooner subdued and divided among them, than it was necessary to put it in a state of defence. Italy was a mistress who could be secured to her suitors only by the same means by which she had been won, military prowess. Hence the conquering host settled on the land, as it were, in battle array. Every soldier was at his post, dependent upon his *vavasors*, under the continued discipline of the camp.

It appears, that the Lombards exercised a milder rule over their Latin subjects, than either the Franks in Gaul, or the Vandals in Spain and Africa ; but the Italian population had already suffered so much under the previous invasions, that the whole nation might be considered as doomed to absolute servitude. Woe to the conquered ! They built their master's castle, they tempered his helmet and sword, and forged their own chains. Subjected by his strength, they soon became his strength. They followed him to the camp, they garrisoned his walls ; they were his laborers at home, and his soldiers abroad. They bore on their backs the scars of the blows inflicted by him ; on their breasts, of the wounds received for him. Such a state of violence, however, could not last. The Latin population had long since learned submission and patience. Respected and dreaded, the generous conquerors soon became weary of an unprofitable tyranny. There is no man willing to strike where he meets with no resistance. The idea of allegiance to their chiefs, so strong among the warriors of the north, was easily communicated to the Latins, to whom no better choice was left. The evils of feudalism gave way in the same measure as the characteristic differences of the two races disappeared ; in the same measure as, involved in common vicissitudes, they needed each other's coöperation. Many feudal lords were ambitious of the title of fathers of their people, many found their own interest in affecting such paternal dispositions. Men of true courage are seldom cruel, and with their armour they laid aside their ferocious spirit. The solitary life of their castles obliged them to cherish all objects around. Nothing is more apt to inspire love than the desire of being loved. The Christian religion, meanwhile, made a virtue of that love, and called the blessings of heaven on the warrior whose sword spared the prostrate foe, and who dried the tears his sword had caused to be shed. He who exerted himself for the happiness of his own vassals, felt indignant against his neighbour who acted otherwise. They began to take upon themselves the cause of the oppressed. They interposed with authority and arms. They bred up their children with nobler sentiments. Religion and gallantry soon made humanity an indispensable appendage of true valor. Thus chivalry, or rather the chivalrous spirit, was the consequence of the feudal system, and was an antidote against its evils.

The different formalities observed in the ceremony of conferring knighthood, the sacred and military orders, the armorial bearings, and other outward signs and emblems of chivalry, are not to be confounded with that spirit which made sacred in the eyes of the brave the cause of the weak, the authority of religion, the honor of women ; that generous spirit, which in the total absence of social order, in the total impotence of protecting laws, supplied the want of order and law ; for that spirit existed long before any herald had reduced it to a system, and it survived long after the extinction of the system, exerting upon modern civilization an influence, of which the indelible marks remain among us, associated with all that is noblest and greatest in our manners and feelings. The spirit of chivalry, in fact, far from being buried in Italy under the ruins of feudalism, was extended and excited by the establishment of democratic institutions, and invaded the young Lombard and Tuscan republics with such a blind enthusiasm, that, neglecting their own true interests, out of mere chivalrous, quixotic bravery, they espoused, whether right or wrong, all the quarrels of their neighbours, to remain after all unarmed and lifeless in the hands of strangers.

To these two northern political and moral institutions, united in their origin and opposite in their ends, Rome contrasted, or rather added, her two social elements, Democracy and Aristocracy. In the times of the barbaric invasions, the Italians did not lose the remembrance of their democratic forms, of which the Romans had shared the advantages with their subjects of Italy. As soon as the raising of their walls afforded the free towns a degree of security, their ancient municipal institutions were eagerly reëstablished. The long-cherished names of consuls, senate, and tribunes, rather imperfectly understood, were renewed throughout the country ; although all such magistrates, until the peace of Constance, were subjected to the Imperial lieutenants, or to the lords and prelates who exercised the supreme power according to their feudal or seignorial rights. When, in their contest against Frederic Barbarossa, the Lombards shook off both the feudal and imperial yoke, the Roman forms were exclusively adopted ; but blended with the prejudices of an age of ignorance, modified by the influence of a more humane religion, and counteracted by the disinterestedness and improvidence of a short-sighted chivalry. The valor of Rome there was, and her stern, patriotic virtues ; but not her worldly wisdom, not her cold-blooded steadiness, not her egotistical policy.

In the first place, the happy equilibrium of popular and patrician powers, in which lay the secret strength of the Roman constitution, was never well understood by the Lombard and Tuscan republics. In the first intoxication of their dearly-purchased emancipation, the new republicans proscribed and pursued the noble families even to the inmost recesses of the mountains. There, when the nobles had been left to share their dens with the hawks and wolves of the Apennines, the cities, now assured of victory, relaxing from their indiscriminate rage, admitted one by one their humbled enemies, happy to reënter as equals within those walls, where they had ruled as masters ; and the two classes were thus gradually led to a reconciliation, of which the most confiding and generous was, of course, to be the victim. The towns, which, as long as they were animated by patriotic enthusiasm, had with unarmed bands sustained the shock of the cavalry and of the scythed chariots of Frederic, now, in their domestic wars, began to feel the want of horses, the horse being, in the Middle Ages, the soul of an army. The noblemen lent their horses and men-at-arms, and gave the republics their cavalry, and had soon, therefore, the strength of the state in their hands. In times of peace, the mob upon the square checked all rising ambition, by their watchful suspicion and summary justice ; but, when the trumpet of war sounded, when the alarm-bell was rung, the nobleman mounted his steed, marshalled the disorderly multitude, led them to victory, and returned their idol. Thus arms gave the nobility a temporary power, which daily gained permanent strength, in proportion as wars became more general and frequent. The noble families, when they abandoned their eyries in the fastnesses of the mountains, transferred their strongholds to the towns. They built their houses near the walls and gates of the cities, and, under the pretext of common protection, furnished them with ditches and battlements, and garrisoned them with devoted vassals and partisans. Thus the dissensions between the lower and higher orders were not less violent in the republics of the Middle Ages, than they had been in either Athens or Rome. But they were of a shorter duration. In vain popular fury rose with redoubled efforts against aristocratical usurpation. In vain the houses of the principal nobles were stormed and razed to the ground. In vain, in the most flourishing commercial towns, the merchants opposed their aristocracy of wealth to the aristocracy of birth, and the people armed themselves in formidable fraternities of arts and trades, and proceeded to the contest united, compact, determined. If the nobility were insolent, the people were intemperate and blind. The nobility, warmed by the generous spirit that belongs to high birth, supported by numerous family adherents, and by uniformity of feelings and interests, knew how, by a slow and tacit conspiracy, to turn to their own advantage every breath of popular commotion, every incident of common peril or public disaster. It is thus that in science, letters, and arts, as well as in arms, we find the highest names, in the earliest ages of modern Italy, almost exclusively belonging to the aristocratic class ; because that class, which aimed to rule, made all efforts to possess themselves of all such qualifications as might impose upon the ignorant mass of the people. In times of war, it was the fire of their steeds and the gleam of their swords ; in peace, it was the power of eloquence and the wisdom of policy.

But when, elated by success, that restless nobility broke forth into factions and feuds, the people, who had already learned to forego their own interests, enlisted themselves in the private jealousies of the patrician families, and the quarrels of their enemies became their own. Almost every town was divided into as many factions as there were wards ; almost every day witnessed some deed of blood in the public squares. The citizens slept in their armour. The gates were closed from sunset to sunrise. Every house was kept in a state of perpetual siege. All these private wars became merged in a general contest, which embraced the whole peninsula ; and the two factions of which, for want of more appropriate terms, were distinguished under the names of Guelphs and Ghibelines.

The Guelphs pretended to be the friends of the church, and of the municipal, democratic privileges ; the Ghibelines were understood to be partisans of the empire, and favorers of a national aristocratical unity. The elements of the two parties were nearly balanced in all the cities. When one of the two prevailed, either in consequence of its own strength, or of external aid, the other was butchered, or banished, to return afterwards at the head of neighbouring auxiliaries, to inflict in its turn equal retaliation. Wave after wave, the two opposite factions were ebbing and flowing like the tides of the sea. Thus when the work of aristocracy was complete, when the conquering faction had no longer any thing to fear, the man who stood at its head, was at the head of all power ; and to become an absolute tyrant cost him no more trouble than that of assuming the name. Thus, as monarchy had led the way to feudalism, and feudalism to democracy ; now, by a painful reaction, anarchy led back to aristocracy, aristocracy paved the way to tyranny ; and Italy was hurried, in a rapid decline, towards the same evils from which she had recovered only by a slow and hard-earned progression. But this transition was the work of five centuries ; and, before evil prevailed, that generous nation had a high mission to accomplish. Nor did she give up the struggle, until the whole world had received from her losses those advantages which she was not destined to derive for herself.

But to mediate among so many hostile elements, to temper the violence of a turbulent age, to reform abuses, to heal, to soothe, to dry the tears of the sufferer ; an all-powerful agent had, before the origin of modern societies, been sent from heaven to give them new form and temper by its unremitting influence. The Christian religion, a new doctrine of meekness and forbearance, teaching its disciples to suffer and love, to pardon and spare, came not to avenge, not to redress, but to console ; it promised not justice, not peace on earth, but retribution in heaven. It did not break the chains of the slave, but it shared them with him ; it did not strike down the sword of the violent, but it turned it to righteous designs. Unable to quell the rage of discord, it suspended or averted its course. Unable to destroy feudalism, it created chivalry. To silence the factions of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, it preached the truce of the cross. To quench the thirst for battle, it invented processions and masses. To the victims of human injustice it laid open the asylum of the sanctuary ; for the blasted hopes of youth, for the exposed honor of virgins, it prepared the silence of the cloisters ; against the unlimited ambition of monarchs, it mustered the thunders of the Vatican. It did not rid man of his evils, but it reconciled him to them ; it taught him to cherish them, to pride and delight in them, to lean on them as on an anchor of hope. A day had been, (it is an unwelcome thought, but one from which we cannot escape,) a day had been when, in ages of barbarism, of oppression and prejudice, every institution that had become connected with the Christian religion, even the most absurd doctrines and pernicious practices with which Catholicism has been charged, had their holy, their redeeming influence ; and it was reserved to later periods, to periods of refinement and culture, to see those same institutions turned into instruments of profanation and infamy, to the detriment of the religion and of the cause of humanity it had been sent to advocate.

The day had been, when the standards of St. Peter headed the bands of the Lombard youth, devoted to the rescue of their country ; when the proclamation of a jubilee, or the zeal of a pontifical legate, prevented the streaming of fraternal blood ; and the day was to come, when a crafty court of "purple tyrants" were to rouse the spirit of discord among their inoffensive neighbours, and when, threatened by the vengeance they had thus provoked, they were to invite the interference of foreign invaders, taking advantage of others' calamities, like ravens and wolves on a field of battle. The day had been, when a few pious solitaries, the inmates of inaccessible recesses, inspired with an insane perhaps, but harmless devotion, denied themselves all the enjoyments of life, and abjured the gifts of Providence, to open a hospitable shelter to the straying wayfarer ; to drain swamps and morasses ; to run to the succour of languishing humanity, amidst the loathsomeness of hospitals and lazarets ; or, in the calm of their undisturbed silence, to plunge into the severest meditations of science, and preserve the treasures of learning of bygone generations for the reawakening curiosity of generations to come ; and the day was to come, when the convents should insult the sufferings of poverty by a display of worldly pomp and indolence; when they should groan with victims seduced to their cells by the blackest perfidies, or walled up in them by nefarious compulsion; when the clergy should give the example of that depravation with which celibacy had contaminated morals and manners towards the decline of the Roman world; when cowled fiends should be ranked into a holy militia, and with hideous rites round an ominous pyre, should send up to the Father of Mercy an holocaust of human victims. Even such is a use which has been made of reason, such an interpretation has been given to the pages of truth; and though in our days, in consequence of a milder spirit, the seductions of Jesuitism and the atrocities of the Inquisition gave way, still, Heaven knows, the talent and will to indulge in specious reasonings, and to construe the word of God according to worldly passions, is not quite passed out of fashion.

All that was most enthusiastic and great in the Christian religion, all that was most brilliant and ardent in the valor of the North, all that was most generous and gallant in chivalry, all the noblest elements of society in the Middle Ages, by coöperating in a common undertaking, by turning, for more than two centuries, all their efforts to a common end, brought social order in Europe to the highest and most unexpected results.

If the religious zeal of the earliest church had produced nothing else but the Crusades, the world would still be indebted to Christianity for the most rapid progress of civilization. The Crusades brought a comparative peace to Europe. For the first time, Christendom was seen united in a single people. Brothers, who had settled here and there as they had been guided by chance, divided by climate, by interests, by discords, now, in a kind of family meeting, abjured all their ancient feuds, joining in an alliance of faith and worship against a common enemy.

Pope Urban pointed out to the Christians a wide field for exertion. The holy wars, in different epochs, relieved Europe of four millions of her most turbulent sons. To the noblest devotional feelings, a great number of worldly motives were added, all motives that could exert the strongest influence on the ruling passions of that age. The love of peril and conflict, innate in the human bosom; a restless spirit of enterprise and adventure, curiosity, impatience of restraint, thirst of dominion, ambition, and, in later times, the desire of escaping from the consequence of debts, murders, or quarrels at home. It was a universal rejoicing. Those who went away, carried their aspiring hopes to a field where it seemed as if their golden dreams would fall short of reality ; those who remained found themselves at ease, and bade the adventurers a hearty farewell. Meanwhile the feudal anarchy, that had threatened the western world with total dissolution, turned all its fury towards the East. Monarchs and barons sold their estates, titles, and privileges, with the eagerness of the dog in the fable, dropping the substance to run after the shadow.

No condition was too hard to get money for the holy armaments. Independence was publicly bought, or received gratuitously, or siezed upon by force, by a great number of cities, boroughs, and vassals. The crusades gave the first sanction to national liberty throughout all Europe. The signing of the Magna Charta by John of England, and the opening of the parliaments by Philip of France, are events contemporaneous with the crusades, and in great part a consequence of that general convulsion. But the fairest advantages were obtained by Italy. The independence of the Italian republics, already so far advanced, was definitively sealed by the diversion to Palestine. Both the first and second Frederic, the most formidable enemies of Italy, were engaged in those sacred expeditions, and the country was freed from their menaces. The Lombards and Tuscans, as well as the rulers of the Two Sicilies, sent, in their turn, armies and fleets to Jerusalem, and the standards that had often met in the field for a mortal encounter, marched side by side to a common emprise, on terms of fraternity. And when the soldiers of the cross, mixing temporal with spiritual advantages, founded their ephemeral principalities in Syria, the Italian republics, with a maturer wisdom, laid the basis of a more solid settlement by their commercial factories and flourishing colonies on the shores of the Bosphorus and Asia Minor ; from that early epoch engrossing and monopolizing all the commerce of the East. Hence all branches of industry were advanced to the highest prosperity by the general movement, which brought into contact the two ends of the globe. The mind expanded ; the spirit of enterprise acted on a larger scale ; voyages and discoveries began by land and sea. The pilgrimage to Jerusalem led the way to the Indies and America.

The soil itself of the west of Europe teemed with a growth of Eastern productions, and the Lombard plain smiled with a luxuriant harvest from exotic seeds. The literary light of the Eastern empire was among the noblest conquests. The crusaders were followed in their retreat by the wrecks of ancient Greek literature ; and the dreams of Arabian poetry dazzled the more obtuse fancy of the West. The luxuries of Eastern refinement, the contemplative tastes and habits of that region, were gradually communicated to the active children of Europe, and mental power soon gained its advantage over bodily strength.

Such were the direct and immediate effects of the crusades on social life ; but the impression they left upon the mind in after ages had more magical results. For, the human mind, when losing by degrees its energy for present exertion, returns with restless regrets to the fairy land of the romance of past ages and the good old times of chivalry ; and the crusades haunted the imagination of the Italian bards, the dearest theme of their inspiration, the most heart-thrilling chord of their harps. Thus the seeds of the institutions and learning of the ancient world survived the fate of the Roman empire, to bud forth through the general alluvion of the northern invaders, and acquire new vigor on a virgin soil better suited to their generous nature ; the Christian religion warmed and developed what it found most noble in ancient thought or in modern feeling ; and those three elements were so happily combined, that Rome, and her laws, letters, and arts, could not have been withdrawn from ruin, even by the new religion, without the material element of Northern strength, and the brute force of the North could not have been softened even by Christianity, without the enlightening element of old liberal institutions.

Thus Roman wisdom gave the intelligence, Northern bravery furnished the arm, Christianity formed the heart, and chivalry and the crusades were the practice of those theories, the result of those components, the living-out of those animating principles. Of all this great edifice of the Middle Ages, nothing seems to exist in our times. Feudalism yielded to the repeated attacks of despotism. The modern constitutions have pointed out a new system of civil liberty. To the extent of its own empire, French philosophy has razed to the ground religious devotion. Chivalry has long since lain by the side of the helmets and corselets of its champions.

But is all the noble spirit of the Middle Ages equally prostrate and low ? Is it so, is it desirable that it should be so ? We hope not. We think not. The solidity of the institutions of the men of those times partakes of the cement of their edifices and the temper of their armour. The Egyptians wrote on their pyramids ; "We have spent years in building ; we give you ages to destroy ! "

We shall conclude our task by a brief examination of the state of literature in Italy during the age of darkness, by pointing out what remained of ancient lore at the beginning of the new era of the Italian republics, and considering what influence the Northern, the Arabian, and Provençal poetry exerted upon the first period of modern Italian literature, the age of Dante.

The writings of Greece, and the writings of Rome, form but one literature in two distinct languages. Literature, in Rome merely a luxury, with few exceptions displayed little or no original character. It rose in days of ebriety and epicurism ; it was made subservient to flattery and servility. As such, it could have no long duration. As soon as the amiable parasites of Augustus were frightened from court by the frowns of Tiberius, arts and letters were mute. The mild reign of Trajan and of his successors revived them for a while ; but, after the death of the Antonines, even the power of copying had failed, and the following crowd of rhetoricians and grammarians sunk lower and lower, until they lost even the power of feeling.

While heathen literature was thus rapidly declining, in consequence only of the decrepitude of the society which it represented, the zeal of the earliest Christians, and the controversies of their numerous sects, filled the libraries with many thousand volumes of ascetic visions and theological sophisms. The East and West rivalled each other in their pious enthusiasm, as well as in their polemic animosity ; and, though a few illustrious names, in a religious point of view, may yet be cited with respect, it is nevertheless certain, that their intolerant austerity, by proscribing the perusal of profane writers, as teachers of idolatry and immorality, and exciting the persecuting frenzy of bigoted monarchs, hastened the downfall of the Latin language and literature. This sacrifice to a blind superstition dried up the fountains from which pure light might yet have been derived ; so that the work of destruction was almost complete, long before the first appearance of barbarian destroyers.

The diligence of modern writers has been considerably employed in vindicating the reputation of the Gothic, Frankish, and Lombard conquerors of Italy from the exaggerated charges of barbarism raised against their memory by the ignorant fanaticism of the Latin monks of the Middle Ages. Even if none of the memorials of those conquerors had been preserved, reason ought to have satisfied us, that such large national bodies could not have been prevented from dissolution without sound political institutions, and that those tribes could not have wandered from one end of the continent to the other, inflamed by a spirit of adventure, and by a desire of military renown, without being excited and cheered by the charms of their minstrels. Poetry there certainly was, in the enrapturing joy of triumph with which they hailed a new land, which was to be the inheritance of their children ; there was poetry and romance in those long rows of chariots, that carried after them their wives and infants, to make their hearts beat with redoubled anxiety in the hour of danger.

The successful researches of German scholars in our day have made known to Europe the songs of the bards of their forefathers, back to the days of Alaric and Attila ; but that northern poetry, if ever it flourished in Italy, as it would seem probable, especially among the more cultivated warriors of Theodoric, could not long resist the spell of a southern climate. The comforts of a settled life made the warrior indifferent to the scenes of peril and strife, which were sung in those national traditions. The northern mythology lost all interest with its sacred character ; and the warlike verses of the German tribes died away soon after the conquest, with the sound of their trumpets and the neighing of their steeds.

But whatever may have been the state of their mental culture in their native forests, it is not less true that the northern conquerors entertained a deep-rooted aversion to the Roman lore, which they considered as a source of corruption and effeminacy, a school of fraud and perfidy ; and, regarding it as such, they hastened its extermination with all the means that their ignorant ferocity could suggest. The Lombards had the reputation of being the most barbarous, as they were the bravest, of the German tribes. Italy, it is believed, sank, under their dominion, into a more deplorable state of ignorance than any of the neighbouring countries. Still the reigns of Luitprand, Rachis, and Astolph were signalized by the wisest administration, and several distinguished men of their nation began a reformation of the system of studies, which Charlemagne knew how to appreciate and profit by.

During the two centuries of Lombard dominion, the Latin language underwent its final catastrophe. That language, always corrupted in all the provinces, especially in Cisalpine Gaul, where, as in Gaul, Spain, and Britain it had been enforced by the Romans, had already been turned by popular abuse into a barbarous dialect, long before any extraneous mixture. But when, in the long contact between the two heterogeneous races, the mixture was effected, it gave rise to that bastard tongue, which was, with slight modifications, equally spoken over all the late Roman provinces, and which, under the name of ***Romance*** language, became the source of the modern languages of the South of Europe. In that mixture, of course, the Latin furnished the greatest number of words, because the conquered nations were the most numerous ; but the construction, the inflections, the articles, and all grammatical forms obeyed the influence of the northern races, both because such forms could be more easily adopted and practised, and because conquerors do not wish to learn grammar from their slaves. Thus, agreeably to the observation of a modern Italian critic, we see terms referring to the common wants of life, to be generally of Latin derivation, while names belonging to the art of war, and to politics and government, are generally of Teutonic origin ; which fact arose from two different necessities ; the conquerors were obliged to learn such words as could express what they wanted from their new subjects, and the conquered were compelled to learn the names of the arms that crushed, and of the new authority that was forced upon them. The Romance language, in its origin, might be fairly considered as one, and it continued to serve as a common vehicle of communication between the different nations of Europe, until those formless, popular idioms, having by the charms of poetry been turned into polished and elegant tongues, the limits between them were more clearly defined ; and, distinguishing them by their affirmative particles, they called the Romance Provençal, *langue d'oc;* the Northern French, or Romance Walloon, *langue d'oïl;* and the Italian, *langue de sì.*

But the *langue de sì*, as well as her two sisters, was, from the first, split into a hundred dialects of infinite variety; and, notwithstanding the efforts of their literature, the Italians, by a blind, municipal infatuation, still cling to those vernacular forms, to the great detriment of their beautiful language. These differences naturally arose from the remnants of the various races that settled in separate districts, and formed, as it were, as many different colonies, where their characteristic idioms were preserved, until, in the wars of the republics, all alliance and friendly intercourse having ceased, each town remained isolated, and their dialectic peculiarities were cherished with all the warmth of their political jealousies. Hence the Italian *patois* vary at the distance of only ten miles, and the idioms and accent of one town are either utterly unintelligible, or are an object of wonder and ridicule, to its immediate neighbours. All such differences, however, may be classified into seven principal branches, and, according to their ethnological derivation, the Italian dialects may be reduced to the Lombard, Venetian, Genoese, Tuscan, Roman, Neapolitan, and Sicilian. The Lombard dialect, with all its various branches, the Piedmontese, Milanese, Romagnolo, &c., is characterized by harshness of accent, and energy and rapidity of expression. It is evidently of barbaric origin; it sounds more unlike Italian than either Provençal or Spanish, and its diphthongs and contractions cannot be expressed with the twenty-two letters of the Italian alphabet. Venice, always safe and pure from foreign mixture, and Rome, where the native race was never utterly destroyed, have preserved all the softness and roundness of the Latin; while the dialects of Apulia and Calabria bear some evident alloy of Greek, and something of the Moorish sound is still preserved in the deep and guttural accent of the islanders.

It was long, however, before the Italian, or any of the new languages, was employed to any literary purpose; and the rude attempts at a revival of learning, that took place after the first encouragement given by Charlemagne, were made in a corrupted language, which they still called, and fancied to be, Latin.

The opening of universities in France, England, and Italy re-awakened an ardor that seemed irreparably extinguished. All that remained of ancient learning, buried in the solitude of the cloisters, was assembled in the new seminaries of Paris and Oxford, and in the much more ancient schools of Salerno and Bologna. That of Salerno, enlightened by the Arabians of Sicily and Africa, and protected by the Normans and Swabians successively ruling over the country, made the greatest progress in medicine and in all other physical sciences. Bologna, the mother of all universities, dating its origin from Charlemagne, or according to others from Theodosius, in the fifth century, equally the favorite of popes and emperors, had already, before the peace of Constance, attained the highest degree of splendor. Towards the end of the eleventh century, Irnerius, a native of that city, taught there the Pandects of Justinian, recently discovered at Pisa or Amalfi; and Bologna acquired beyond dispute the first rank in Europe as a law school. But similar institutions simultaneously rose in other cities of Lombardy and Tuscany, all modelled after the example of Bologna, where Irnerius had first introduced the titles and insignia of doctor and bachelor, such as they have since been adopted by all the universities in the world. The study of law, so consistent with the interests and rights of men, then a general subject of debate in the Italian republics, absorbed all talents; and for a long while the Italians abandoned to the Parisian doctors their meagre dialectics and dusky theology. The *podestà* and *gonfalonieri*, the first magistrates in these municipal governments, were now taken by preference from the universities, and a civil administration was gradually substituted for a military rule. Thus, when the great national contest had been decided, and the Italian cities sent their legates to treat as equals with Frederic Barbarossa, for the peace of Constance, it was not without an undefinable emotion, that the iron-clad barons of the German court beheld a few dark-eyed, long-robed Italian doctors, the disciples of Irnerius, advancing among them with a confident mien, as if announcing that the iron age was at an end, and arms were now destined to give place to the gown!

But darkness could not give way without a long, desperate struggle. The prejudices and superstitions of a barbarous age, the spirit of pedantry and the love of controversy, an overwrought sophistry, and a constant proneness *jurare in verba magistri*, for a long time wrapped up, and entangled, and eclipsed all truth. Thus divinity soon degenerated into heresy and blasphemy ; astronomy was confounded with astrology, medicine with sorcery, and chemistry with the *arcana* of alchemy. Men of science, erecting themselves into a privileged class, by the *prestige* of a dead language, of long flowing robes, and a mysterious air, secluded themselves from the people, and were looked upon with wonder and awe, not unmixed with distrust and contempt. Their ambition for a universal scholarship, when the relations between the different branches of learning were more imperfectly defined, and the means of acquisition were less within reach, engaged them in a labyrinth of disorderly pursuits, where they were exhausted and lost before coming to any profitable results. Science was to them an unfathomable ocean, of which they vainly strove to sound the depths, while their object should have been only to sail across it.

It would be difficult to divine what their zeal for abstruse studies would have led them to, had not an impulse of a totally opposite nature fortunately called the general attention to a new light arising from extraneous sources. The Arabians, by nature a warlike and enthusiastic nation, used from immemorial time to associate religion with poetry, having, according to their Oriental style, taken *the four opposite corners of the wind*, and spread over the earth with a valor whose report was sufficient to insure success, — having conquered more enemies than they could count, and subdued more lands than they could explore, — now turned their minds to the arts of peace. Brought into contact with the Greeks by their conquest of Egypt, they possessed themselves of the treasures of Grecian learning ; and, under the dynasty especially of the Abassides, they opened schools and libraries throughout their monarchies of Asia, Africa, and Spain. They translated ancient Greek manuscripts, placed Greek scholars at the head of their literary establishments, and, giving themselves up principally to physical and mathematical studies, established, by their important discoveries, the highest claims to the gratitude of Europe. Still poetry formed their greatest delight, and it reached its highest splendor in Spain under the dynasty of the Ommiades. Disdaining the sober and pure inspirations of the Greeks, whom they had revered as masters in philosophical pursuits, the Arabians followed no guide in their poetical effusions but the glow of their Eastern imagination. Hence their poetry preserved its original colors; that delicacy and luxuriancy of sentiment, that bewildering intoxication and mysticism of love, that dreamy phantasmagory, and, above all, that kind of Oriental *transcendentalism*, which was afterwards communicated to the Provençals, and constitutes the essential difference between the ancient and modern, between the classical and romantic styles. The Arabians had probably no epic or dramatic poetry; they had love poems and elegies, satires and didactic pieces, and, more lately, the fairy tales and golden dreams, known under the name of "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." This vast collection, of which only the six-and-thirtieth part, according to Sismondi, has been translated in Europe, is now the only kind of literature existing in the East; and forms still the delight of all coffee-houses and caravanseries, where those tales are daily recited to the dejected Mussulman, who seeks to forget, in the charms of fiction, the melancholy feelings of the present moment.

Sicily did not, perhaps, obtain from the Saracenic invasion all the advantages in respect to literary institutions, that were derived by Spain from the Moors. The Saracens of Sicily found no rest in their adopted home. Their continual piratical excursions allowed them no leisure for study. Still the medical school at Salerno would never have risen to so eminent a rank without the direction of African and Arabian scholars. The Saracens, who were spared in the Norman conquest, and flourished at the court of Frederic the Second and Manfred his son, considerably added to the renown that Sicily enjoyed in the infancy of Italian literature.

Meanwhile France, ruled by feudal and monarchical governments, had sunk into a state of almost absolute ignorance. The universities of Paris and Montpellier had lost much of their primitive splendor, and the Latin language was almost utterly extinct. The disuse of this tongue had a natural tendency to ennoble the vulgar Romance dialects, as it introduced them equally among the highest and most cultivated classes. This happened when the dominion of the Moors in Spain gave signs of impending dissolution. They broke into factions and feuds. They departed from their wonted moderation and wisdom. They banished the few Christians, who, from immemorial time, had found a peaceful residence among them. These revolutions drove to the Christian courts of Catalonia and Aragon a number of illustrious exiles, who carried with them their arts and science, and the tales and songs of the East. By the union of Catalonia and Provence, in 1092, their poetry passed from Spain to the court of Provence. That court enjoyed in those times a long peace, and was the rendezvous of all the chivalry of Europe. Tournaments and courts of love were there constantly held; that newborn poetry was welcomed with a wonderful enthusiasm, and it gave rise to what was called the "gay science" of the Troubadours.

The long wars of Alphonso the Second, of Castile, against the Moors of Toledo, the crusades, the acquisition of a part of Languedoc by the English, and other general political commotions, having associated the knights of all Europe in common adventures, the poetry of Provence soon became the inheritance of all Christendom. The differences between the dialects of Spain, Provence, Italy, and Northern France, were not so wide then as in our days. The Romance Provençal became the language of chivalry; and the courts of Germany, of Flanders, of England, and Sicily received the Provençal troubadours with the same honors and regard they enjoyed at home. No classical lore being required for the cultivation of the gay science, no mythological or historical allusion being ever mingled with those simple and spontaneous productions, the consequence was, that ignorant barons and monarchs could cultivate minstrelsy, without losing in study that time which was claimed by their warlike exercises. Thus, some talent for poetry was considered as one of the indispensable attributes of chivalrous prowess; and the profession of troubadour was honored by the names of Frederic Barbarossa, Richard of England, and other grave and wise monarchs, who aspired to the title of adepts in the gay science, as they sighed after the glory of private knights in the field. Social and domestic life seemed animated by the air of those songs. It was a blessed age of roving and pilgrimages, of wooing and worshipping, of dancing and skirmishing, of sinning and confessing. Romance in life closely followed upon romance in poetry. Comical and tragical adventures supplied the poet with inexhaustible materials. It was now a king, imprisoned in a dark tower, and his faithful minstrel travelling in search of him, across mountains and along rivers, the sound of his harp reaching the ears of the monarch, like a ray of hope in the darkness of his lonely confinement; now a damsel, pining under the tyranny of a monstrous guardian, and her gallant knight summoning the gaoler at the gate of the castle, putting him to death, and carrying the lady away, the prize of his valor ; now a dying crusader, sending his squire from Syria, charged with the woful mission of conveying his heart to his mistress, — the loyal squire, roaming around the forbidden abode of the fair one, surprised — and stabbed by the watchful jealousy of a villanous husband, and the precious relics of the crusader cooked into a horrible dish, and eaten at supper by the unconscious lady.

It will be easily perceived how such stories must have contributed to give a peculiar attraction to the poetry of the troubadours ; but in proportion as the gay science spread among various nations, the peculiarities of the dialects, and the more important differences of national taste, gave chivalrous poetry a different turn. The Normans, a Scandinavian race, although at the period of their settlement in northern France they had lost their native language and poetry, still preserved some confused traditions of the heroic poems which had accompanied their forefathers, as well as every other German tribe, in their long peregrinations and cruises. The chivalrous spirit, or emanation of Norman feeling and manners, had no sooner been associated with poetry at the court of Provence, than the Normans of France and England strove to rival the southern troubadours. Successively abandoning, towards the beginning of the twelfth century, the Romance Provençal for the Romance Walloon, the dialect of Northern France, and substituting for the lyrical strains of the Provençals, what remained of the heroic poems of their ancestors, they gave origin to what is still called the chivalrous romance, or poetry of the *trouvères*.

Hence King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, the wars of Alexander of Macedon, Lancelot and Geneve, Tristan de Leonois, and the hundred heroes of the Romance of the first age ; hence, — the taste for heroico-chivalrous poetry having been transmitted to the South, — the Spanish heroes Don Galaor, Don Florestan, the two Amadises, and all their noble mates ; hence Charlemagne and his Paladins, and their children and their children's children, — all these fantastic creations soon cast into the shade the sweet but monotonous *chanzos* and *sirventes* of the troubadours.

But chivalrous poetry, having thus flourished only one century after the golden age of Provençal literature, was, of course, animated by the brilliant images and the lively colors which the troubadours had received from the Arabians; and, though the type of chivalrous romances was originally northern, yet their spirit was essentially eastern. Those ancient northern poems described other manners and feelings. The German imagination was gloomy; sad and awful, the rites of their religion. Their spectres and vampires, and other such supernatural beings, were of a bloody and mischievous race. Love had little part in their stories, and gallantry none. Women were for them more an object of veneration and deference, than of a warm, enthusiastic devotion. Moorish courtesy exerted a considerable influence in the refinement of chivalry. The wars of Spain, and the crusades, extended the field of chivalrous adventure. The unexplored regions of Cathay and India were laid open to the dreams of the poet, and the dreams of the poet fell short of human credulity. Turbaned heroes crowded the groves of England and France; fairies and genii became the household gods of all Christendom. Love, glowing with all the fire that consumes Southern bosoms, usurped the highest place in chivalrous romances. Fays and enchantresses, kind and benevolent creatures, inhabitants of golden palaces and enchanted gardens, endowed with immortal beauty and happiness, with no other sorceries than the irresistible spell of their loveliness, seduced the happy knight from the path of honor, bewildered by long draughts of blessed forgetfulness. Chivalrous poetry, lyric among the troubadours, epic among the *trouvères*, was then intrinsically a derivation from Arabia; and it was thus from eastern sources, that Italian poetry was to receive its first impulse. Petrarch was the last of the troubadours, Ariosto the last of the *trouvères*.

Meanwhile Italy, absorbed in her classical studies, still believed herself at the head of all learning, when the harp of the troubadours came to awake her from her long error, and she felt impatient of having been outrun by her neighbours. The Lombard scholars and doctors perceived, that their Latin could not lead them very far, that no life could be drawn from the dead; they learned, that those vulgar dialects, which they had so long despised, could be the language of poetry, whenever they responded to the emotions of the heart. The first conviction was bitter. They felt humble and jealous, just as the modern Italians must feel, when they visit the railroads, the dock-yards, the gas-houses of England and France. With the vexation of disappointment, they threw aside their Aristotle and Augustine, their Pandects and Decretals, and, all turning minstrels and troubadours, they soon rivalled their masters. Their first attempts were in Provençal ; but, the court of Sicily having set the example, the national dialects were universally substituted, and Italian poetry arose.* Frederic the Second, grandson of Frederic Barbarossa, having inherited the crown of the Two Sicilies after the extinction of the Norman dynasty, made his court the abode of the Muses. Frederic himself, and his sons, his secretaries, his courtiers, were all cultivators of the gay science ; the noblemen of the Tuscan and Lombard republics answered their challenge ; an echo of harps and lyres sounded all over the land ; and the courteous knights from France hailed the first efforts of their young brethren of Italy.

But it was not difficult to perceive, that Italian poetry was soon to take a different course. The Middle Ages in Italy were at an end. The democratic governments in the north had given to the intellect a graver and steadier mood. Those love sonnets and songs could only be a pastime for the idle classes, whilst an active, vigorous nation wanted nobler and higher sources of entertainment. Ballads and tales long continued, indeed, to circulate from town to town, and from generation to generation, the inheritance of poor minstrels, who made their living by them. But Italy had no feudal castles to welcome these harmless killers of aristocratical *ennui*. The noble profession of troubadour was soon disgraced by the intrusion of minstrels of a base alloy ; and chivalrous poetry, the characteristic literature of feudalism, died away in Italy, to give place to a nobler class of productions, the literature of liberty. Thus, by a striking analogy, as the institutions of the ancient world had been combined with, and, as it were, fecundated by, the new religious and moral feelings of modern society ; so the remains of ancient learning had been brought into a state of effervescence and ferment by the contact of those Eastern effusions, and by the example of Provence and France. And it is wonderful to observe, that the efforts of the Italian schools to raise up again the monuments of Greece and Rome would probably have failed, because, instead of adapting the treasures of the past to the wants of their age, they aimed to carry their age back to the past; and the wild and warm poetry, which, from the remote regions of the East, found its way into Spain and France, and more lately into Italy, would have had no general result, because it was professedly intended as an idle, aërial pastime. Thus Italian learning only aimed to instruct, chivalrous poetry only tended to excite. The duty of literature is to do both. Italy, with all her ruins of ancient learning, had only laid the foundations, but could not raise a new edifice; France, with her sweet and fantastic poetry had raised a fair edifice, but had not laid a foundation. The Italian scholars would have withered like the last leaves of a decrepit autumn; the French bards would have vanished like the first flowers of a premature spring. In fact, the Tartars and Turks in Asia and Africa, and the Inquisitors in Spain, extinguished the brilliant light which the Arabians had kindled in two thirds of the old continent. The crusades against the Albigenses of Languedoc hushed the warbling of the Provençal nightingales, like the first roaring of a hurricane. The lays of the last *trouvères* were drowned in blood by the merciless wars between France and England, and by the feudal discords of both nations. Hence the Provençal is now a dead, though a modern, language. England did not produce her literature till two or three centuries later, and France has had, perhaps, no original literature at all.

---

* A. D. 1200.

Why then was Italian literature destined to survive alone? Why was Italy able to derive from the faint sounds of poetry she had received from France and Languedoc, a voice of immortal fame, that was never to be silenced? Italy too had wars and factions, — and factions and wars, — and she was busy in inflicting evils upon herself, in proportion as strangers left her in repose. But, as we have repeatedly said, the disorders of the Middle Ages had ended in Italy with the Peace of Constance; a new existence commenced, a restless, a stormy, but a free existence. The Middle Ages were over in Italy several centuries earlier than in any other country; and, if they ever recommenced for her, it was, by a cruel fatality, only when, her influence having finally withdrawn her neighbours from the horrors of the ages of darkness, the same or like horrors were inflicted upon her by the gratitude of her newly emancipated neighbours. There was liberty in Italy; and where there is liberty, there is life. Where every spirit moves unconfined in his orbit, where, in the full enjoyment of free existence, every individual feels that there is no check to his aspirations but the natural limits of his powers, if the age produces only one man, that man will characterize his age. So it was with the literature of Italy at the beginning of the days of liberty. There were opposite elements at war. There was on the one hand ancient learning, a lifeless body, only half disinterred; there was on the other chivalrous poetry, a formless spirit, only imperfectly developed. A genius was waited for, to complete the work of creation. That genius was DANTE ALIGHIERI.

ART. IV. — 1. *Journal of an Exploring Tour beyond the Rocky Mountains, under the Direction of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, performed in the Years* 1835, 1836, *and* 1837; *containing a Description of the Geography, Geology, Climate, and Productions, and the Number, Manners, and Customs of the Natives. With a Map of Oregon Territory.* By the Rev. SAMUEL PARKER, A.M. Ithaca, N.Y.: 1838. 12mo. pp. 371.

2. *Narrative of a Journey across the Rocky Mountains to the Columbia River, and a Visit to the Sandwich Islands, Chili, &c. With a Scientific Appendix.* By JOHN K. TOWNSEND, Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. Philadelphia and Boston: 1839. 8vo. pp. 352.

REFERRING the reader to an article on the subject of "Nautical Discovery in the Northwest," in a former number of this Journal,* we now proceed to execute a purpose intimated therein, and to trace the history of discovery and exploration in the country of Oregon, by land expeditions across the Rocky Mountains.

We begin with the travels of Jonathan Carver, who, though he did not cross the Rocky Mountains, and though his journey was anterior in point of time to the actual discovery of

---

* *North American Review*, Vol. XLVIII. pp. 69, *et seq.*

Columbia River, yet deserves a prominent place in the present narrative, not only because his work contains (we believe) the earliest mention of the Oregon, but still more because he was the first to entertain any thing like just and comprehensive ideas of the relative position and character of the extreme western and northwestern parts of this continent, and because he undertook his journey with the express intention of penetrating through to the South Sea.

Prior to the year 1763, Great Britain was possessed, in one right or another, of the Colonies in North America, which afterwards constituted the original Thirteen United States; of Nova Scotia or Acadia; and of Hudson's Bay and its dependencies, extending indefinitely inland towards the West; while France held the countries of Canada and Louisiana, the former stretching in between Acadia and the Thirteen Colonies, by the course of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes, until it joined the latter territory interposed between the British Colonies and New Spain. Though the western limits of all these possessions of Great Britain were (practically speaking) undefined, and thus conflicted in pretensions with the French possessions on many points, yet in one direction a definite line had been drawn; for, by the Treaty of Utrecht, concluded the 17th of April, 1713, "Hudson's Bay, together with all lands, &c. which belong thereunto," was restored to Great Britain,* and, by commissioners appointed under that Treaty, the forty-ninth parallel of latitude was agreed upon as the limit of the British and French possessions in the Northwest. There still remained a vast region, north of the recognised French settlements in Louisiana, west of the Alleghanies, and south of Lake Superior, which the English regarded as debatable land. But the grounds of question in this quarter were greatly narrowed by the victories of Wolfe and Amherst in Canada, and the consequent events, terminating in the Treaty of Paris, concluded on the 10th of February, 1763. By this treaty, "his Most Christian Majesty renounces all pretensions he may have formed till now, or may form, on Nova Scotia or Acadia, in all its parts, and guaranties the whole and all its dependencies to the King of Great Britain;" and the treaty proceeds to say; "Moreover, his Most Christian Majesty cedes and guaranties to his said Britannic Majesty, in full right, CANADA with all its dependencies, as also the Island of Cape Breton, and all the other islands and coasts in the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, and, in general, all that depends on the said countries, lands, islands, and coasts, with the sovereignty, property, possession, and all rights acquired by treaties or otherwise, that the Most Christian King and the Crown of France may have had till now on the said countries, islands, lands, places, coasts, and the inhabitants ;" and, by another clause of the same treaty it is provided, that "the confines between the British and French possessions in North America, shall be fixed invariably by a line drawn along the middle of the Mississippi, from its source to the river Iberville ; and from thence by the middle of the river Iberville and the lakes Maurepas and Pontchartrain to the sea" (that is, the Gulf of Mexico).* This treaty, therefore, gave to Great Britain undisputed possession (as against any other European Power) of the entire Northeast of America ; of the Northwest to the Mississippi ; and of the country north and west of the sources of the Mississippi, so far as the Hudson's Bay Company might be able to stretch itself into the interior of the continent.

---

* Jenkinson's *Treaties*, Vol. II.

In the interval immediately following on the conclusion of this treaty, and before the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, Jonathan Carver visited and explored the region of country now occupied by Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa. Carver was an American officer, who served as captain in the provincial troops, which aided Great Britain in the conquest of Canada. In June, 1776, he started from Boston, and proceeded by way of Albany and Niagara to Michilimackinac, and as far west as the river St. Francis, and returned to Boston in October, 1778, having consumed two years and five months in his journey and residence among the Indians, chiefly the Winnebagoes, Sauks, and Sioux. From Boston, after properly arranging his journals and charts, he proceeded to England, and made known his discoveries to the Board of Trade and Plantations, who, in consideration of the value of the information he had acquired, reimbursed to him the sums he had expended in his journey, amounting to thirteen hundred and seventy-five pounds sterling.† The Board of Trade at first prohibited the publication of his journals and charts, and took from him the original, which he had already contracted with a bookseller to publish; but he preserved a copy, and this, after some time, he published in London, under the patronage and advice of Sir Joseph Banks.

---

* Chalmers' *Treaties*, Vol. II. ; Martens' *Recueil*, Tom. I.

† *American State Papers*, Vol. XVIII. ; *Public Lands*, Vol. III., p. 611.

Carver's book is entitled "Three Years' Travels throughout the Interior Parts of North America, for more than Five Thousand Miles; containing an Account of the Great Lakes, and all the Lakes, Islands, and Rivers, Cataracts, Mountains, Minerals, Soil, and Vegetable Productions of the Northwest Regions of that vast Continent; with a Description of the Birds, Beasts, Reptiles, Insects, and Fishes peculiar to the Country; together with a concise History of the Genius, Manners, and Customs of the Indians inhabiting the Lands that lie adjacent to the Heads and to the Westward of the great River Mississippi; and an Appendix, describing the uncultivated Parts of America, that are the most proper for forming Settlements." This is a general index to the book, rather than a title, and promises a great deal. But, on the whole, the volume, though a small one, had the merit of giving useful knowledge in regard to a part of North America then but little known; and it was therefore extremely well received, both in England and America, being one of the most popular of the old books of travels among the Indians. Its author, however, was not a man of science; nor has the work itself any great value at the present time, except as a stage in the history of the Northwest. In this point of view, some of the statements in the book are curious and important.

Carver says, that, in undertaking his journey, what he chiefly had in view, after gaining a knowledge of the manners, customs, languages, soil, and natural productions of the different nations which dwell beyond the Mississippi, was, to explore the breadth of the continent in that its widest part. Had he accomplished this, he intended, he adds, "to have proposed to government to establish a port *in some of those parts about the Straits of Anian.*" This he was convinced would greatly facilitate the discovery of a northwest passage, or a communication between Hudson's Bay and the Pacific Ocean. Besides this important end, a settlement on that side of America, as he justly reasoned, would answer many good purposes; for it would not only disclose new sources of interior trade, but would be the means of direct and profitable intercourse with China and the East Indies. The failure of his arrangements for the supply of goods, with which to carry on a trade among the Indians, and conciliate their good will, prevented his going any further west than the river St. Francis; but, by his residence among the Indians, and especially the Sioux of the Plains, called by him Naudowessies, he obtained a general idea, to use his own words, of "the situation of the heads of the four great rivers, that take their rise within a few leagues of each other, nearly about the centre of this great continent; namely, the river Bourbon, which empties itself into Hudson's Bay; the waters of St. Lawrence; the Missisippi; and *the river Oregan, or the River of the West, that falls into the Pacific Ocean at the Straits of Anian.*"

This we take to be the earliest precise indication of the existence and locality of the river Oregon, and the earliest printed mention of the name. Afterwards, Carver refers more specifically to the sources of his information on the subject, as follows;

> "From the intelligence I gained from the Naudowessie Indians, whose language I perfectly acquired during a residence of five months; and also from the accounts I afterwards obtained from the Assinipoils, who speak the same tongue, being a revolted band of the Naudowessies; and from the Killistinoes, neighbours of the Assinipoils, who speak the Chipeway language, and inhabit the heads of the river Bourbon; — I say, from these nations, together with my own observations, I have learned, that the four most capital rivers on the continent of North America, namely, the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, the river Bourbon, and the Oregan, or the River of the West, have their sources in the same neighbourhood. The waters of the three former are within thirty miles of each other; the latter, however, is rather further west."

In this extract, the reader will perceive, that Carver relies for the authority of his statements on the Naudowessies (Sioux), Assinipoils (Assiniboines), and Killistinoes (Knistineaux). By that which he calls the *Oregan*, or River of the West, the Indians may have meant the Missouri, or rather one of its sources (for he refers elsewhere to the Missouri by name); and this we are the rather led to suspect, because of his placing the head-waters of the Oregon so near to the head-waters of the Mississippi, contrary to the fact. Besides, speaking, in another place, of "a large branch of the river Bourbon, which flows from the southwest" into Lake Winnipek, and by which he must intend the Red River of Lake Winnipek, he says, that there is a French factory there, and that "to this place the Mahas, who inhabit a country two hundred and fifty miles southwest, come also to trade;" and that "these people are supposed to dwell on some of the branches of the River of the West." Whether or not any such mistake was made, however, either by Carver himself, or by the Indians, certain it is, that he understood the name as designating a river which flowed into the Pacific, and thus in after times the appellation came to be applied to the Columbia and its country. This is confirmed by what Carver relates of the project conceived in 1774, by Mr. Whitworth, a member of Parliament.

> "He (Mr. Whitworth) designed to have pursued nearly the same route that I did; and, after having built a fort at Lake Pepin, to have proceeded up the River St. Pierre, and from thence up a branch of the River *Messorie*, till, having discovered the source of the Oregan or River of the West, on the other side of the lands, that divide the waters which run into the Gulf of Mexico from those that fall into the Pacific Ocean, he would have sailed down that river to the place where it is said to empty itself, near the Straits of Anian."

We make another extract from Carver's Travels, in elucidation of the views he entertained, and the ideas he suggested to his contemporaries. After describing the general course of the Rocky Mountains, he says;

> "To the west of these mountains, when explored by future Columbuses or Raleighs, may be found other lakes, rivers, and countries, full fraught with all the necessaries or luxuries of life; and where future generations may find an asylum, whether driven from their country by the ravages of lawless tyrants, or by religious persecutions, or reluctantly leaving it to remedy the inconveniences arising from a superabundant increase of inhabitants; whether, I say, impelled by these, or allured by hopes of commercial advantages, there is little doubt but their expectation will be fully gratified in these rich and unexhausted climes."

In fact, Carver looked forward to the realization of his ideas with a trustful reliance, that the time would come when due justice would be done to his sagacious anticipations.

"The completion," he says, "of the scheme which I have had the honor of first planning and attempting, will some time or other be effected, I make no doubt. Those who are so fortunate as to succeed in it will reap, exclusive of the national advantages that must ensue, emoluments beyond their most sanguine expectation; and, whilst their spirits are elated by success, perhaps they may bestow some commendations and blessings on the person that first pointed out to them the way. These, though but a shadowy recompense for all my toil, I shall receive with pleasure."

Well put, brave old soldier! Commendations and blessings you shall have, so far as we possess the power to bestow them; and we would, that, instead of betaking thyself to the mother country, and dying there before the independence of the United States was achieved, thou hadst lived long among us to see the flag of the Union borne up the Missouri and over the mountains to the great River of the West. The seminal idea, at any rate, was thine; and to thy memory be the honor of so grand a conception; and it is grateful to have seen thee toiling, with stout heart, and in so good a cause, to win that fame, the pursuit of which is "the spur of noble minds," and which is justly the meed of thy labors.

Before taking leave of Carver, we add a brief explanation in regard to the Carver Grant so called, which, at different times of late, has been the subject of inquiry and interest. In 1823, the Rev. Samuel Peters petitioned the government for the confirmation of an alleged grant of a large tract of land at the falls of St. Anthony, said to have been made to Carver by the Naudowessies during his residence among those Indians. The Commissioner of Public Lands, to whom the petition came in course, proceeded to decide the case against the claimants on the ground that, in 1763, the government of Great Britain, by proclamation, prohibited all British subjects from purchasing lands of the Indians; and that an Indian deed, invalid by the laws of Great Britain at the time it was made, must also be invalid afterwards as against the United States.* And at the next session of the same Congress, a similar decision on the same case was made by a committee of the Senate, to which the petition of Dr. Peters had been referred.* Subsequently, the subject was before the House, who concurred in the grounds of decision, which had governed the Commissioner of Public Lands and the Senate. It appeared very questionable, also, from inquiries made by General Leavenworth on the spot, whether the Sioux had any title to lands *east* of the Mississippi, where the Carver Grant is situated ; their range being west of that river. In addition to this, the whole subject of Indian deeds of this description has been thoroughly examined by the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of Johnson *vs.* McIntosh,† and they have adjudged, that a title to lands, under grants to private individuals, made (in the case litigated) by Indian tribes or nations northwest of the river Ohio in 1773 and 1775, cannot be recognised in the courts of the United States. In fact, it is the settled law of the United States, and of each one of the United States, that the Indians possess only a *right of occupancy*, and that a title to the fee must be derived from the government, either of the United States, or of one of the States, as the case may be, and no otherwise ; and there is not an acre of land in the United States held by any private individual, except in virtue of patents or grants from government. Meanwhile, pending all these applications of the Carver claimants, the land in question had continued in the actual occupancy of Indians themselves. But their title to a large tract, embracing the limits of the Carver Grant, has recently been extinguished by treaty with the United States, in anticipation of which, and ignorant of the difficulties in the way of a recognition of the grant, a large number of individuals had become interested in it by purchase from the original claimants under Carver. And there is no doubt the claim will again be urged on the discretion or equity of the government of the United States ; with what prospect of success the reader can judge from the facts we have stated.‡

---

* *Executive Documents*, 17th Cong. 1st Session, No. 362. *American State Papers*, Vol. XVII. p. 551.

---

* *Senate Documents*, 17th Cong. 2nd Session, No. 369. *American State Papers*, Vol. XVII. p. 611.

† Wheaton's *Reports*, Vol. VIII. p. 543.

‡ The Peters abovementioned was a native of Hebron in the State of Connecticut, at which place he resided, until, having taken orders and become rector of the churches of Hebron and Hartford, at the breaking out of the Revolution, he made himself very notorious by the extravagance of his loyalism, and at length took refuge in England, where he published a History of Connecticut. In 1805, he returned to America, and died in New

With Jonathan Carver, as possessing enlarged views of the importance of the extreme Northwest, though defeated in the purpose of verifying these views in person, should be associated another enterprising New England traveller, the celebrated John Ledyard. Of his undertaking Mr. Jefferson gives the following account;

"While I resided in Paris, John Ledyard of Connecticut arrived there, well known in the United States for energy of body and mind. He had accompanied Captain Cook on his voyage to the Pacific Ocean, and distinguished himself on that voyage by his intrepidity. Being of a roaming disposition, he was now panting for some new enterprise. His immediate object at Paris was to engage a mercantile company in the fur trade of the western coast of America, in which, however, he failed. I proposed to him to go by land to Kamschatka, cross in some of the Russian vessels to Nootka Sound, fall down into the latitude of the Missouri, and penetrate to and through that to the United States. He eagerly seized the idea, and only asked to be assured of the permission of the Russian government. I interested, in obtaining that, M. de Simoulin, minister plenipotentiary of the Empress at Paris, but more especially the Baron de Grimm, minister plenipotentiary of Saxe-Gotha, her more especial agent and correspondent there, in matters not immediately diplomatic. Her permission was obtained, and an assurance of protection while the course of the voyage should be through her territories. Ledyard set out from Paris, and arrived at St. Petersburg after the Empress had left that place to pass the winter, I think, at Moscow. His finances not permitting him to make unnecessary stay at St. Petersburg, he left it with a passport from one of the ministers; and at two hundred miles from Kamschatka was obliged to take up his winter-quarters. He was preparing, in the spring, to resume his journey, when he was arrested by an officer of the Empress, who by this time had changed her mind, and forbidden his proceeding. He was put into a close carriage, and conveyed day and night without ever stopping, till they reached Poland; where he was set down, and left to himself. The fatigue of this journey broke down his constitution; and when he returned to Paris his bodily strength was much impaired. His mind, however, remained firm, and he after this undertook the journey to Egypt."*

York in 1826, at the age of 90 years. — See Lincoln's *Journals of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts*, p. 21.

* Lewis and Clark's *Expedition*, Vol. I. p. ix. — See also other particulars, in Sparks's *Life of Ledyard*, pp. 133, *et seq*.

Thus ended the first serious attempt to explore the western part of our northern continent. But Mr. Jefferson did not lose sight of the object. In 1792, he proposed to the American Philosophical Society to set on foot a subscription to engage some suitable person to explore that region in the natural direction ; that is, by ascending the Missouri, crossing the Rocky Mountains, and descending the nearest river to the Pacific. Captain Meriwether Lewis, of the United States' army, was selected for the undertaking. André Michaux, the botanist, and author of the "Flora Borealis-Americana," was then in this country ; and, at his solicitation, he was allowed to accompany Lewis, the plan being, that, to avoid exciting alarm among the Indians, they should go alone. Michaux himself had reached Kentucky in the prosecution of his journey ; when the French minister in the United States interposed, (Michaux being here at the expense of the French government,) and the plan was relinquished.*

Next we have the expedition, or expeditions rather, of Sir Alexander (then Mr.) Mackenzie, in the first of which he projected, and in the second accomplished, the journey across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific ; he being the first European known to have done this. His book was published at London in 1802, and is entitled : "Voyages from Montreal, on the River St. Lawrence, through the Continent of North America, to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans, in the years 1789 and 1793 ; with a Preliminary Account of the Rise, Progress, and present State of the Fur Trade of that Country." They are justly termed *voyages*, because most of the journey was by water, along the lakes and rivers of the Northwest.

Mackenzie, having been five years in a counting-house at Montreal, had there acquired knowledge and other facilities for trade among the Indians, and in 1785 proceeded to the Indian country, and continued there for several years, at first associated only with his original employer and some others, and afterwards as a partner in the Northwest Company. From the earliest settlement of Canada, the fur trade had been considered of the first importance to that colony. The animals, whose skins were most valuable in a commercial point of view, soon became scarce in the neighbourhood of the settlements; and to procure further supplies of skins, the Indians were encouraged to penetrate into the interior, generally accompanied by some of the Canadians, who carried out small stocks of European goods, which they peddled among the Indians, bringing back rich returns of furs, and inducing the Indians themselves to resort to the settlements for the purpose of trade. These *coureurs des bois*, as the Canadian traders were called, soon acquired a fondness for the life of the woods, and fell into great licentiousness of manners, equally injurious to the Indians and to themselves; in consequence of which, and by reason of the remonstrances and representations of the French missionaries, — who were untiring, but, like other missionaries in North America, quite unsuccessful, in their efforts to Christianize effectually and civilize the Indians, — the government of Canada adopted the regulation of allowing no person to go on these trading expeditions without a permit; and at length, for the preservation of order and other objects, established military posts, at the confluence of the large lakes. Men of a better class also began to prosecute and superintend the trade in the Indian country in person; and had penetrated as far west as the river Saskatcheuine, beyond Lake Winnipek, at the time of the conquest of Quebec by the English. Much of this trade, it will be perceived, was within the limits of the Hudson's Bay Company's territory, which company had the trading posts of Fort Churchill and York Fort on the waters of Hudson's Bay to the north of Lake Winnipek, but no establishment in the interior of the country, — its enterprise having always fallen much short of its extravagant pretensions.

---

* Lewis and Clark's *Expedition*, Vol. I. p. x.

For a few years after the peace of 1763, the fur trade from Montreal was suspended, and the Indians were obliged to deal with the Hudson's Bay Company almost exclusively; but, in 1766, English (or rather Scottish) merchants from Upper Canada, began to engage in the business, and established a post and *dépôt* at Michilimackinac, which continued for a long time to be the great resort of the trade, from which it spread out in all directions beyond Lake Superior, on the upper waters of the Mississippi, and so north to Lake Winnipek, and the Saskatcheuine, and Lake Athabasca. The first great advance beyond Lake Winnipek was made by Mr. Joseph Frobisher, in 1775; and the next by Mr. Pond to Athabasca Lake, in 1778, near which Fort Chepewyan was established. At length, in 1783, in order to systematize the trade, and prevent mutual conflict, and balance the power and resources of the Hudson's Bay Company, the principal persons, engaged in the business from Canada, formed a junction of interests under the name of the Northwest Company, having its head-quarters at Montreal, and the superior management of its affairs being chiefly intrusted to Messrs. Benjamin and Joseph Frobisher and Mr. Simon McTavish. This was not an incorporated company, but merely a commercial partnership ; and from time to time, as other enterprising individuals manifested a disposition to engage in the trade, they were received into the Company by the creation of new shares ; the shares being unequally divided between different individuals, some of whom were engaged in the importation of the European goods necessary for the business, and in the exportation of the proceeds, and the supply of capital, and others in actual trade at the interior posts or among the Indians. Of this company Mackenzie became, in 1787, an associate ; and under its auspices made his two great voyages, first to the Arctic Sea, and afterwards to the Pacific.*

Mackenzie embarked at Fort Chepewyan, in latitude 58° 40′ and longitude 110° 30′, on the Lake of the Hills, the 3d of June, 1789, and proceeded by the way of Slave Lake, and a river since called Mackenzie's River, to the Arctic Sea in latitude 69° and longitude 135°, and from thence returned by the same way to Fort Chepewyan, after an absence of a hundred and two days ; having thus discovered the sea at a point about half way between Icy Cape above Behring's Straits, and the mouth of Coppermine River, where it was seen by Hearne, in 1771.†

Again he embarked at Fort Chepewyan, the 10th of October, 1792, and this time proceeded west by the Unjigah or Peace River, ascending that river by canoes, to the Rocky Mountains, which he struck in latitude 56°, and crossed in latitude 54° ; and, after successive journeys of three or four days among the rapids and streamlets of the summit-level, at length embarked on a great navigable river flowing towards the West. This, it appears, was the Tacoutche Tesse, which reaches the sea just north of latitude 49°, in the sound between Quadra's Island and the mainland. After proceeding some time on this river, and learning from the Indians that it ran a long, southerly course before gaining the sea, Mackenzie determined to proceed westwardly by land, and for this purpose reascended the river some distance to the point he had pitched upon for the commencement of his land journey. After a march of thirteen days, he struck a rapid stream, called Salmon River, on which he again embarked, and thus, on the 20th of July, 1792, reached the Pacific Ocean near the place called, by Vancouver, King's Island, in latitude 52°, to the north of Queen Charlotte's Sound. Having there accomplished the object of his expedition, he remained on the coast but a few days, and returned, by the same route he had pursued in coming, to Fort Chepewyan, after an absence of eleven months.

---

* Mackenzie's *Voyages,* Introduction.

† Ibid. Vol. I.

In the notice of this voyage given in Lardner's "History of Maritime and Inland Discovery," written apparently without the perusal of Mackenzie's original narrative, it is very erroneously stated (or implied), that he reached the sea at the mouth of the river Tacoutche; the material fact being wholly disregarded, that he left that river far up towards its source, and proceeded by land to the Salmon River, and thence by that to the sea.*

Mackenzie supposed the Tacoutche Tesse to be the Columbia; † in which it is now well known he was mistaken.‡ He gives the latitude of the *portage* on the summit level, where he left the waters of the Peace River, for those which empty into the Pacific. The northernmost branch of the Columbia, in fact, takes its rise in the same neighbourhood; and, after it has run almost due south through nearly four degrees of latitude, and again southerly and westerly three degrees more, it then receives its great southern branch, and the united waters flow west and northwest for about five degrees to the ocean. If Mackenzie had happened to strike one of the sources of the Columbia, and had embarked on that, he would have had a much longer and more arduous journey before him to reach the sea; and he could not so easily have left the Columbia and made for the sea overland, because of the great body of intervening waters, which belong to the large river Tacoutche. By striking the northeasternmost branch of the latter stream, he was enabled to proceed directly west, and then, by a short and comparatively easy land journey, to strike the Salmon River, and so to reach at once the sea. Of course, the great River of the West still remained unexplored, except as it had been entered from its mouth by Gray, Vancouver, and others ; and Mackenzie himself adopts for its designation the very name Captain Gray had applied.

---

* *History of Maritime and Inland Discovery*, Vol. III. ch. 12. Mackenzie, &c.

† Mackenzie's *Voyages*, Vol. II. p. 284.

‡ *American State Papers*, Vol. IV. p. 381.

But Mackenzie's voyage was of the highest importance. It *proved*, by actual experiment, the facility of going from sea to sea across the North American Continent, in its broadest part, almost wholly by water, as Carver had suggested. The consequences of this discovery, commercial and political, are exhibited and foreshadowed, as it were, in the concluding paragraphs of Mackenzie's work, as follows ;

> "The discovery of a passage by sea, northeast or northwest from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, has for many years excited the attention of governments, and encouraged the enterprising spirit of individuals. The non-existence, however, of any such practical passage being at length determined, the practicability of a passage through the continents of Asia and America becomes an object of consideration. The Russians, who first discovered, that along the coasts of Asia no useful or regular navigation existed, opened an interior communication by rivers, &c., and through that long and wide-extended continent, to the strait that separates Asia from America, over which they passed to the adjacent islands and continent of the latter. Our situation, at length, is in some degree similar to theirs ; the non-existence of a practicable passage by sea, and existence of one through the continent, are clearly proved ; and it requires only the countenance and support of the British government, to increase in a very ample proportion this national advantage, and secure the trade of that country to its subjects.
>
> "Experience has proved that this trade, from its very nature, cannot be carried on by individuals. A very large capital, or credit, or indeed both, is necessary ; and, consequently, an association of men of wealth to direct, with men of enterprise to act, in one common interest, must be formed on such principles, as that, in due time, the latter may succeed the former, in continual and progressive succession.
>
> "The junction of such a commercial association with the Hudson's Bay Company is the important measure which I would

propose ; and the trade might be carried on with a very superior degree of advantage, both public and private, under the privilege of their charter, and would prove, in fact, the complete fulfilment of the conditions, on which it was first granted. By enjoying the privilege of the company's charter, though but for a limited period, there are adventurers who would be willing, as they are able, to engage in and carry on the proposed commercial undertaking, as well as to give the most complete and satisfactory security to government for the fulfilment of its contract with the company. It would, at the same time, be equally necessary to add a similar privilege of trade on the Columbia river, and its tributary waters."

* * * * *

"By these waters, that discharge themselves into Hudson's Bay, at Fort Nelson, it is proposed to carry on the trade to their source at the head of the Saskatchewine river, which rises in the Rocky Mountains, not eight degrees of longitude from the Pacific Ocean. The Tacoutche or Columbia flows also from the same mountains, and discharges itself in the Pacific, in latitude 46 degrees 20 minutes. Both of them are capable of receiving ships at their mouths, and are navigable throughout for boats."

* * * * *

"But, whatever course may be taken from the Atlantic, the Columbia is the line of communication from the Pacific Ocean pointed out by nature, as it is the only navigable river in the whole extent of Vancouver's minute survey of that coast. Its banks, also, form the first level country in all the southern extent of continental coast from Cook's entry, and, consequently, the most northern situation fit for colonization, and suitable for the residence of a civilized people. By opening this intercourse between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and forming regular establishments through the interior, and at both extremes, as well as along the coasts and islands, the entire command of the fur trade of North America might be obtained, from latitude 48 degrees north to the pole ; except that portion of it which the Russians have in the Pacific. To this may be added the fishery in both seas, and the markets of the four quarters of the globe. Such would be the field for commercial enterprise ; and incalculable would be the produce of it, when supported by the operations of that credit and capital, which Great Britain so preëminently possesses. Then would this country begin to be remunerated for the expenses it has sustained in discovering and surveying the coast of the Pacific Ocean, which is at present left to American adventurers, who, without regularity or capital, or the desire of conciliating future confidence, look altogether to the interest of the moment. They, therefore, collect all the skins they can procure, and in any manner that suits them, and, having exchanged them at Canton for the produce of China, return to their own country. Such adventurers, — and many of them, as I have been informed, have been very successful, — would instantly disappear before a well-regulated trade."

* * * * *

"Many political reasons, which it is not necessary to enumerate here, must present themselves to the mind of every man acquainted with the enlarged system and capacities of British commerce, in support of the measure which I have very briefly suggested, as promising the most important advantages to the trade of the United Kingdoms." — Mackenzie's *Voyages*, Vol. II. pp. 305 – 310, ed. 1802.

Time in its progress has demonstrated the wisdom of many of the suggestions in these extracts.

Though in 1802 the non-existence of any practicable passage by the Arctic Sea from the Atlantic to the Pacific had not been so fully demonstrated as it has been since by the voyages of Ross and Parry, and the journeys of Franklin, yet these recent expeditions, with that of Simpson and Dease, have but confirmed the conclusions which Sir Alexander Mackenzie deduced from Hearne's voyage and his own; — namely, that there is a continuous sea along the north coast of America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but that it is in too cold a latitude, and too much obstructed by ice, to be adapted to any useful commercial objects. This fact may now be taken as conclusively settled.

So, too, though Mackenzie erred in supposing the Tacoutche to be the great River of the West, and in consequence of this error falsely inferred, that the true route from sea to sea, in the interior, would fall within the limits of the British possessions, yet ample and complete experience confirms his main conclusions, that the Rocky Mountains are easily crossed, that the Columbia affords the natural path to the Pacific on that side, and that, while nature has interposed insuperable difficulties in the way of the navigation of the Arctic Sea, the great lakes and vast rivers of the interior give to the inhabitants of North America natural advantages of access to both oceans, and thus invite us to reach the arms of our industry and commerce to Europe on the one hand, and to Asia on the other. In addition to which, since that time, the construction of canals, the application of steam to the navigation of rivers and seas, the invention of railroads, and the adaptation of steam-power to movement upon them, have so far tended to approximate remote points, that all considerations of mere distance have ceased to confound either the statesman or the political economist. Place yourself in the very centre of this continent, at the Falls of St. Anthony, where Carver pondered this subject, and consider the case of the United States. With but a brief *portage* in the Territory of Wisconsin, which is now in the course of being overcome by artificial works, there is cheap and easy communication by water to New York, furnishing the means for direct exchange of merchandise between the Atlantic and the Upper Mississippi by the Lakes and the Hudson ; to say nothing of the collateral works in the States of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, south of the Lakes, and the various paths from the West to the sea through the Atlantic States, as well south as north of the State of New York. Starting from the same point on the Mississippi in the Northwest, you have the great channel of the Mississippi itself to collect and convey the merchandise, either of exportation or importation, for all the intermediate country, to and from the Gulf of Mexico. To the same point, there is ready access for all the British Indians of the extreme North, the land gently sloping off to Hudson's Bay and the Arctic seas, in one immense flat, netted over with lakes and numerous rivers of easy navigation.

If, having taken this survey to the north, the east, and the south, you turn to the west, there is the Missouri, — which, indeed, ought to be regarded as the main stream and not the branch, since it is the greater of the two, and since the Mississippi, when it comes in from the north, is completely lost in the latter, the water below having all the natural characteristics of the latter and not of the former, — there is the Missouri, we say, taking its rise in the Rocky Mountains, and penetrating them so completely, that you pass without difficulty, as we shall show presently, from the waters of the Yellow Stone and the Platte, to those of Snake River, the southern main branch of the Columbia, and with no greater distance to pass, or obstacles to overcome, than in proceeding eastward from the basin of the Upper Mississippi to the Atlantic. Hence we see, that to the United States rather than to Great Britain, belongs by natural position the command of the interior trade of this continent, and the combined facility and inducement to assume to itself that commerce of North America on the two respective oceans of its eastern and western seacoasts, which Mackenzie would confer on his own government. For the British possessions, though, by the waters of Hudson's Bay, they present a narrower part of the continent, with Nelson's River, Lake Winnipek, and the Saskatchewine, to join either the Tacoutche or the north main branch of Columbia River in the Rocky Mountains, yet are too far to the north to possess at any time the same opportunities of interior developement, which the favorable position of the United States, so far as regards climate and soil (besides other advantages) bestows on us.

We shall have further occasion hereafter to refer to the views of Mackenzie ; and we make at present but one additional remark on the subject. He saw well the benefits to result to Great Britain from calling into play the enormous, not to say monstrous, powers of the Hudson's Bay Company. The proprietors of this charter rested themselves on the legal supremacy which their grant gave them, and rather obstructed than promoted the prosecution of trade in the Northwest. But when the merchants of Montreal, with the well-directed zeal of individual enterprise, pushed their posts into the country beyond Lake Superior, even to Athabasca Lake and the Saskatchewine, the Hudson's Bay Company also found it necessary to bestir itself, to avoid being left to sit in frozen majesty, solitary on its icy throne at York Fort, without Indians to pillage, or furs enough so much as to keep its directors warm in their places. Accordingly, wherever the Northwest Company went, the Hudson's Bay Company followed, setting up its own monopoly by law, against the other's monopoly by contrivance. "From this period (1774) to the present time," says Mackenzie, "they (the Hudson's Bay Company) have been following the Canadians to their different establishments, while, on the contrary, there is not a solitary instance, that the Canadians have followed them ; and there are many trading posts which they have not yet attained." *

Collisions between the two companies, whose agents were scattered over a vast region of country, beyond the limits of legal control, and amid so many tribes of brutal savages, were in this state of things naturally to be anticipated ; and collisions soon came, converting the wild rivers and lakes and desert plains of the Northwest into a scene of reciprocal outrage and bloodshed, a theatre of common profligacy, in which the civilized men in the service of the rival companies appeared in nothing superior to the besotted barbarians around them, except as greater knowledge gave to them greater powers of wickedness, and caused their vices and their cruelty to work wider mischief. Mackenzie foresaw this, and indicated the means of preventing it, by the junction of the two companies. But the Hudson's Bay Company clung to their monopoly, until the augmented strength of the Northwest Company, and especially the establishment of the latter, in the manner hereafter detailed, upon the Columbia, and their common apprehension of the people of the United States and the condemnation their sanguinary quarrels had drawn upon their heads, led to their combining together, to constitute the present gigantic corporation, which, under the charter of the Hudson's Bay Company, with one post at Hudson's Bay, and the other at the mouth of the Columbia, bestrides the Rocky Mountains like a Colossus, and, availing itself of the blindness and supineness of the Federal Government, has thrust itself within our limits, and intrusively acquired, as Mackenzie foresaw it might, a monopoly of the commerce of that wide-spread and noble domain of the United States situated on the Pacific Ocean. We trust, however, that this foul blot on our national honor will ere long be wiped out, if there is one spark of true patriotic feeling left in the breasts of Congress or of the Federal Administration, — and if considerations of national honor and glory, and of generous independence, are ever again to receive their due weight in the public councils.

But we are suffering ourselves to be drawn along insensibly, so as to be anticipating in part the intended course of our narrative and reflections ; which we now resume. — At

---

* *Voyages*, Vol. I. p. 11.

the time when Sir Alexander Mackenzie's Voyages were published, Louisiana, after having been held for a while by Spain, was again possessed by the French. The nominal boundaries of the United States, as fixed by the Treaty of Peace, ran from the northwestern point of the Lake of the Woods, "on a due west course to the river Mississippi," and thence down the channel of that river, until it was crossed by the recognised line of Louisiana. But it was rightly conjectured, that such a "due west line" from the northwestern point of the Lake of the Woods would not strike the Mississippi at all, the source of which is south of that line. Nevertheless, on the supposition, that the Mississippi commenced its course within the British Provinces, it had been stipulated by the Treaty of Peace, that the navigation of that river should for ever remain free and open as well to the subjects of Great Britain as to the citizens of the United States ;* and by one of the clauses of Jay's Treaty, concluded in 1794, the same stipulation was reiterated, together with, amongst other concessions to Great Britain, that of giving to the latter power the free use of all ports and places on the eastern side of that river, as amply as the same could be enjoyed by ourselves.† To be sure, this provision stood in the shape of an equal privilege to each party to use the ports of the other on that side ; but as, in fact, Great Britain owned no territory on the east side of the Mississippi, the stipulation was wholly in her favor, just as in the case of the more recent treaties of 1818 and 1827, which open the territory beyond the Rocky Mountains *nominally* to both nations, where also there is no reciprocity, and the concession is in favor of Great Britain alone, and in derogation of the territorial sovereignty of the United States.

Taking advantage of the unsettled state of that frontier, the Northwest Company controlled the trade with the Indians in the region immediately southwest of the Great Lakes, and within our territory, as well as northwest of Lake Superior ; and by controlling the trade controlled the numerous Indians in that quarter, and continually incited them to make war on the United States.‡ But the whole aspect of things in that region was changed, by the acquisition of Louisiana, by the Treaty of April 30th, 1803. This event not only gave to us the entire channel of the Mississippi from its source to the sea, but it also carried up our northwestern line to latitude 49°, the line of the Treaty of Utrecht, and gave us great though undefined rights on the side of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific.

---

* *United States' Diplomatic Code*, Vol. I. p. 241.

† *Ibid.* Vol. II. p. 243.

‡ *North American Review*, Vol. XXIV. p. 365.

Thereupon, after having overcome the domestic objections to this Treaty, and entered peaceably into the full possession of Louisiana, the Federal Government began more seriously to turn its attention to the vast unexplored territory watered by the Missouri ; and a government expedition, projected and authorized not long before, was undertaken, which should ascend the Missouri, and cross the Rocky Mountains to the Western Ocean. In a confidential Message of the 18th of January, 1803, recommending this measure, Mr. Jefferson says ;

> "While other civilized nations have encountered great expense to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge, by undertaking voyages of discovery, and for other literary purposes, in various parts and directions, our nation seems to owe to the same object, as well as to its own interest, to explore this, the only line of easy communication across the continent, and so directly traversing our own part of it. The interests of commerce place the principal object within the constitutional powers and care of Congress ; and that it should, incidentally, advance the geographical knowledge of our own continent, cannot but be an additional gratification." *

Mr. Jefferson further suggested, that the appropriation for this purpose should be made in such form as to "cover the undertaking from notice, and prevent the obstruction which interested individuals might, otherwise, previously prepare in its way ;" in pursuance of which it was enacted "That the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars be, and the same is hereby appropriated, *for the purpose of extending the external commerce of the United States.*" † This particular phraseology, — *external commerce*, — was adopted, because of the territory to be explored being still subject to France (or Spain), ‡ though the negotiations, which ended in its acquisition, were now in active progress. And under this appropriation the justly celebrated expedition of Lewis and Clark was organized and commenced; but it did not actually set out until a year afterwards, when the country to be explored was owned in full sovereignty by the United States.

---

* *American State Papers*, Vol. V. p. 684 ; Ex. Doc. 7th Cong. 2nd ses. No. 102.

† Act of Congress, Feb. 28th, 1803, *United States Laws*, Vol. III. p. 530.

‡ Louisiana had been ceded to France by a secret treaty concluded at San Ildefonso, October 1st, 1800 ; but the country still remained in the pos-

We have already had occasion to see at how early a period Mr. Jefferson contemplated the land exploration of the Northwest. In 1787 he had prompted Ledyard to undertake this; and in 1792 he had attempted the execution of it by Captain Meriwether Lewis, under the auspices of the American Philosophical Society. As Chief Magistrate of the United States, he had the opportunity to accomplish this favorite object by the public authority of the government. He resolved to intrust the command of the expedition to the brave Captain Lewis; with whom he associated Captain William Clark, and an ample party of subordinate persons. It was the longest river voyage ever yet undertaken, since that of Orellana on the river Amazon; and the great distance, the numerous tribes of savages on the way, the mountains and deserts to be traversed, and the wholly unexplored and unknown topography of the country to be passed through, rendered it a service of difficulty and danger. Not merely the Indians, but also the Spaniards and French of Louisiana, were to be guarded against. In reference to the last object, the preparations were made at Wood River, on the American side, opposite the mouth of the Missouri; and from this point the party, consisting in all of between thirty and forty men, started on the 14th of May, 1804.

The history of this expedition, published after its completion, purports to have been prepared for the press by Mr. Paul Allen. But the Preface informs us, that a considerable part of the work was performed by another person, before the materials were intrusted to him. It was the intention of Captain Lewis to compile the narrative himself; but his death interfered to prevent this. Still the merit of the work, as well as of the expedition, we suppose to be chiefly due to Captains Lewis and Clark, from whose copious original journals it was compiled; and all subsequent observation has confirmed the fidelity and truth of the minute details it

---

session and under the nominal control of Spain. See *American State Papers*, 7th Cong. 2nd ses. No. 182, Vol. II. pp. 505 *et seq.*—Barbé-Marbois, *Histoire de la Louisiane et de la Cession de cette Colonie*, &c. — Lyman's *Diplomacy of the United States.*

contains. Indeed, there are only about two pages of text, (at the very beginning of the work,) which have the air of being written by the editor; and, if we are to judge of his ability or accuracy from these two pages, there is no cause to regret, that, in the body of the work, he has left Lewis and Clark to tell their own story; for at the very outset he gives a false, or at least grossly erroneous, account of the circumstances, amid which the expedition was projected and undertaken.

"On the acquisition of Louisiana," he says, "in the year 1803, the attention of the government of the United States was early directed towards exploring and improving the new territory. Accordingly, in the summer of the same year, an expedition was planned by the President for the purpose of discovering the course and sources of the Missouri, and the most convenient water communication thence to the Pacific Ocean."

Captains Lewis and Clark could not possibly have dictated or sanctioned this blundering statement. They well knew, that the expedition was "planned" before "the acquisition of Louisiana," and not "accordingly"; and that it was confidentially recommended by Mr. Jefferson to Congress in January, authorized by law in February, and even the instructions for it were drafted by Mr. Jefferson and submitted to Captain Lewis in April, all in the same year 1803, and all prior to the execution of the Louisiana Treaty, which bears date April 30th, 1803, and was not received in this country until some time afterwards; for the instructions, dated June 20th, 1803, under which the expedition proceeded, speak of Louisiana as still belonging to France.* As there is prefixed to the work an extremely interesting letter written by Mr. Jefferson to Mr. Allen himself, which contains the instructions, and gives a history of the design itself, it is very extraordinary, that Mr. Allen should have committed such a mistake, with the facts in an authentic form before his eyes.

Leave we Mr. Paul Allen, therefore, to follow Lewis and Clark. These pioneers of the Rocky Mountains proceeded slowly and laboriously up the Missouri, partly by land on the banks of the river, though mostly on the river itself, by the imperfect means of navigating the western waters in use before the application of steam to that purpose. The country they traversed, a wilderness in that day, is now much of it peopled and cultivated by the State of Missouri ; and the whole of it is familiarly known to the hardy hunters and enterprising traders of the West. Captain Lewis did not live to see the wonderful progress of his countrymen in that direction ; but Captain (since General) Clark, more happy in this respect than the associate of his adventurous toils, survived to our day, to be an eyewitness of the present developement and growing greatness of the Valley of the Missouri.

---

* Mr. Livingston's letter, communicating the Treaty to the Secretary of State, is dated May 12th, 1803. See *American State Papers*, Foreign Relations, Vol. II. p. 557.

It might be interesting to trace the progress of Lewis and Clark up the river, and compare their descriptions with what is now the appearance of things. But we forbear. Suffice it to say, that having, in the space of upwards of a year's time, explored the main stream of the Missouri to its source, they prepared, in August, 1805, to cross the Rocky Mountains, and embark on the waters of the Columbia. Aiming at the known latitude of the main body of the Columbia, they struck its waters in not the most favorable place either for crossing the Rocky Mountains, or for proceeding to the Western Ocean. The southern chief branch of the Columbia begins its course near where the Rocky Mountains leave the United States for Mexico, in a region of country, where the sources of the Colorado of the West, the Arkansas, the Platte, the Yellowstone, and the Missouri proper, are all to be found close at hand. Starting here, the Great Snake River, so called, flows westerly and northwesterly several hundred miles, carrying the accumulated waters of innumerable lesser streams to its confluence with the Columbia. Far north of this in the range of the Rocky Mountains, at the point where Lewis and Clark crossed, is the Flathead River, one of the tributary streams of the northern main branch of the Columbia. Intermediate between the Flathead and the Saptin or Great Snake rivers, are several considerable branches of the latter, — but still, comparatively speaking, quite inferior to it in all respects. The Expedition crossed the Flathead River,* and struck Salmon River, one of the above-mentioned minor branches of the Saptin ; and to this the name of Lewis was given, which was afterwards extended to the entire Saptin itself, frequently called Lewis's River, as the other main branch of the Columbia, into which the Flathead flows, is in like manner called Clark's River.

---

* Vol. I. p. 399.

The Expedition proceeded down the Columbia to its mouth, which they reached on the 7th of November, 1805.* Here they wintered, at a place on the south bank of the river, about ten miles from the open sea, on the shore of an inlet of the Columbia near its mouth, called, by Lewis and Clark, Meriwether's Bay, but on the modern maps Young's Bay.† In the spring they set out on their return to the United States ; and on the upper waters of Clark's River, they separated, for the purpose of further exploration, Lewis crossing directly to the main fork of the Missouri, and Clark descending the Yellowstone, the junction of which with the Missouri was appointed as a place of rendezvous. At length reuniting here, they went on together, and arrived in safety at St. Louis, on the 23d of September, 1806 ; and thus happily ended this important and well-conducted expedition.

Lewis and Clark were not, technically speaking, men of science ; nor had they any such in their company. Hence, the reader will not find in their journal the details of scientific knowledge. They do not profess, for instance, to describe the animal or vegetable productions of the country as *naturalists.* This trait of their work is particularly manifest, also, in matters appertaining to the extraordinary geological features of the country. Thus, they speak in one place of a curious "flint stone," which is evidently *basalt ;* and in another place of another "flint stone," which is evidently *obsidian.* But, with all this, their work is full of authentic and valuable facts, appertaining to the geography, soil, natural appearance, climate, productions, aboriginal inhabitants, and general statistics of Oregon, which opened a new world to the industry and enterprise of the people of the United States. The English journalists amused themselves by laughing at the "Big" and the "Little" rivers, (the "Little" ones, by the way, are larger than the largest of England,) the Philosophy rivers, and the Wisdom rivers, and other such things in the nomenclature of the multitude of natural objects, for which Lewis and Clark devised names, not always, be it admitted, in the best possible taste. But, *Rira bien qui rira dernier.* We can afford to be laughed at for trifles, while things go on with us as they have done since the termination of this Expedition. Lewis and Clark explored the Missouri from its mouth to its source, a voyage of three thousand miles, almost as far as the breadth of the Atlantic. They, first of all civilized men, explored the Columbia also, from its head waters to its mouth, and they thus, in conjunction with Captain Gray's discovery of its mouth, prepared the way for that complete title to the country of Oregon, which became vested in the United States by the Florida Treaty. These were honorable services of theirs, worthily performed, and insure to their names a memory as lasting as that of America itself.

---

* Vol. II. p. 70.

† Mr. Slacum's Chart, in Mr. Linn's Report, Senate Doc. 25th Congress, 2d Session, Vol. V. No. 471.

In a short Appendix to the History of this Expedition, Captain Lewis comments on the fact, that at that time the British Northwest Company were actively intruding themselves into the region of the Upper Missouri, to the ruin of our own traders, and the permanent injury of the United States. He says ;

> "Although the government of the United States has not yielded the point, that, as a matter of right, the British merchants have the privilege of trading in this quarter, — yet, from what has been said to them, they are now acting under the belief, that it will be some time before any prohibitory measures will be taken with respect to them ; and are, therefore, making rapid strides to secure themselves in the affection of the Indians, and to break down, as soon as possible, the American adventurers, by underselling them, and thus monopolize that trade."

After some details on the same point, he adds, that in thus allowing the Northwest Company to engross the trade of that region, the United States were "giving them a *carte blanche*, on which to write in future their own terms of traffic with the Indians ; thus throwing these into their hands, and permitting them to be formed into a rod of iron, with which for Great Britain to scourge our frontier at pleasure."

In the practical working of the political institutions of the United States, amid innumerable and vastly preponderating advantages which they possess, there will be, of course, as incident to all human institutions, some defects. Among these, we have continual cause to lament the undue prominence in the public mind, which trivial and secondary questions, the petty issues of petty party controversy, are allowed to usurp, to the postponement or neglect of matters infinitely more important in reality. The topics of popular discussion in newspapers and in conversation, as well as in the more formal and serious public debates, and the action of the government, make the fact to be continually obvious. Thus, in Congress, for minutes occupied in things of true consequence, hours, nay, days are consumed on trivialities, which will speedily be forgotten, and pass away for ever, as transitory and as insignificant in themselves as the motes, which play in the sunlight of a summer's noon. It has been so under every administration, of whatever party or opinion, the United States have seen. Hence it was, that the intrigues of the British companies among the Indians of the United States, and their general intrusion into our territory in the region of the Upper Mississippi and Upper Missouri, though repeatedly the subject of complaint and remonstrance on the part of observant men, as in this case of Captain Lewis, did not engage due attention from the government, until those intrigues and that intrusion resulted in the conclusion to have been anticipated from them, a general Indian war, which ravaged and desolated the whole region of the United States on the Ohio, the Lakes, and the Upper Mississippi. Transferred to another part of the territory of the United States, the same British companies, we fear, are now preparing the same *dénouement* of a like tragedy, by the same means, which failed to arouse the active resistance of our government of old, until savage massacre and conflagration burst on our western settlements ; but the operations of which, it is to be hoped, the government of the United States, warned by that example, will arrest by measures of suitable energy. True, the Executive of that day saw the evil ; true, he desired to remedy it. But the measures adopted were temporizing and imperfect ; for the unfortunate clause of Jay's Treaty remained in force, under which the traders of the Northwest Company pursued their enterprises within the limits of the United States.

Indeed, the government of Great Britain did not content itself with the intrusive acts and hostile intrigues of its traders in the Northwest. When the war of the Revolution broke out, it is too well remembered, that England enlisted against us the savage passions of the Indians, and made them her allies, or rather her instruments, in her unrighteous measures to distress the people whom she could no longer hold in servitude. The United States in vain strove to arrange an understanding with the English officers, to the effect of leaving the Indians to be neutral between the contending parties. In vain the eloquent denunciation, by Lord Chatham, of the barbarous warfare thus stirred up against us, thrilled all Europe. Still England persisted in the unhallowed course she had adopted. When peace had (nominally) been concluded, and the independence and territorial limits and rights of the United States were acknowledged, still England retained those posts of hers in the Northwest, within our territory, which enabled her to keep alive the animosity of the Indians, and to engage them in a bloody war, ending, after the infliction of incalculable injury upon us, in the prostration and almost destruction of the unhappy tools and victims of England's hostility against us.

Wayne's victory compelled the surrender of the posts. But thereupon, and from that time to this, ensued a series of acts on the part of England towards the Indians in the United States, contrary to every maxim of good faith, public morals, or public law. The Indians in the United States were kept by her *under regular annual war-pay*. Mackenzie mentions this as a familiar fact in 1801. Speaking of the British post of St. Joseph he says ;

> "It is a place of no trade, and the greater part, if not the whole, of the Indians, come here *for no other purpose but to receive the presents which our* [the British] *government allows them*. They are from the American territory, &c." — *Hist. of the Fur Trade*, p. 45.

Hence, when the relations of the United States and Great Britain grew critical, Britain had her savage mercenaries all ready armed and ready maddened at her hand, and she had only to let slip these "dogs of war" upon us, to overwhelm the frontier States in calamities which no regular European troops would or could have inflicted. Afterwards, when the negotiation for peace took place, she pretended and endeavoured to secure to the Indian a guarantied and recognised dependence upon her, so that she should be their protector-general, and have them still at her beck. The idea of this project seems to have originated with the same Mr. Atcheson, who suggested the miserable quibble, which lies at the root of the Northeastern Boundary Question. In a pamphlet of his, printed during the war of 1812, purporting to be a "Compressed View of the Points to be discussed by England in treating with the United States," he proposes to insist upon the dismemberment of the United States, by the conversion of the whole vast region north and west of the Ohio and the Lakes into an *Indian Empire*, under the jurisdiction of Great Britain. Referring to this curious pamphlet for ampler knowledge of the matter, we quote only a single paragraph as indicating the spirit of this precious plan. For men, he says, whose friendship has been recently shown to be of such great importance to us, we cannot do too much. We should see all their wrongs redressed. We should provide by treaty for the security of their territory and their rights. Great Britain should become "the avowed guarantee and protector of those rights and that territory."* Such is in substance the language of this pamphleteer. And so said, so done. The proposition was gravely submitted by Lord Gambier and his colleagues at Ghent, and strenuously pressed, as the *sine quâ non* of a treaty of peace.† It, however, was indignantly and triumphantly repelled by Mr. Adams and his colleagues on behalf of the United States.

Nevertheless, England continued after the peace to do clandestinely what she had been unable to accomplish openly and honestly by treaty stipulation. The Indians of the Northwest were convened annually at a frontier point in Upper Canada, to make a periodical renewal of their fealty to England, and to receive the subsidy and munitions of war, which constituted the price of their present attachment, and the reward of their past as well as the earnest of their future services. If these acts of enormous wrong were not proved by incontestable evidence, they would be absolutely incredible.‡ It is very much as if deputies of the republican party in Upper and Lower Canada should be annually convened at Detroit and Plattsburg, to be received and entertained there by public officers of the United States' government, to enter into engagements of allegiance to the United States, and to receive a regular distribution of arms and money to prepare and inspirit them for hostilities against the government of Great Britain. Would such acts be a violation of neutrality? Would they be compatible with British interests in Canada? Yet this is what England has done in the matter of these Indians, from the time of the Revolution down to the present day. Until very lately, this was cloaked under the disguise of being (as it was pretended) the unauthorized act of private individuals and traders. But the investigations of Parliament in regard to affairs in Canada, led not long since to the publication (inadvertent it may have been) of a despatch of the late Colonial Secretary, Lord Glenelg, addressed to Sir Francis Head, in which these dealings with the Indians happen to be incidentally referred to, and which shows, that the annual presents and payments made to the Indians at Amherstburg, Drummond's Island, and latterly at the Manitoulin Islands, were provided from the treasury of Great Britain, and formally delivered to the Indians by officers of the government.

---

* *Pamphleteer*, Vol. V. p. 116.

† *American State Papers*, Foreign Relations, Vol. III. No. 269, pp. 705 *et seq*. 3d Session, 13th Congress.

‡ See, for example, *Senate Documents*, 1828, 1829, No. 67; and *Executive Documents*, 1837, 1838, No. 2.

This document, falling by good fortune into the hands of a member of Congress, was by him laid before the House of Representatives, and the attention of Congress, the Executive, and the country, was called to the fact. After which, the British government could no longer affect to treat this annual convocation of the Indians at the Manitoulin Islands as of no account, or as the unauthorized act of individuals; it being now distinctly seen to be a *war-subsidy* from that government to the Indians. Accordingly, that government, alarmed by its perception of the justification this practice, now known to be an official one, would legally afford to retaliatory acts on our part, and the countenance it would lend to the extension of aid by us to the patriots of Canada, has recently given notice to the Indians, that the distribution of the subsidy is to be discontinued. We have before us the "talk" of the British agent to the Indians on the occasion of that notice; and his speech contains the strongest possible avowals of the illegality and iniquity (as regards us) of the practice which England, nevertheless, had persisted in for half a century, in the face of two treaties of peace, and of a thousand professions of neutrality and good faith, in the very matter itself of the Indians of the Northwest.

This example, by the way, of the prompt and voluntary discontinuance of the subsidy to the Indians, upon the mere fact of complaints on the subject in Congress, tends to demonstrate the fallacy of the idea, that the peaceful relations of the two countries are likely to be disturbed by plain speaking on our part, in regard to any case of clear public wrong. It shows, that a timid silence on such things is the reverse of patriotism and good policy. It proves, that the true way to prevent the occurrence of that accumulation of small aggressions, which always ends in war, and so to prevent war itself, is to remonstrate fearlessly against each one of the small aggressions as they occur and become known, and thus procure their redress one by one, before they swell into the voluminous mass of injury, which national passion can no longer endure, and nothing but national force can terminate.

We have digressed into these explanations in order to exhibit the motive and spirit of the course of policy pursued by Britain in the Northwest. The war of 1812, which abrogated Jay's Treaty, relieved us of the stipulation of its third article, which admitted the entrance of British traders into the country of the Upper Missouri and Upper Mississippi; the recurrence of the evils attending it is guarded against by the act of Congress of the 27th of April, 1816, which authorizes the President to expel foreign traders from that region by military force, if need be; and neither of the several conventions with England of 1815, 1818, and 1827, sanctions the interference of foreign traders with our Indians on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains. But, in the interval between 1793 and 1812, no such direct power of expelling foreign traders from that region existed; and the operations of those traders, and the general state of facts in that quarter at that period, led to the conception and formation of one of the greatest private enterprises of our time and country.

The success of the Northwest Company in prosecuting the fur trade in the northern and western parts of the continent, as heretofore detailed by us in this article, incited other persons to organize a new association, called the Mackinaw Company, from their having their chief emporium at Michilimackinac. While the former company explored the hyperborean regions of the upper lakes and rivers in rivalry with the Hudson's Bay Company, the latter covered the streams of Wisconsin and Iowa. The government of the United

States, properly jealous of the influence thus acquired by combinations of foreigners over the aboriginal tribes within our limits, endeavoured to counteract it by sending out agents to establish rival trading-houses in the interior, so as ourselves to supply the wants of the Indians, and thus to link their interests and feelings with those of the people of the United States. What the government, however, failed to effect, was at length brought about by the enterprise, perseverance, energy, and well-directed wealth of Mr. John Jacob Astor of New York. Emigrating from Germany to the United States in 1783, Mr. Astor engaged in the fur trade, and by his judicious operations, and commercial and financial ability, had early laid the stable foundation of that unequalled opulence which he now possesses. Aware of the wish of the government of the United States, that the fur trade within our territory should be diverted from English to American hands, he undertook, with the aid and countenance of the government, to accomplish this object ; and to this end, he obtained a charter from the Legislature of New York, in 1809, incorporating the American Fur Company, the whole capital of which bebelonged to himself. Other projects followed upon this ; and at length Mr. Astor resolved to attempt the realization, with his own private resources, of the grand idea of carrying a line of trading posts along the Missouri and the Columbia, to the mouth of the latter, where was to be the chief mart of the trade. Peltries were to be collected in the interior at the scattered posts, and from the settlement at the mouth of the Columbia conveyed to Canton for sale. Meantime, supplies of merchandise were to be regularly sent around by sea from New York, and the proceeds of the sales at Canton returned to the same place. Other trade in the Pacific, if practicable, and especially trade with the Russo-American settlements, was to centre at the mouth of the Columbia. As Mr. Astor, by the magnitude of his commercial and financial operations, and the vigor and scope of his mind, had raised himself into consideration with the government and the leading statesmen of the country, he received, from Mr. Jefferson and his cabinet, the strongest assurances of their approbation of his great scheme, and their disposition to favor and protect it in all ways consistent with the general interests of the United States.

Such was, in brief, the origin of the settlement of Astoria, as given by Mr. Irving, whose account of the inception, progress, and fate of the enterprise, adds all the dramatic interest of romance to the intrinsic value of authentic history, and the graces of his peculiarly graphic and beautiful style.

In the prosecution of this joint scheme of commerce and colonization, Mr. Astor devised two expeditions, one by sea and one by land ; the former to carry out the people, stores, ammunition, and merchandise, requisite for establishing a fortified trading-post at the mouth of the Columbia ; and the latter to proceed up the Missouri, and across the Rocky Mountains to the same point, taking note by the way of the proper places for the interior posts. Mr. Astor had selected Mr. Wilson P. Hunt of New Jersey to be his chief agent, and to represent him in the contemplated establishment ; and he was to proceed by the land route ; while the ship *Tonquin*, commanded by Captain Jonathan Thorn, proceeded by the way of Cape Horn, with Mr. Duncan McDougal as the proxy of Mr. Astor in the absence of Mr. Hunt. Though all the capital was supplied by himself, yet, with a view to insure a greater interest in the welfare of the undertaking to those who were to superintend the business in Oregon on his behalf, Mr. Astor formed an association called the "Pacific Fur Company," into which his principal agents, Mr. Hunt and Mr. McDougal, as also Mr. Alexander M'Kay, and Messrs. David and Robert Stuart, were admitted, with limited rights and powers, as their subordinate relation to the enterprise required.

The *Tonquin* sailed from New York on the 8th of September, 1810, with a motley company of agents, clerks, artisans, seamen, and Canadian *voyageurs*. They arrived in safety off the mouth of the Columbia on the 22d of March following. Much controversy occurred during the voyage, between Captain Thorn on the one hand, and McDougal and his friends on the other. Thorn was an American, strictly honest, manly, single-minded, fearless, and true ; but opiniative, a rigid disciplinarian, and wedded to his own convictions of his duty to Mr. Astor, to whom alone he held himself responsible. McDougal and his associates were North Britons, quite as self-willed and wrong-headed as Captain Thorn, but not equally conscientious, and disposed to arrogate to themselves consequence and authority as representing Mr. Astor. National partialities concurred with these peculiarities of temper and of relation on both sides, to render the two parties mutually disagreeable. Nevertheless, an establishment was at length made, on the south bank of the Columbia near its mouth, and called *Astoria* in honor of Mr. Astor. Soon afterwards happened an event most disastrous to the enterprise, the destruction of the Tonquin, with Captain Thorn and twenty-three on board, in consequence of a quarrel with the Indians of Vancouver's Island. Meanwhile, Mr. Hunt with Mr. Ramsay Crooks and others, proceeding by land across the Rocky Mountains, after a journey of about a year arrived at Astoria, and thus all the principal agents of the enterprise were together at the head-quarters of their contemplated operations, and entered upon the prosecution of the original design.

Mr. Astor had sent out another ship, the *Beaver*, which arrived at Astoria in May, 1812. But, in the midst of all the exertions and sacrifices which he was making to give prosperity to his settlement, war broke out between the United States and Great Britain. While this interfered with the future execution of his plans, it made him justly anxious in regard to the present fate of them. McDougal was a Briton ; would he remain faithful to his American employer ? If he did, would not some British armed ship break up the establishment at Astoria ? Would not the Northwest Company embrace this occasion to seize on the establishment themselves, jealous as they were known to be of Mr. Astor's enterprise ?

These painful anticipations were but too fully realized. Mr. Astor despatched a fast-sailing vessel with tidings and supplies for the settlement. He invoked the aid of government ; but other pressing demands for the public force deprived him of its assistance. Accordingly, as the Northwest Company, in addition to an expedition by land, had despatched an armed ship by sea, to which the British government furnished convoy, for the purpose of taking possession of Astoria, the speedy loss of Mr. Astor's property there seemed to be inevitable. But the fraud or folly of his sub-agent anticipated the attack of foreign enemies. During the absence of Mr. Hunt, on some business of the establishment, in October, 1813, there came to Astoria one McTavish, an agent of the Northwest Company, and to him McDougal transferred all Mr. Astor's property at a grossly inadequate price. He had no competent authority for this act; but whether his national antipathies, or some more mercenary consideration, induced his misconduct, it is not for us to say. In the following November, the British sloop-of-war ***Raccoon***, Captain Black, arrived at Astoria; and in December he took possession of the place in the name of Great Britain, and changed the appellation to that of Fort George. And thus ended this well-devised and noble, but unfortunate, first attempt to establish an American colony at Astoria. A formal surrender of the jurisdiction was made and delivered to the United States by Great Britain, after the close of the war, in obedience to the Treaty of Ghent, which required the reciprocal restoration of all captured places; but the property, business, and posts remained in the hands of the Northwest Company, under McDougal's act of sale.

These are the general facts in regard to Astoria, as gathered from Mr. Irving's work. And, in addition to his book, the enterprise was the occasion of another publication, entertaining enough, and of some popularity, but of doubtful authenticity and value, the "Adventures on the Columbia River," by Ross Cox, one of Mr. Astor's clerks at Astoria.

When peace between the United States and Great Britain was at length concluded, many things yet remained to be adjusted between the two governments; and among others their respective rights in the Northwest. Out of these open questions grew the convention of October 20th, 1818. It was agreed by one article of the convention, that

> "a line drawn from the most northwestern point of the Lake of the Woods along the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude, or if the said point shall not be in the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude, then that a line drawn from the said point due north or south, as the case may be, until the said line shall intersect the said parallel of north latitude, and from the point of such intersection due west along and with the said parallel, shall be the line of demarcation between the territories of the United States and those of his Britannic Majesty, and that the said line shall form the northern boundary of the said territories of the United States, and the southern boundary of the territories of his Britannic Majesty, from the Lake of the Woods to the Stony Mountains."

Much discussion took place at the same time in regard to the country beyond the Rocky Mountains.* Nothing definitive, however, was concluded ; but a temporary arrangement was entered into, of the following purport ;

"Art. 3. It is agreed, that any country that may be claimed by either party on the northwest coast of America, westward of the Stony Mountains, shall, together with its harbours, bays, and creeks, and the navigation of all rivers within the same, be free and open, for the term of ten years from the date of the signature of the present convention, to the vessels, citizens, and subjects of the two powers : It being well understood, that this agreement is not to be construed to the prejudice of any claim which either of the two high contracting parties may have to any part of the said country, nor shall it be taken to affect the claims of any other power or state to any part of the said country ; the only object of the high contracting parties in that respect being to prevent disputes and differences amongst themselves."

This was understood and intended by the United States, only as an adjournment of the question, to be taken up independently at a future time. The negotiations on the subject were accordingly resumed in 1826 and 1827, and very ably conducted (so far as regards the argument) by Mr. Gallatin,† but, as before, resulted in no conclusive arrangement. By the convention of the 6th of September, 1827, it was agreed as follows ;

"Art. 1. All the provisions of the third article of the convention concluded between the United States of America, and his Majesty the King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, on the 20th of October, 1818, shall be, and they are hereby, further indefinitely extended and continued in force, in the same manner as if all the provisions of the said article were herein specifically recited.

"Art. 2. It shall be competent, however, to either of the contracting parties, in case either should think fit, at any time after the 20th of October, 1828, on giving due notice of twelve months to the other contracting party, to annul and abrogate this convention ; and it shall, in such case, be accordingly entirely annulled and abrogated, after the expiration of the said term of notice.

"Art. 3. Nothing contained in this convention, or in the third article of the convention of the 20th of October, 1818, hereby continued in force, shall be construed to impair, or in any manner affect, the claims which either of the contracting parties may have to any part of the country westward of the Stony or Rocky Mountains."*

---

* *American State Papers*, Vol. IV. pp. 348 *et seq.* Ex. Doc. 15th Congr. 2d Session, No. 306.

† *Ex. Doc.* 20th Congr. 1st Session, Vol. V. No. 199.

These arrangements, well intended as they doubtless were, have proved very injurious to the United States, as we shall show in the sequel, by reason of the practical monopoly of the business of the Northwest, which, under cover of these two conventions, the Hudson's Bay Company has been enabled to acquire.

And there is the more reason to be discontented with this state of things, because of the actual completeness of the American title. When the convention of 1818 was concluded, our title to the country of Oregon might have been a subject of fair question with Spain (her explorations of the Northwest Coast had at any rate preceded those of England); but the Florida Treaty of 1819 gave to us not only the Floridas, which, whether in the hands of Spain, of Britain, or of Spain again, were equally the means of annoyance to us, and the acquisition of which rounded off and finished our southern frontier, — that treaty, we say, not only gave to us the Floridas, but also ceded to us all the rights of Spain, in the Northwest, from California, in the latitude of 42 degrees, to the Arctic settlements of Russia. The country of Oregon, therefore, which we suffer to be usurped and encroached upon by Great Britain, is ours, not only in our own right, but in the right of France and Spain, whose titles in the Northwest we have acquired.

Meanwhile, successive Presidents of the United States have commended the subject to the notice of Congress. In his Message of December 7th, 1824, Mr. Monroe said;

"In looking to the interests which the United States have on the Pacific Ocean, and on the western coast of this continent, the propriety of establishing a military post at the mouth of Columbia river, or at some other point in that quarter, within our acknowledged limits, is submitted to the consideration of Congress. Our commerce and fisheries on that sea, and along the coast, have much increased, and are increasing. It is thought, that a military post, to which our ships of war might resort, would afford protection to every interest, and have a tendency to conciliate the tribes to the northwest, with whom our trade is extensive. It is thought also, that, by the establishment of such a post, the intercourse between our western States and Territories, and the Pacific, and our trade with the tribes residing in the interior, on each side of the Rocky Mountains, would be essentially promoted."

---

* *United States Diplomatic Code*, Vol. I. pp. 282, 329.

The next year Mr. Adams, being President, also adverted to the subject, in his annual Message as follows ;

"Our coasts, along many degrees of latitude upon the shore of the Pacific Ocean, though much frequented by our spirited commercial navigators, have been barely visited by our public ships. The River of the West, first fully discovered and navigated by a countryman of our own, still bears the name of the ship in which he ascended its waters, and claims the protection of our armed national flag at its mouth. With the establishment of a military post there, or at some other point of that coast, recommended by my predecessor, and already matured in the deliberations of the last Congress, I would suggest the expediency of connecting the equipment of a public ship for the exploration of the whole northwest coast of this continent."

Congress also took up the subject in good earnest, stimulated not only by the suggestions of the Executive, but by the exertions of individual Representatives and Senators, among whom Mr. Floyd of Virginia, and Mr. Francis Baylies of Massachusetts, were honorably conspicuous ; of the latter especially, there are Committee Reports, among the most valuable State Papers relating to the subject.* The House, in the session of 1824 – 5, responded to the representations of the friends of the measure, and passed a bill "to provide for occupying the Columbia or Oregon River" ; but the Senate refused its concurrence ; and, when the question was resumed by a subsequent Congress, in 1828 – 9, the bill failed to receive the approbation of a majority of the House.

In recurring to the debates of that period, it is humiliating, though at the same time instructive, to see how many of the objections, pressed into the service of the opponents of the measure, were petty considerations, wholly unworthy of statesmen and men of sense, and altogether beneath the case. Thus, much was argued concerning the obstructions to navigation at the mouth of the Columbia; in regard to which we formerly took occasion to remark,* that this is an argument not unlike one, which might have been urged against an effort for the acquisition of Louisiana, that the mouths of the Mississippi are obstructed by bars. The region watered by the Columbia is not much smaller than the United States, east of the Alleghany Mountains. While the settlements are confined to a few hunting-posts near the mouth of the river, the surf, that breaks on its bar, is a matter of consequence, no doubt; but what is it to the ultimate character and importance of a country, equal in extent to the old United States, and stretching for nine or ten degrees of latitude, along the great ocean?

---

* *House Reports,* 19th Congr. 1st. Session, Nos. 35, and 213.

Let us now return to the events in the progress of exploration, trade, and settlement in the West; — the narration of which we begin with a general statement of the course of things subsequently to the conclusion of the convention of 1818, in the words of Mr. Irving.†

> "In consequence of the apathy and neglect of the American government, Mr. Astor abandoned all hopes of regaining Astoria, and made no further attempt to extend his enterprises beyond the Rocky Mountains; and the Northwest Company considered themselves the lords of the country. They did not long enjoy unmolested the sway, which they had somewhat surreptitiously attained. A fierce competition ensued between them and their old rivals the Hudson's Bay Company; which was carried on at great cost and sacrifice, and occasionally with the loss of life. It ended in the ruin of most of the partners in the Northwest Company, and the merging of the relics of that establishment, in 1821, in the rival association. From that time the Hudson's Bay Company enjoyed a monopoly of the Indian trade, from the coast of the Pacific to the Rocky Mountains, and for a considerable extent north and south. They removed their emporium from Astoria to Fort Vancouver, a strong post on the left bank of the Columbia river, about sixty miles from its mouth; from whence they furnished their interior posts, and sent forth their brigades of trappers. The Rocky Mountains form a vast barrier between them and the United States; and their stern and awful defiles, their rugged valleys, and the great western plains watered by

---

* *North American Review*, Vol. XLIV. p. 235.

† *Rocky Mountains*, Vol. I.

their rivers, remained almost a *terra incognita* to the American trapper.

"The difficulties experienced in 1808, by Mr. Henry of the Missouri Company, the first American who trapped upon the head waters of the Columbia, and the frightful hardships sustained by Wilson P. Hunt, Ramsay Crook, Robert Stuart, and other intrepid Astorians, in their ill-fated expedition across the mountains, appeared for a time to check all further enterprise in that direction. The American traders contented themselves with following up the head branches of the Missouri, the Yellowstone, and other rivers and streams on the Atlantic side of the mountains, but forbore to attempt those great snow-crowned sierras.

"One of the first to revive these tramontane expeditions was General Ashley, of Missouri, a man whose courage and achievements in the prosecution of his enterprises, have rendered him famous in the far West. In conjunction with Mr. Henry, already mentioned, he established a post on the banks of the Yellowstone river in 1822, and in the following year pushed a resolute band of trappers across the mountains to the banks of the Green, or Colorado river of the west, often known by the Indian name of the Seeds-ki-dee Agie. This attempt was followed up and sustained by others, until, in 1825, a footing was secured, and a complete system of trapping organized beyond the mountains. It is difficult to do justice to the courage, fortitude, and perseverance of the pioneers of the fur trade, who conducted these early expeditions, and first broke their way through a wilderness where every thing was calculated to deter and dismay them. They had to traverse the most dreary and desolate mountains, and barren and trackless wastes, uninhabited by man, or occasionally infested by predatory and cruel savages. They knew nothing of the country beyond the verge of their horizon, and had to gather information as they wandered. They beheld volcanic plains stretching around them, and ranges of mountains piled up to the clouds, and glistening with eternal frost; but knew nothing of their defiles, or how they were to be penetrated or traversed. They launched themselves in frail canoes on rivers, without knowing whither their swift currents would carry them, or what rocks, and shoals, and rapids they might encounter in their course. They had to be continually on the alert, too, against the mountain tribes, who beset every defile, laid ambuscades in their path, or attacked them in their night encampments; so that of the hardy bands of trappers, that first entered into these regions, three fifths are said to have fallen by the hands of savage foes.

"In this wild and warlike school a number of leaders have sprung up, originally in the employ, subsequently partners, of Ashley; among them we may mention Smith, Fitzpatrick, Bridger, Robert Campbell, and William Sublette; whose adventures and exploits partake of the wildest spirit of romance. The association commenced by General Ashley underwent various modifications. That gentleman having acquired sufficient fortune, sold out his interest and retired; and the leading spirit that succeeded him was Captain William Sublette; a man worthy of note, as his name has become renowned in frontier story."

* * * * *

"In 1830, the association took the name of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, of which Captain Sublette and Robert Campbell, were prominent members. * * * * * In the mean time, the success of this company attracted the attention, and excited the emulation, of the American Fur Company, and brought them once more into the field of their ancient enterprise. Mr. Astor, the founder of the association, had retired from busy life, and the concerns of the company were ably managed by Mr. Ramsay Crooks, of Snake River renown, who still officiates as its President. A competition immediately ensued between the two companies, for the trade with the mountain tribes, and the trappings of the head waters of the Columbia, and the other great tributaries of the Pacific. Beside the regular operations of these formidable rivals, there have been from time to time desultory enterprises, or rather experiments, of minor associations, or of adventurous individuals, beside roving bands of independent trappers, who either hunt for themselves, or engage for a single season in the service of one or other of the main companies. The consequence is, that the Rocky Mountains, and the ulterior regions, from the Russian possessions in the North, down to the Spanish settlements of California, have been traversed and ransacked in every direction by bands of hunters, and Indian traders; so that there is scarcely a mountain pass, or defile, that is not known and threaded in their restless migrations, nor a nameless stream, that is not haunted by the lonely trapper.

"The American fur companies keep no established posts beyond the mountains. Every thing there is regulated by resident partners; that is to say, partners who reside in the tramontane country, but who move about from place to place, either with Indian tribes, whose traffic they wish to monopolize, or with main bodies of their own men, whom they employ in trading and trapping. In the mean time they detach bands, or 'brigades' as they are called, of trappers in various directions, assigning to each a portion of country as a hunting or trapping ground. In the months of June and July, when there is an interval between the hunting seasons, a general rendezvous is held at some designated place in the mountains, where the affairs of the past year are settled by the resident partners, and the plans of the following year arranged. To this rendezvous repair the various brigades of trappers from their widely separated hunting-grounds, bringing in the products of their year's campaign.

"Hither also repair the Indian tribes, accustomed to traffic their peltries with the company. Bands of free trappers resort hither also to sell the furs they have collected ; or to engage their services for the next hunting season. To this rendezvous the company sends annually a convoy of supplies from its establishment on the Atlantic frontier, under the guidance of some experienced partner or officer. On the arrival of this convoy, the resident partner at the rendezvous depends, to set all his next year's machinery in motion. The influx of this wandering trade has had its effect on the habits of the mountain tribes. They have found the trapping of the beaver their most profitable species of hunting ; and the traffic of the white men has opened to them sources of luxury of which they previously had no idea. The introduction of firearms has rendered them more successful hunters, but at the same time more formidable foes ; some of them, incorrigibly savage and warlike in their nature, have found the expeditions of the fur traders grand objects of profitable adventure. To waylay and harass a band of trappers with their pack-horses, when embarrassed in the rugged defiles of the mountains, has become as favorite an exploit with these Indians as the plunder of a caravan to the Arab of the desert. The Crows and Blackfeet, who were such terrors in the path of the early adventurers to Astoria, still continue their predatory habits, but seem to have brought them to greater system. They know the routes and resorts of the trappers ; where to waylay them on their journeys ; where to find them in the hunting season ; and where to hover about them in winter-quarters. The life of the trapper, therefore, is a perpetual state militant, and he must sleep with the weapons in his hands. A new order of trappers and traders, also, have grown out of this system of things. In the old times of the great Northwest Company, when the trade in furs was pursued chiefly about the lakes and rivers, the expeditions were carried on in batteaux and canoes. The voyageurs or boatmen were the rank and file in the service of the trader, and even the hardy 'men of the North,' those great rufflers, and game birds, were fain to be paddled from point to point of their migrations.

"A totally different class has now sprung up, the mountaineers, the traders, and trappers, that scale the vast mountain chains, and pursue their hazardous vocations amidst their wild recesses. They move from place to place on horseback. The equestrian exercises, therefore, in which they are continually engaged; the nature of the countries they traverse; vast plains and mountains, with pure and exhilarating atmospheric qualities; seem to make them physically and mentally a more lively and mercurial race than the fur traders and trappers of former days, the self-vaunting 'men of the North.' The man who bestrides a horse, must be essentially different from a man who cowers in a canoe. We find them, accordingly, hardy, lithe, vigorous, and active; extravagant in word, and thought, and deed; heedless of hardship; daring of danger; prodigal of the present, and thoughtless of the future.

"There is, perhaps, no class of men on the face of the earth, who lead a life of more continued exertion, peril, and excitement, or are more enamoured of their occupation, than the free trappers of the West. No toil, no danger, no privation can turn the trapper from his pursuit. His passionate excitement at times resembles a mania. In vain may the most cruel and vigilant savages beset his path; in vain may rocks, and precipices, and wintry torrents oppose his progress; let but a single track of a beaver meet his eye, and he forgets all dangers and defies all difficulties.

"At times he may be seen with his traps on his shoulder, buffeting his way across rapid streams, amidst floating blocks of ice; at other times, he is to be found with his traps swung on his back, clambering the most rugged mountains, scaling or descending the most frightful precipices, searching, by routes inaccessible to the horse, and never before trodden by white men, for springs and lakes unknown to his comrades, and where he may meet with his favorite game. Such is the mountaineer, the hardy trapper of the West; and such as we have slightly sketched it, is the wild, Robin Hood kind of life, with all its strange and motley populace, now existing in full vigor among the Rocky Mountains."

For much additional, and very authentic information, on the general history of the fur trade since the last war, the reader is referred to the letters of Generals Clark and Cass, General Ashley, Mr. McKenney, Mr. Cambreleng, and Mr. Astor, accompanying a Report made to the Senate in 1829, by Mr. Benton;* and to the letters of General Ashley,

---

* *Senate Doc.* 20th Cong. 2d Session, Vol. I. No. 67.

Major Pitcher, and Messrs. Smith, Jackson, and W. L. Sublette, communicated by the President of the United States to the Senate, in 1831 ;* from which papers we shall have occasion, in the sequel, to make citations in the discussion of another branch of our subject, and one of which we bring forward now, as containing (next in the order of time after Mr. Irving's "Astoria,") the most intelligent and valuable details concerning the topography, economical resources, and political condition of the country beyond the Rocky Mountains, derived from actual exploration.

We allude, of course, to the memoir addressed to the War Department by Major Joshua Pitcher, who is at present the Indian agent of the United States in the region of the Upper Missouri. He engaged in the Indian trade of the Upper Missouri, in 1819 ; and in 1827 resolved upon exploring the country beyond the Rocky Mountains, with a view to ascertain its attractions and capabilities for trade. He set out from Council Bluffs in the autumn of 1827, proceeding up the river Platte to its forks, and thence by its north branch to its source in the Rocky Mountains. Of this route he says :

"The snow was deep, but the ascent and descent easy, being a depression of the mountain to such a degree, that a carriage could cross without the least difficulty. The depression was not only low, but wide, something like a valley through the mountain, say thirty or forty miles wide, the river Colorado taking its rise from the opposite side."

He wintered on the Colorado ; and the next summer proceeded northwardly to Lewis's River, and thence to Clark's River, and wintered near Flathead Lake, in the vicinity of lofty mountains, covered with perpetual snow. Of this lake and its valley he says ;

"It lies in a valley, which is extensive, rich, and would support a considerable population. The valley itself is covered with luxuriant grass, and the foot of the mountains with a variety of timber and vegetation, indicating the richest soil."

The next summer he visited Fort Colville, one of the intrusive forts of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Columbia, in a fertile spot and a healthy and agreeable climate, the principal *dépôt* of the Company for the mountain trade. From Fort Colville he ascended the Columbia, to the dividing ridge of the Rocky Mountains, where two small ponds within a few yards of each other, sending their waters in opposite directions, form the head sources of the south fork of the Athabasca (or Peace) river, and of the middle fork of the Columbia.

---

* *Senate Doc.* 21st Cong. 2d Session, Vol. I. No. 39.

"As soon," he says, "as we turned the ridge, a violent change in the temperature was experienced, and a great contrast perceived in the face of the country. On the west side the weather was mild, and the timber larger, and the valley grassy; on the east, all was locked up in snow and ice, the timber small and stinted, and the aspect of the country indescribably wild, desolate, and dreary."

He proceeded along the Athabasca to the post called Jasper's House, thence to the Saskatchewine, and by the Earl of Selkirk's colony on the Red river to Lake Winnipek, to the Mandan villages on the Missouri, where, being at an American post, he considered his journey terminated, though still sixteen hundred miles above St. Louis.

His remarks on the treaty of 1818, the fur trade beyond the Rocky Mountains, the face of the country, its climate, extent and configuration, are all highly instructive and important.

Of the climate he says;

"The mildness of the seasons is infinitely greater than in the corresponding latitudes and elevations in the Valley of the Mississippi, or in the Atlantic States. The winters are less cold, and the summers are less hot. In the mountain region, even where the peaks are covered with perpetual snow, the valleys at their feet are comparatively mild. As a proof of this, may be mentioned the state of the grass, which is green and juicy nearly all winter, affording excellent pasture for horses, on which those animals not only sustain themselves, but the poor and lean get in good order. * * * * * To this may be added the state of the rivers, many of which are free from ice during the whole year. The river Columbia is of this character."

The configuration of the country he thus describes;

"The form or configuration of the country is the most perfect and admirable which the imagination can conceive. All its outlines are distinctly marked; all its interior is connected together. Frozen regions to the North, the Ocean and its mountainous coast to the West, the Rocky Mountains to the East, sandy and desert plains to the South, — such are its boundaries. Within, the whole country is watered by the stream of a single river, issuing from the north, east, and south, uniting in the region of tide water, and communicating with the sea by a single outlet. *Such a country is formed for defence ; and whatever power gets possession of it, will probably be able to keep it.*"

Of passes through the mountains he says ;

"The most erroneous ideas prevail upon this head. The Rocky Mountains are deemed by many to be impassable, and to present the barrier which will arrest the westward march of the American population. The man must know but little of the American people, who supposes they can be stopped by any thing in the shape of mountains, deserts, seas, or rivers ; and he can know nothing at all of the mountains in question, to suppose that they are impassable. I have been familiar with these mountains for three years, and have crossed them often, and at various points between the latitudes of 42° and 54°. * * * * * I have therefore the means to know something about them, and a right to oppose my knowledge to the supposition of strangers. I say, then, that nothing is more easily crossed than these mountains. Wagons and carriages may cross them in a state of nature without difficulty, and with little delay in the day's journey. Some parts are very high ; but the gradual rise of the country, in the vast slope from the Mississippi to the foot of the mountains, makes a considerable elevation, without perceptible increase, and then the gaps or depressions let you through almost upon a level."

In fact, the letter of Messrs Smith, Jackson, and Sublette, gives a particular account of a journey by wagons to the entrance of the Southern Pass as it is called, at the source of the Platte ; and they describe "the ease and safety with which it was done," as proving "the facility of communicating over land with the Pacific Ocean." Mr. Smith had himself visited Fort Vancouver, the main post of the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1828, and we shall have occasion hereafter to quote some of the observations he made on his journey.

At about the same time that Congress had this subject under consideration, the public attention was called to the country of Oregon, not only by the Reports of Mr. Floyd and Mr. Baylies, and the debates in Congress, but by the efforts, also, of Mr. Hall J. Kelley, of Boston, who endeavoured, by publications from the press, and by correspondence with individuals, and by applications to Congress and other public authorities, to organize a company for the formation of a settlement on the Columbia. From a memoir of his, appended to the Report of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, of the House of Representatives, on the subject of Oregon, made at the last session of Congress, we extract the following statement by himself of his views and objects.

"The perusal of Lewis and Clark's journal, personal conference with intelligent navigators and hunters, who had visited and explored the territory beyond the Rocky Mountains, and facts derived from other sources entitled to credit, many years ago, satisfied me, that this region must, at no remote period, become of vast importance to our government, and of deep and general interest. Possessing, so far as I could learn, a salubrious climate, a productive soil, and all the other natural elements of wealth, and, by its position in reference to divers most important channels of traffic, as well as by its configuration of coast and variety of native productions, being admirably adapted to become a great commercial country, I foresaw that Oregon must, eventually, become a favorite field of modern enterprise, and the abode of civilization.

"With these views constantly and vividly before me, I could not but desire most earnestly to communicate them to the public, and impress them upon the government. And, to accomplish these objects, I have done and suffered much; having been particularly attentive to it for many years, and wholly devoted to it a large part of my time.

"*One great object* of my labors has been to induce Congress, in the exercise of a sound discretion and foresight, and in conformity with good faith towards Great Britain, to extend the active jurisdiction and guardianship of the general government over this territory, so that it might be brought under the restraints and protection of political organization and of law, by the country to which it justly belongs.

"*Another of my objects* has been to give my fellow-citizens correct information, and thus induce a full and free emigration, to this territory, of temperate, orderly, and industrious men; such men as might most certainly carry thither all the advantages of civilization, and lay the foundation of a virtuous community; and thus to convert the wilderness into a garden, the wild retreats of Indians and roving hunters into the smiling abodes of knowledge and Christianity.

"*I longed and labored*, also, for the highest interests of the native owners of the great West; for their social, intellectual, and moral culture; and my objects were not less benevolent than commercial, and looked as much to the elevation and melioration of the red race as to the benefit of the white.

"And, finally, I desired most earnestly, that the United States should secure to their western frontier the ocean as its defence, and thus remove from one of our borders, at least, the dangers arising from the vicinity of foreign states, — an object which I deemed of vast importance, and upon which I need not enlarge.

"These were the objects to whose accomplishment I looked forward, and from which I confidently anticipated many benefits ; such as a more friendly and profitable intercourse between our people and the various Indian tribes ; the immediate occupation of the harbours and havens of the Oregon, and the use of its abundant ship timber ; great profit from the whale and salmon fisheries of the northwest coast ; a free and growing commerce with the islands and coasts of the Pacific, with China, and India, and the Southern America ; a certain and speedy line of communication over land from the Mississippi to the Oregon, by means of which the Eastern and Western worlds should be united, and their wealth interchanged and increased ; and many other particular benefits, which I need not enumerate.

"It is not necessary for me to enter, on this occasion, into a narrative of the obstacles which I encountered in the prosecution of my views, and of the many sacrifices which I incurred, in order to accomplish objects which I considered as of the highest public utility. Suffice it to say here, that, induced by the considerations I have stated, in 1833 I started from New Orleans for Vera Cruz and Mexico, and, after remaining some time in Mexico, I proceeded through Upper California to Oregon."*

Though Mr. Kelley did not succeed in his object of the direct establishment of a colony on the Columbia, either for want of adequate personal influence and resources, or because his project was in advance of the time, or in consequence of the obstacles thrown in his way by interested individuals, still he is entitled to honorable mention for the exertions he made and long persisted in ; and perhaps the American settlement, actually effected on the Wallamet by Mr. Lee, as hereafter described, may owe its conception to the publications and suggestions of Mr. Kelley. We refer more particularly to the "General Circular" issued by him in 1831, as agent of a society for the settlement of Oregon, incorporated by the Legislature of Massachusetts, and to his "Geographical Sketch of the Oregon Territory," published in 1830, for evidence of his well-intended endeavours at that period, to awaken the attention of the government and the people of the United States to the future importance of Oregon. The intrinsic value of the country; the amenity of its climate; the importance of its being seasonably occupied by the United States, so as to forestall the encroachments of Great Britain; the profitableness to individuals, and political interest to the United States, of securing to ourselves the Indian trade of the West; the productive capabilities of the salmon fisheries on the Columbia; the desirableness of a port of entry and a naval station in the Northwest for the resort of our numerous whale ships, which in their adventurous voyages, are now wholly dependent on the indulgence of foreign states for the means of reëquipment or repair, and of refuge in case of war; the facilities, which settlements in that quarter would enjoy, for the prosecution of trade with Asia, New Holland, the Sandwich Islands, and South America on the Pacific; — these and other advantages of the settlement of Oregon were as clearly seen by Mr. Kelley then, as they now are by the country at large.* But he suffered the too common fate of those who conceive a great idea, and dedicate themselves to a great object, in anticipation of the progress of knowledge and opinion around them. Their discoveries or plans conflict with existing interests; their just views are met with misconstruction, and often with ridicule; their zeal is wrecked on petty obstacles, thrown up by the ignorance or injustice of their misjudging contemporaries; and it is not until later times, or it may be another generation, that full justice can be done to the enthusiasm, and due allowance made for the exaggerated feeling, which the contemplation of an elevated purpose kindles in their breasts. We trust, however, that Mr. Kelley may live to witness the realization of his hopes, and to see prosperous American colonies developing the resources of the rich valley of the Oregon.

---

* Report of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, to which was referred a Message from the President of the United States, together with a Resolution of the House, in relation to the Territory of the United States beyond the Rocky Mountains, presented by Mr. Cushing of Massachusetts, January 4th, 1839; and Supplemental Report, February 16th, 1839. — *House Reports*, No. 101.

---

* *Geographical Sketch of Oregon*, p. 74.

Nor, indeed, did his exertions at that period pass off wholly without immediate fruits. An expedition started from Massachusetts in 1832, consisting of a party organized and commanded by Mr. Nathaniel J. Wyeth, whose objects are described by Mr. Irving as follows ; *

"The plan of Captain Wyeth appears to have been well conceived. He had observed, that the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, the bands of free trappers, as well as the Indians west of the mountains, depended for their supplies upon goods brought from St. Louis ; which, in consequence of the expenses and risks of a long land carriage, are furnished them at an immense advance on first cost. He had an idea, that they might be much more cheaply supplied from the Pacific side. Horses would cost much less on the borders of the Columbia, than at St. Louis ; the transportation by land was much shorter, and through a country much more safe from the hostility of savage tribes ; which, on the route from and to St. Louis, annually cost the lives of many men. On this idea he grounded his plan. He combined the salmon fishery with the fur trade. A fortified trading post was to be established on the Columbia, to carry on a trade with the natives for salmon and peltries, and to fish and trap on their own account.

"Once a year, a ship was to come from the United States, to bring out goods for the interior trade, and to take home the salmon and furs which had been collected. Part of the goods, thus brought out, were to be despatched to the mountains, to supply the trapping companies and the Indian tribes in exchange for their furs, which were brought down to the Columbia, to be sent home in the next annual ship ; and thus an annual round was to be kept up. The profits on the salmon, it was expected would cover all the expenses of the ship ; so that the goods brought out, and the furs carried home, would cost nothing as to freight.

"His enterprise was prosecuted with a spirit, intelligence, and perseverance that merited success. All the details that we have met with prove him to be no ordinary man. He appears to have the mind to conceive, and the energy to execute, extensive and striking plans. He had once more reared the American flag in the lost domains of Astoria ; and, had he been enabled to maintain the footing he had so gallantly effected, he might have regained for his country the opulent trade of the Columbia, of which our statesmen have negligently suffered us to be dispossessed. It is needless to go into a detail

---

* Irving's *Rocky Mountains*, Vol. II. p. 241.

of the variety of accidents and cross-purposes, which caused the failure of his scheme. They were such as all undertakings of the kind, involving combined operations by sea and land, are liable to. What he most wanted was sufficient capital to enable him to endure incipient obstacles and losses ; and to hold on, until success had time to spring up from the midst of disastrous experiments."

We fully concur in the tribute paid by Mr. Irving to the personal character of Mr. Wyeth. His companions did not equal their leader in spirit and perseverance ; they were all inexperienced in western life ; some of them abandoned the expedition on the road, and sought an apology for their faintheartedness as usual, in disparaging the country they had never seen, and exaggerating the difficulties in the way of reaching it ; * and Mr. Wyeth, left without men or other adequate resources to carry out his enterprise, was compelled eventually to sell to the Hudson's Bay Company the establishment he had formed at Wappatoo Island. He subsequently engaged in the fur business, and had an establishment at Fort Hall, which, like other such undertakings in that direction, fell before the superior influence and resources of the Hudson's Bay Company's monopoly. Annexed to the Report on Oregon made to the last House of Representatives, is a valuable and most instructive memoir by Mr. Wyeth, — which describes the climate, soil, trade, agriculture, and other resources, and the political condition of Oregon, as observed by him during his residence in that country, and which bears ample testimony to his intelligence and his acquirements. †

We now pass on to another expedition, that of Captain B. L. E. Bonneville, of the army of the United States, the narrative of which is given by Mr. Irving, with the beauty of style, good taste, and judgment, which characterize all his works, in "The Rocky Mountains, or Scenes, Incidents, and Adventures in the Far West." Captain Bonneville's expedition was a private enterprise, for the mixed object of trade and exploration ; and, in consideration of the valuable information he was expected to collect in his journey, he had leave of absence for two years, for the purpose of visiting and ex-

---

* See a pamphlet published in 1833, entitled *A Short History of a Long Journey from the Atlantic Ocean to the Region of the Pacific by Land, drawn up from the Notes and Oral Information of John B. Wyeth, one of the Party who left Mr. Nathaniel J. Wyeth.*

† See, also, Townsend's *Narrative, passim.*

ploring the country in and beyond the Rocky Mountains. He took his departure from Fort Osage on the Missouri, in 1832, proceeded up the Yellowstone, to the Big Horn, one of its branches, and by that to the Rocky Mountains, and across to the Colorado of the West, Snake or Lewis's River, (the salt lake of California was called Lake Bonneville,) and to the Columbia at Walla-walla, exploring, in fact, the whole country watered by the southern main branch of the Columbia, the adjacent parts of California, and the southern region of the Rocky Mountains. Without dwelling on the descriptions of adventure and scenery which this entertaining work contains, we refer the reader to the charmed pages themselves, for details, the beauty of which is comparatively lost in detached extracts or abridgment.

Down to this time, it will be seen, the expeditions beyond the Rocky Mountains had been journeys of trade merely, or of exploration ; but the country now began to attract the attention of religious persons, and of missionaries. Earliest among these, was the Rev. Jason Lee, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who recently visited the Atlantic States, and, by addresses in various places, made the history and success of his labors in Oregon extensively known, and has just returned to Oregon with a large number of missionary associates. We draw the following facts from a fuller account in the "Peoria Register." In June, 1833, Mr. Lee was set apart by the New England Conference as a missionary to the Flathead and Nezpercés Indians, but with discretion to plant himself wherever he might think it most expedient. His brother, the Rev. Daniel Lee, accompanied him. Ascertaining that Mr. Nathaniel J. Wyeth had recently returned from beyond the Rocky Mountains, and intended to go thither again by land, and despatch a vessel with goods by sea to meet him at Vancouver, he made an arrangement to accompany Mr. Wyeth, when they met for that purpose at Independence on the Missouri. A considerable party, consisting of Mr. Wyeth, Mr. Milton Sublette, and others, started from this point together. Mr. Wyeth stopped at Fort Hull ; but Mr. Lee proceeded to Walla-walla, and from thence to Vancouver ; and, finding that fifteen or twenty families, of men formerly employed by the Hudson's Bay Company, had begun a settlement at Wallawett, on the Multinomah, which is a branch of the Columbia, opposite Fort

Vancouver, Mr. Lee determined to join them; and, under his auspices, the settlement increased by the addition of some other Americans, who subsist by cultivation, and may be considered as the beginning of colonization in Oregon. They regard themselves as appertaining to the United States, but have no magistrates, law, or means of political security, and have recently applied to Congress, representing the peculiarities of their case, and urging that body to take formal and speedy possession of the country, and give to it the safeguard of our government and laws; — a measure, which, it is to be hoped, will not long be deferred.

To this general period may be referred the two expeditions of Mr. David Douglas. He was a native of Scotland; and from 1824 to 1827, was occupied in the exploration of Northwestern America, including the whole of Oregon south to California, and also the country between Oregon and Hudson's Bay, collecting seeds and plants, in the employment of the English Horticultural Society, and under the patronage of the Hudson's Bay Company. He went a second time with the same objects, in 1829, and died abroad in 1834, having lost his life during an excursion to the Sandwich Islands, by falling accidentally into a pit excavated for the purpose of taking wild cattle. His researches were the means of making known to the world the vegetable riches of Oregon, more fully than they were before; but were not particularly important in any other respect.*

We come now to the Journal and Narrative whose titles stand at the head of this article. Mr. Parker and Mr. Townsend were on the Columbia at the same period, and met there, though they did not go in company.

Mr. Townsend, together with Professor Nuttall, who is so honorably known for his devotion to science, had projected a journey beyond the Rocky Mountains, to study the natural history of Oregon. They, also, like Mr. Lee, availed themselves of the opportunity of joining Mr. Wyeth's party, and were of the company that then proceeded to the Columbia. They went by Laramie's fork of the Platte, the head waters of the Colorado, and the main stream of Lewis's River, to the Columbia. Mr. Townsend gives an account of his journey to Vancouver, his excursion in the interior, and up the Columbia, as also of his visits to the Sandwich Islands, and to Chili, on his way home; together with a scientific description of the quadrupeds and birds (many of them being new species), which it was the primary object of his expedition to collect and examine. The narrative part of the work is entertaining and spirited, without pretension, and full of life, novelty, and adventure.

---

* Hooker's *Companion to the Botanical Magazine,* Vol. II. pp. 79 *et seq.*

We trust that Professor Nuttall will in due time communicate to the public the result of his own thorough examination of the natural history of Oregon, in regard to which, if he was in some things forestalled by Mr. Douglas, yet enough remains to awaken and reward the curiosity of the scientific world.

Mr. Parker's object being a missionary one, his work has, of course, more of a religious cast. It abounds, however, with details, geographical and statistical, which add much to our knowledge of Oregon. Mr. Parker left Council Bluffs in 1835, in the company of a caravan belonging to the American Fur Company, and returned home around Cape Horn. He crossed the Rocky Mountains by the southern pass, of which he gives the following account, confirming, in all material respects, that of Major Pitcher.

> "The passage through these mountains is in a valley, so gradual in the ascent and descent, that I should not have known that we were passing them, had it not been, that, as we advanced, the atmosphere gradually became cooler, and at length we found perpetual snows upon our right hand and upon our left, elevated many thousand feet above us, — in some places ten thousand. The highest part of these mountains is found by measurement to be eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. This valley was not discovered until a few years since. Mr. Hunt and his party, more than twenty years ago, went near it, but did not find it, though in search of some favorable passage. It varies in width from five to twenty miles; and following its course, the distance through the mountains is about eighty miles, or four days' journey. Though there are some elevations and depressions in this valley, yet, comparatively speaking, it is level. There would be no difficulty in the way of constructing a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean; and probably the time may not be very far distant, when trips will be made across the continent, as they have been made to the Niagara Falls, to see nature's wonders."

Mr. Parker's book contains a great body of facts, partly of things which passed under his own observation, and partly of things communicated to him by others ; and he does not accurately discriminate between the two classes of information, nor afford us the means of judging for ourselves of the trustworthiness of his informants. His work is, indeed, somewhat deficient in method and in literary execution. Having perfect confidence in his integrity, we rely upon whatever he relates as of his own knowledge, but not equally upon others of his statements. For instance, we read this paragraph in his book ;

"Whose country is this ? is a question which has been agitated in the Parliament of Great Britain, and in the Congress of the United States. The natives claim it as theirs, and say, they only permit white men to reside among them. But the governments of Great Britain and of the United States have assumed the right to lay their claims ; Great Britain claiming the Columbia River for their southern boundary, and the United States the 49° of north latitude for their northern boundary. The two governments have discussed the question, but postponed it until 1838, when it is to be again taken up for discussion. The United States claims the 49° on the ground, that, as that parallel is established on the east side of the Rocky Mountains, so, by parity of reasoning, it should be continued to the Pacific Ocean. Great Britain claims the Columbia River, for her southern boundary, by right of discovery ; Captain Broughton of the ship Chatham, having ascended the river with two boats, as far as to where Fort Vancouver is now situated, and having formally taken possession of the river and country in the name of his Britannic Majesty, on the 31st of October, 1792. Captain Broughton was associated with Captain Vancouver of the ship Discovery, on a voyage of discovery in the north Pacific, and around the world." — p. 261.

This paragraph exhibits a gross ignorance of the facts, which is the more unpardonable, because a little inquiry would have set Mr. Parker right. When and where did he find a discussion of the question of title in "the Parliament of Great Britain"? Has Mr. Parker happened to peruse any such specific debate ? If so, we should be glad to have it pointed out. We ourselves have had somewhat frequent occasion to explore that voluminous repertory of political facts and opinions, the "English Parliamentary History and Debates"; but we cannot call to mind any such discussion, unless it be the old debates, on the Nootka convention of 1790, which are quite incidental to the question of title as between Great Britain and the United States; and there is nothing in the more recent Parliamentary Debates, that we remember, of much moment, or other than of a very cursory and incidental description.

Mr. Parker, we presume, intended to speak of *diplomatic*, not parliamentary, discussions of the subject in Great Britain. And if he had examined these, he would have seen, that Great Britain does not claim *title* in Oregon. She expressly disavows it. What she claims is, in her own words, "a right of joint company, in common with other states, leaving the right of exclusive dominion in abeyance," as appears by the "British Statement," submitted by Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Addington in their Conference with Mr. Gallatin of December 16th, 1826, and appended to the Protocol of that Conference; * or in other words, as more fully explained in that and other papers, a concurrent right to establish colonies on the Columbia to the exclusion of any prior right on the part of the United States. Nor does Great Britain, as Mr. Parker seems to conceive, limit this claim of hers to the country on the north bank of the Columbia. Her *claim*, she declares, is, "not in respect to any part, but to *the whole*," of the territory of Oregon. To be sure, claiming a *right of occupancy in respect to the whole*, she has expressed a disposition to compromise for *a part in full sovereignty*, but such a part as shall secure to her the virtual control of all the rest. His idea of the postponement of the question "until 1838, when it is to be again taken up," is pure imagination. No such postponement or assignment of the question ever took place. The convention of 1818, is for ten years; but that of 1827 is *perpetual*, until either party gives the other twelve months' notice for its termination.

To a cursory reader, Mr. Parker would seem to be citing Vancouver's Voyages as authority for his statement of England's "right of discovery"; but, if he had read Vancouver, he would have found, that Vancouver does not pretend that either he, or his Lieutenant, Broughton, discovered the Columbia, but expressly states, that he entered the river after Captain Gray, and upon information and charts furnished by Gray.

---

* *Exec. Doc.* 20th Congr. 1st Session, Vol. V. No. 199, p. 49.

We suppose Mr. Parker picked up these loose and partial statements in conversation with the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. If so, he should have said it. In gravely putting forth such inaccurate hearsay statements, as if they were verified facts, of his own knowledge, Mr. Parker does injustice to his own character as a minister of the Gospel. A very large proportion of the defective veracity prevalent in the world, consists of the confident repetition as verified fact, of what is nothing but loose hearsay, or false rumor. This especially is the besetting sin of the newspaper press, and tends greatly to diminish the usefulness of those daily organs of intelligence, which if conducted with a scrupulous accuracy of statement, equal to the talent and zeal they exhibit, would possess far greater influence and power in the community. "Travellers' tales," have also become a proverb of fiction, owing to the same cause. And if Mr. Parker has allowed himself to be thus entrapped into serious errors by the Hudson's Bay Company in this particular, how shall we decide what dependence to place upon the great variety of other things in his book, which, it is evident upon the face of the narrative, must have been derived, in part or in whole, from the same source?

Mr. Parker has also marred the value of his geographical and geological details, by mixing up with them sundry inaccurate and superficial speculations of his own, concerning the general doctrine of the history of the globe's formation, having the show of science without the substance, and here again throwing doubt and suspicion over statements in which we would fain see the facts set down precisely as they are, in the straight-forward simplicity and clearness of intelligent and careful observation. For not having done this, however, Mr. Parker may, it is true, plead the example of others; since it has become too much the practice to overload books of travel and survey with general disquisitions on geology, whilst no more appropriate in such cases than a dissertation on logarithms or astronomy would be, every time a latitude or longitude is to be given.

Though we place but small faith in the success of any of the current plans of benevolence towards the Indians, yet we have no fault to find with Mr. Parker's proper zeal in this respect. It was the main object of his journey to explore the country of Oregon as a field of missionary enterprise. In doing this, he has collected a body of information, which is full, interesting, and important, and, as we are willing to believe, reasonably authentic, though very much of it, like most other Indian statistics, is more or less conjectural in its nature.

On the whole, therefore, and notwithstanding the defects we have felt ourselves bound in all critical good faith to indicate, we welcome Mr. Parker's publication as an acceptable addition, like Mr. Townsend's, to the sum of our knowledge of Oregon, and as a new indication of the growing interest of the community in regard to that important portion of the territory of the United States. We may refer, in the same point of view, to the journey of Mr. John Ball, of Troy, to Oregon, in 1832 and 1833, of which there is a brief account in Silliman's Journal.*

And the government itself, after nearly ten years of acquiescence in the encroachments of the Hudson's Bay Company, — encroachments, which have been the subject of remonstrance and complaint, on the part of our citizens, during that whole period, — has at length begun to bethink itself of its duty. The legislature of Missouri, in 1829, addressed a memorial to Congress, in which they say ;

"It is understood, that, by the present regulations with the British government, British traders have the privilege of trading with the Indians within our territorial limits; and, although a like privilege is extended to our citizens to trade on British territory, yet the advantages are by no means reciprocal.

"Few, if any, of our citizens attempt to trade on British ground; but, on their part, they have large companies engaged within our limits. To the influence of these traders are to be attributed the hostilities of the Indians about the Rocky Mountains towards our traders. They have, during the present year, killed ten or twelve, if not more, of our most enterprising traders, and despoiled others of the fruits of their hard-earned labors for many months. Your memorialists respectfully request, that some provision be made excluding British traders from having intercourse with Indians within the territory of the United States."

Mr. Churchill C. Cambreleng said, in a letter communicated by Mr. Benton to the Senate, as heretofore cited, †

---

* Vol. XXV. No. 2, and Vol. XXVIII. No. 1.

† *Senate Documents*, 1828-9, No. 67.

"I have in my possession the actual returns of the furs collected by the Hudson's Bay Company for the year 1828, which, according to a valuation made by one who has a thorough knowledge of the trade, amount to $ 894,879·85. The shares of that company have increased from £60, or 40 per cent. below par, to £240 sterling, or 140 per cent. above par. The business of the company has continued to increase at the rate of from $60,000 to $100,000 dollars annually. The prosperous condition of the Hudson's Bay Company may be attributed, in some measure, to the advantages enjoyed by the British traders, who procure their manufactures without duty, while the American traders pay forty per cent. and upwards ; and who can send their furs to the American market, while our traders pay a duty in the British market. But the most important advantage enjoyed by the Hudson's Bay Company is the admirable harbour at the mouth of the Columbia, which we virtually and unfortunately granted them by our treaty of 1818. That settlement, at the mouth of the Columbia River, is now the centre of an immense trade in furs : and, unless we take some step to place our traders on an equal footing with the British, and secure to the former the privilege of trading in safety within our own dominions at least, our Indian trade must decline, and we must make up our minds to surrender the whole Indian country to Great Britain."

Major Pitcher, in his Memoir to the War Department, said, speaking of the convention of 1818 ;*

"The third article of this convention applies to the joint occupation of the country west of the Rocky Mountains, by the British and Americans, and was intended to grant reciprocal privileges; but the reciprocity is in words only; the British get all the advantages. The words of the convention are ; — 'That any country that may be claimed by either on the Northwest Coast of America, westward of the Stony Mountains, shall, together with its harbours, bays, and creeks, and the navigation of all rivers within the same, be free and open for the term of ten years from the date of the signature of the present convention, to the vessels, citizens, and subjects of the two powers,' &c. By this phraseology, it would be understood, that both parties were possessed of territory west of the Rocky Mountains, which was drained by navigable rivers, and supplied with harbours, creeks, and bays; when the fact is, that the territory owned by the United States was alone so drained and furnished, — the Columbia and its estuary forming the only harbour and navigable river to which the treaty was applicable. The British, therefore, got the joint use of this river and its harbour, and the people of the United States got nothing from the British; and, from the manner in which they are establishing themselves, it would seem, that what was intended to be a *joint* and *temporary* use will become *permanent* and *exclusive* possession. The privilege of a temporary use excludes the idea of forts and establishments of a permanent character; and it is for the proper authority to determine, whether such an establishment as Fort Vancouver comes within the privilege granted by the convention of 1818. True, that convention is continued, but it is not enlarged; and its determination depends upon a year's notice, to be given by either party; but this continuance was not known when that fort was built; and every thing sufficiently announced, that there was no design of quitting the possession, even if the convention had not been renewed. The clause, "*any country,*" &c., is equally fallacious and deceptive, as that which applies to bays and rivers. Nominally, it lays open the country claimed by each power to the traders and hunters of each; but, in point of fact, the country belonging to the United States is alone laid open to the operations of the British. They have spread over the whole region west of the Rocky mountains, quite to the Mexican territory, while no American has gone north of 49 degrees, nor even north of the Columbia, nor often to it. As a trader, he could not possibly go anywhere, much less upon their own ground, to contend with the British, because the American pays high duties on every thing used in the trade, as high as sixty per cent., all charges included on the blankets, and strouds, and other woollens; while the British, importing all these by the mouth of the Columbia, pay nothing. The interest of the American citizens, and, peradventure, the security of the United States' title to the Columbia River and its valley, depend upon terminating this delusive convention, and confining each party to his own side of latitude 49°."

---

* *Executive Documents*, 1830-1, No. 39.

Messrs. Smith, Jackson, and Sublette, also, in a Memoir to the War Department, say ; *

" Fort Vancouver is situated on the north side of the Columbia, five miles above the mouth of the Multnomah, in a handsome prairie, and upon a second bank, about three quarters of a mile from the river. This is the fort, as it stood when he arrived there; but a large one, three hundred feet square, about three quarters of a mile lower down, and within two hundred yards of the river, was commenced the spring he came away. Twelve pounders were the heaviest cannon which he saw. The crop of 1828 was seven hundred bushels of wheat, the grain full and plump, and making good flour; fourteen acres of corn; the same number of acres in peas; eight acres of oats; four or five acres of barley; a fine garden; some small apple-trees and grape vines. The ensuing spring, eighty bushels of seed wheat were sown. About two hundred head of cattle; fifty horses and breeding mares; three hundred head of hogs, fourteen goats ; and the usual domestic fowls. They have mechanics of various kinds, to wit, blacksmiths, gunsmiths, carpenters, coopers, tinner, and baker ; a good sawmill, five miles above, on the bank of the river; a grist-mill, worked by hand, but intended to work by water. They have built two coasting vessels, one of which was then on a voyage to the Sandwich Islands. No English or white woman was at the fort; but a great number of mixed-blood Indian extraction, such as belong to the British fur-trading establishments, who were treated as wives, and the families of children taken care of accordingly. So that every thing seemed to combine to prove, that this fort was to be a permanent establishment. At Fort Vancouver, the goods of the Indian trade are imported from London, and enter the territories of the United States paying no duties; and, from the same point, the furs taken on the other side of the mountains are shipped. The annual quantity of these furs could not be exactly ascertained; but Mr. Smith was informed, indirectly, that they amounted to thirty thousand beaver skins, besides otter skins and small furs. The beaver skins alone, at the New York prices, would be worth about $250,000. To obtain these furs, both trapping and trading are resorted to. Various parties, provided with traps, spread over the country south of the Columbia, to the neighbourhood of the Mexican territory; and in 1824–5, they crossed the Rocky Mountains, and trapped on the waters of the Missouri River. They do not trap north of latitude 49°, but confine that business to the territory of the United States. Thus, this territory, being trapped by both parties, is nearly exhausted of beavers; and, unless the British can be stopped, will soon be entirely exhausted, and no place left within the United States, where beaver fur, in any quantity, can be obtained.

---

* *Executive Documents,* 1830 - 1, No. 39.

"The inequality of the convention with Great Britain, in 1818, is most glaring and apparent, and its continuance is a great and manifest injury to the United States. The privileges granted by it have enabled the British to take possession of the Columbia River, and spread over the country south of it ; while no Americans have ever gone, or can venture to go, on the British side. The interest of the United States and her citizens engaged in the fur trade requires, that the convention of 1818 should be terminated, and each nation confined to its own territories. Beside this commercial interest there are other considerations requiring the same result. These are, the influence which the British have already acquired over the Indians in that quarter, and the prospect of a British colony, and a military and naval station on the Columbia. Their influence over the Indians is now decisive. Of this the Americans have constant and striking proofs, in the preference which they give to the British in every particular."

Yet, with all this mass of evidence in their possession, in regard to the operations of the Hudson's Bay Company, the government looked on with apathetic indifference. No negotiations with Great Britain on the subject have been had since 1827, as we learn from the President's Message of the 9th of February last;[*] nor was it until after Mr. Forsyth came into office as Secretary of State, that any thing whatever was done by the government. At the first session of the last Congress, the late Mr. Harrison, of Missouri, submitted a Resolution, asking for information from the President of the United States, "whether any foreign power, or the subjects of any foreign power, have possession of any portion of the territory of the United States on the Columbia River, or are in the occupancy of the same; and if so, in what way, by what authority, and how long, such possession or occupancy has been kept by such persons." At the next session, the President communicated in reply, a Report of the Secretary of State, setting forth, that

"A trading establishment, called 'Astoria,' was founded at the mouth of the Columbia river, about the year 1811, by J. J. Astor, of New York; that his interest was sold to the British Northwest Company, during the late war between the United States and Great Britain; that this company held it, and were left in possession, at the time the country was formally delivered to the American commissioners; and that this company afterwards united with and became a part of the Hudson Bay Company, under that name, which company, it is believed, have, from the period of such union, occupied the post in question, now commonly called 'Fort George.' The Hudson Bay Company have also several *dépôts* situated on water-courses in the interior of the country; the principal one is at Fort Vancouver, on the northern bank of the Columbia river, about eighty or one hundred miles from its mouth. It is known, *by information recently obtained*, that the English Company have a steamboat on this river, and that they have erected a saw-mill, and are cutting timber on the territory claimed by the United States, and are shipping it in considerable quantities to the Sandwich Islands. The original occupation was under the authority of the purchase of J. J. Astor's interest, and it has been continued under the provisions of the conventions of 1818 and 1827, with Great Britain."

---

[*] *Executive Documents*, 25th Congress, 3d Session, No. 181.

Though the President did not communicate to the House all the details of the "information recently obtained," yet the full report of the agent of the United States, in the business, Mr. William A. Slacum, came to be published the same session, by reason of his accounts being before the Senate for settlement; and thus it was known, that the government had employed a secret agent to visit the Columbia, and investigate and report the facts. Mr. Slacum was commissioned, in 1835, to go to the Columbia by way of the Pacific, with instructions as follows;

"Upon your arrival on the northwest coast of America, you will embrace the earliest opportunity to proceed to and up the river Oregon, by such conveyances as may be thought to offer the greatest facilities for attaining the ends in view. You will, from time to time, as they occur in your progress, stop at the different settlements of whites on the coast of the United States, and on the banks of the river, and also at the various Indian villages on the banks, or in the immediate neighbourhood of that river; ascertain, as nearly as possible, the population of each; the relative number of whites (distinguishing the nation to which they belong) and aborigines; the jurisdiction the whites acknowledge; the sentiments entertained by all in respect to the United States, and to the two European powers having possessions in that region; and, generally, endeavour to obtain all such information, political, physical, statistical, and geographical, as may prove useful or interesting to this government."

In execution of these instructions, Mr. Slacum procured a brig at the Sandwich Islands for his conveyance to the Columbia, which he reached at the close of 1836. His report to the department of State, dated March 26th, 1837, contains a great number of interesting facts, of which we quote the following, in reference to the doings of the Hudson's Bay Company;

"I shall endeavour to point out the enterprise of this company, and the influence they exercise over the Indian tribes within our acknowledged lines of territory, and their unauthorized introduction of large quantities of British goods within the territorial limits of the United States.

"Fort Vancouver, the principal *dépôt* of the Hudson's Bay Company west of the Rocky Mountains, stands on a gentle acclivity, four hundred yards from the shore, on the north bank of the Columbia, or Oregon river, about one hundred miles from its mouth. The principal buildings are enclosed by a picket, forming an area of 750 by 450 feet. Within the picket, there are thirty-four buildings of all descriptions, including officers' dwelling-houses, workshops for carpenters, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, coopers, tinners, &c., all of wood, except the magazine for powder, which is of brick. Outside and very near the fort there are forty-nine cabins for laborers and mechanics, a large and commodious barn, and seven buildings attached thereto; a hospital and large boat-house on the shore, six miles above the fort. On the north bank, the Hudson's Bay Company have erected a saw-mill on a never-failing stream of water, that falls into the Columbia; cuts 2,000 to 2,400 feet of lumber daily; employs twenty-eight men, chiefly Sandwich Islanders, and ten yoke of oxen; depth of water, four fathoms, at the mill, where the largest ships of the company take in their cargoes for the Sandwich Islands market.

"The farm at Vancouver contains, at this time, about three thousand acres of land, fenced and under cultivation, employing generally one hundred men, chiefly Canadians and half-breed Iroquois; the mechanics are Europeans. These, with the factors, traders, clerks, and domestics, may be estimated at thirty. The laborers and mechanics live outside the fort, in good log cabins, — two or three families generally under one roof; and, as nearly every man has a wife, or lives with an Indian or half-breed woman, and as each family has from two to five slaves, the whole number of persons about Vancouver may be estimated at seven hundred and fifty to eight hundred souls. The police of the establishment is as strict as in the best regulated military garrison.

"The farm at Vancouver has produced this year, 8,000 bushels of wheat, 5,500 bushels of barley, 6,000 bushels of oats, 9,000 bushels of peas, 14,000 bushels of potatoes, besides large quantities of turnips (ruta baga), pumpkins, &c. About 6,000 bushels of wheat, of the old crop, remain on hand this year.

"*Stock* consists of about 1,000 head of neat cattle, 700 hogs, 200 sheep, 450 to 500 horses, and 40 yoke of working oxen.

There is a large threshing machine, distillery (not at present in operation), and a grist-mill. In short, the farm is abundantly supplied with all the requisite utensils for a much larger establishment; and it will be much increased the ensuing year. A thriving orchard is also planted; the apple, quince, pear, and the grape grow well.

" *Trade, &c.* — A large ship arrives annually from London, and discharges at Vancouver; cargo, chiefly coarse woollens, cloths, baizes, and blankets; hardware, cutlery, calicoes, cottons, and cotton handkerchiefs; tea, sugar, coffee, and cocoa; tobacco, soap, beads, guns, powder, lead, rum, playing cards, boots, shoes, ready-made clothing, &c. &c.; besides every description of sea stores, canvass, cordage, paints, oils, chains and chain cable, anchors, &c., to refit the company's ships, that remain on the coast. These are the ship *Nereide*, the brig *Llama*, the schooner *Cadborough*, and sloop *Broughton;* the steamboat *Bearer*, of one hundred and fifty tons, two engines of thirty horse power each, built in London last year. These vessels are all well armed and manned; the crews are engaged in England, to serve five years, at £2 per month for seamen. The London ship, with the annual supply, usually arrives in the Columbia in early spring, discharges, and takes a cargo of lumber to the Sandwich Islands; returns in August to receive the furs that are brought to the *dépôt* (Fort Vancouver) once a year, from the interior, *viâ* the Columbia river, from the Snake country, and from the American rendezvous west of the Rocky Mountains, and from as far south as St. Francisco, in California. Whilst one of the company's vessels brings in the collections of furs and peltries made at the different *dépôts* along the coast at the north, the steamboat is now being employed in navigating those magnificent straits from Juan de Fuca to Stickern. Immense quantities of furs, sea otter, beaver, martin, and sable, can be collected along the shores of these bays and inlets. The chief traders at Narquallah, in 47° 30′, Fort Langley, in 49° 50′, Fort McLaughlin, in 52° 16′, Fort Simpson, in 54° 40′ north, purchase all the furs and peltries from the Indians in their vicinity and as far as New Caledonia, in the interior, and supply them with guns, powder, lead, tobacco, beads, &c.; all of which supplies are taken from the principal *dépôt* at Fort Vancouver.

"An express, as it is called, goes out in March, annually, from Vancouver, and ascends the Columbia nine hundred miles in bateaux. One of the chief factors, or chief traders, takes charge of the property, and conveys to York factory, on Hudson's Bay, the annual returns of the business conducted by the Hudson Bay Company west of the Rocky Mountains, in the

Columbia district. This party likewise conveys to the different forts along the route, goods suitable to the Indian trade; other parties take up supplies, as they may be required, to Wallawallah, two hundred and fifty miles above Vancouver; to Colville, six hundred miles above; to the fort at the junction of Lewis's river, seven hundred miles above; and to the south to the Fort McRoys, on the river Umpqua, in latitude 43° 50′ north; and, last year, chief trader McLeod took up to the American rendezvous, in about latitude 43° north, a large supply of British manufactures. This assemblage of American trappers and hunters takes place annually on the western side of the Rocky Mountains, generally in the month of July, and amounts to from four hundred and fifty to five hundred men, who bring the result of their year's labor to sell to the American fur traders. These persons purchase their supplies for the trappers at St. Louis; though, after being subject to the duties on these articles, (chiefly of British manufacture,) they transport their goods about one thousand four hundred miles by land, to sell to citizens of the United States within our acknowledged lines of territory. Last year, they met a powerful opponent, in the agent of this foreign monopoly, chief trader McLeod, who could well afford to undersell the American fur trader *on his own ground,* — first, by having the advantage of water communication on the Columbia and Lewis's rivers for a distance of seven hundred or eight hundred miles; and, secondly, by introducing the goods free of duty, which is equal to at least twenty-five to thirty per centum; but a greater evil than this exists in the influence the Hudson's Bay Company exercises over the Indians by supplying them with arms and ammunition, which may prove, at some future period, highly dangerous to our frontier settlements. Besides this, the policy of this company is calculated to perpetuate the institution of slavery, which now exists, and is encouraged, among all the Indian tribes west of the Rocky Mountains.

"I shall refer to this more particularly hereafter. From what I have seen, I feel perfectly satisfied, that no individual enterprise can compete with this immense foreign monopoly established in our own waters."

These particulars in regard to the Hudson's Bay Company are fully confirmed by other testimony. They treat with personal civility such respectable Americans as visit their posts; but meantime they steadily pursue a systematic course for breaking up all undertakings of trade which compete with theirs, and for securing to themselves the absolute control of the Indians and the country. Thus, after giving an account of all the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. Wyeth says ;

"Experience has satisfied me, that the entire weight of this company will be made to bear on any trader, who shall attempt to prosecute his business within its reach ; in proof of which is the establishment of the post at the mouth of the Big Wood river, which was done immediately after Fort Hall was built ; and the fact, that a party was kept in the vicinity of Fort Hall, with an especial view to injure its trade, the whole time that it remained in the hands of its projectors. There has never been any successful trade in this country by the Americans, and it is only by trapping that they have been able to make any use of it ; and in this they are much annoyed by the English traders, who follow them with goods, and do not scruple to trade furs from hired men, who, they are well aware, do not own them. I do not wish to charge this dishonest practice to them alone, nor do I know that they began it, for it is common to both parties, against the other, and also between the different parties of the Americans ; but it results in the complete destruction of the American trade and business in the country. No sooner does an American concern start in these regions, than one of these trading parties is put in motion, headed by a clerk of the company, whose zeal is stimulated by the prospect of an election to a partnership in it, fitted out with the best assorted goods, from their ample stores, and men who have been long in the service of the company, and whose wages of many years are in its hands as security for their fidelity. Under these circumstances, we come in contact. If there are furs in the hands of the Indians, their superior assortment of goods will obtain them. The trappers who catch the furs are mainly fitted out on credit by the companies, and there are too many of them, who do not scruple to avail of an opportunity to sell their peltries for new supplies of luxury and finery, rather than pay their debts. In this way the American companies are broken up.

"It is not uncommon that the parties of the Hudson's Bay Company entirely disregard the treaties between the United States and Great Britain, and pass to the heads of the Missouri, within the acknowledged limits of the United States ; this was done in the years 1833, '34, '35, and '36. I was informed, that this was contrary to the instructions of the company, but I think it was with their knowledge and consent.

"In conclusion, Iwill observe, that the measures of this company have been conceived with wisdom, steadily pursued, and have been well seconded by their government, and the success has been complete ; and, without being able to charge on them any very gross violations of the existing treaties, a few years will make the country west of the mountains as completely English as they can desire. Already the Americans are unknown as a nation ; and, as individuals, their power is despised by the natives of the land. A population is growing out of the occupancy of the country, whose prejudices are not with us ; and before many years they will decide to whom the country shall belong, unless in the mean time the American government make their power felt and seen to a greater degree than has yet been the case."

To which we add the following remarks by Mr. Irving. *

" Fort George, originally Astoria, which was abandoned on the removal of the main factory to Vancouver, was renewed in 1830 ; and is now kept up as a fortified post and trading-house. All the places accessible to shipping have been taken possession of, and posts recently established at them by the company.

" The great capital of this association ; their long established system ; hereditary influence over the Indian tribes ; their internal organization, which makes every thing go on with the regularity of a machine ; and the low wages of their people, who are mostly Canadians, give them great advantages over the American traders ; nor is it likely the latter will ever be able to maintain any footing in the land, until the question of territorial right is adjusted between the two countries. The sooner that takes place the better. It is a question too serious to national pride, if not to national interest, to be slurred over ; and every year is adding to the difficulties which environ it.

" The fur trade, which is now the main object of enterprise, west of the Rocky Mountains, forms but a part of the real resources of the country. Besides the salmon fishery of the Columbia, which is capable of being rendered a considerable source of profit, the great valleys of the lower country, below the elevated volcanic *plateau*, are calculated to give sustenance to countless flocks and herds, and to sustain a great population of graziers and agriculturists.

" Such, for instance, is the beautiful valley of the Wallamut ; from which the establishment at Vancouver draws most of its supplies. Here, the company holds mills and farms ; and has provided for its superannuated officers and servants. This valley above the falls, is about fifty miles wide, and extends a great distance to the South. The climate is mild, being sheltered by lateral ranges of mountains ; while the soil, for richness, has been equalled to the best Missouri lands. The valley of the river Des Chûtes is also admirably calculated for a great grazing country. All the best horses used by the company for the mountains are raised there. The valley is of such happy temperature, that grass grows there throughout the year, and cattle may be left out to pasture during the winter. These valleys must form the grand points of commencement of the future settlement of the country ; but there must be many such, enfolded in the embraces of these lower ranges of mountains ; which, though at present they lie waste and uninhabited, and to the eye of the trader and trapper present but barren wastes, would, in the hands of skilful agriculturists and husbandmen, soon assume a different aspect, and teem with waving crops, or be covered with flocks and herds.

---

* *Rocky Mountains,* Vol. II. Appendix.

"That company, therefore, still maintains an unrivalled sway over the whole country, washed by the Columbia, and its tributaries. It has, in fact, as far as its chartered powers permit, followed out the splendid scheme contemplated by Mr. Astor, when he founded his establishment at the mouth of the Columbia. From their emporium of Vancouver, companies are sent forth in every direction to supply the interior posts, to trade with the natives, and to trap upon the various streams. These thread the rivers, traverse the plains, penetrate to the heart of the mountains, extend their enterprises northward to the Russian possessions, and southward to the confines of California. Their yearly supplies are received by sea at Vancouver, and thence their furs and peltries are shipped to London. They likewise maintain a considerable commerce, in wheat and lumber, with the Pacific islands, and to the North with the Russian settlements. Though the company, by treaty, have a right to a participation only, in the trade of these regions, and are, in fact, but tenants on sufferance ; yet have they quietly availed themselves of the original oversight, and subsequent supineness, of the American government, to establish a monopoly of the trade of the river and its dependencies, and are adroitly proceeding to fortify themselves in their usurpation, by securing all the strong points of the country."

To the great mass of printed matter concerning the West, of which we have made mention, may be added the beautiful series of pictures, painted by Mr. Alfred J. Miller, of Baltimore, in 1838 and 1839, illustrative of the scenery of the Rocky Mountains, and the customs and sports of the natives and trappers in that region. And though Mr. Catlin's invaluable collections and paintings were made chiefly in the Upper Missouri, yet the light they throw upon all the details of Indian life in that quarter, is of use in the study of the same objects beyond the mountains.

Such then is the history, such the present condition, of discovery, trade, and settlement beyond the Rocky Mountains. And here we pause. — We have not, in this article, embraced within the scope of our examination, the expeditions of Long, Schoolcraft, McKenney, and others ; because our object has been to develope the history of discovery west of the Rocky Mountains only. Nor have we discussed at all the diplomatic question of the nature and grounds of the (as we conceive) indefeasible title of the United States to the territory of Oregon. That point has recently engaged the attention of Congress ; and we may have occasion to take it up hereafter ; but we hasten to conclude this narrative, which has already reached great length, with a single observation.

In view of all the facts we have exhibited, we appeal to the sense, alike of honor and of interest, on the part of the United States, whether the rich country of Oregon shall be seized upon by Great Britain, and made hers through a course like that, by which she has become the oppressive mistress of the millions of Hindostan ; whether, by means of another monster monopoly, the Hudson's Bay Company, she shall be permitted to proceed to play the game of pretended commerce, but of real conquest, against the United States. The remedy for all this is easy, and peaceful. We have but to say, peremptorily, that the thing shall stop, and it will stop. Great Britain is not so secure against our power on this continent, but that, if we assume the decisive attitude which rightfully belongs to us, she will be well content to make sure of what is justly hers, by scrupulously abstaining from the claim to more, and from all projects of aggrandizement at our expense, whether in Maine, in Oregon, or elsewhere. Satisfied that the United States need but be true to themselves to remove all difficulty in the case of Oregon, we trust to see the executive government at length act in this business with spirit and decision, and that of its own motion ; or if not so, yet impelled forward by the irresistible voice of the people and of Congress.

Art. V. — *Hyperion; a Romance.* By the Author of "Outre-Mer." New York: Samuel Colman. 12mo. 2 vols. pp. 213, and 226.

The Romance of Hyperion must not be judged by the principles of classical composition. It belongs, preëminently, to the Romantic School. The scene is laid in the very centre of all that is romantic in the land of recollections and ruins of the Middle Ages. It is steeped in the romantic spirit. The language is moulded into the gorgeous forms of Gothic art. The illustrations and comparisons are drawn wholly from the sphere of romantic literature. In tender and profound feeling, and in brilliancy of imagery, the work will bear a comparison with the best productions of romantic fiction, which English literature can boast. Some tastes will be offended by the luxuriance of the language, and the brocaded aspect which it occasionally presents. A mind educated in exclusive admiration of the ancient classics, or in the modern schools formed upon their principles, may naturally be displeased with many things which occur in "Hyperion." We are ourselves by no means insensible to the force of strictures, which may be made upon it. But we remember, on the other hand, that nature is limited to no age or country; and art may select from the whole range of nature those objects which suit her purposes, whether they have been handled by the ancient masters or not, provided she do not transcend the limits of morality on the one side, nor sink to the region of common place, on the other. "Hyperion" must be judged wholly with reference to this view. The term *romance* has probably misled a great many readers. We have been accustomed to expect, in a work bearing this title, a prodigious amount of diabolical mysteries, trap-doors without number, subterranean dungeons, and the clanking of chains; fortunate, if we escaped with half a dozen ghosts, to say nothing of wizards and enchanters. Mailed knights, and dragon-guarded ladies, are also quite necessary ingredients in the genuine mixture called a *romance*. "Hyperion" is no romance of this description. Its quiet, delicate, and beautiful pictures contrast with the terrific scenes of old romance, like a soft, autumnal scene, compared with the landscape swept by the tropical hurricane.

In simplicity of plan, "Hyperion" is also distinguished from what a romance is commonly understood to be. The action, if action it may be called, is carried on by as few personages as that of an ancient Greek drama. Nor are there any heroic achievements, which transcend the vigor of mortal arm ; no battles astound us with their din, or shock us with their bloodshed. Why, then, is the book called a romance ? The answer to this question is intimated in the remark we have already made ; because its materials, thoughts, feelings, scenery, and illustration, are drawn from the regions of romantic sentiment and poetry. Two paths lay open to the author. He might have constructed a romance, which should have represented the romantic ages in their living reality. He might have gone back a few centuries, summoned the old knights from their tombs, repeopled the ruined castles of the Rhine, and told a tale of love, such as the passion was felt in the olden time. But this would have been a work of a more artificial character than the present. It would have had less connexion with the feelings and aspirations of the present age ; it would have been less a part of life, and an outpouring of the heart. The other course was the one which the author has followed. He has represented his hero under all the influences of the romantic age, which a man of modern times may be supposed to feel. In order to give him the greatest impressibility, he has conceived him as a person of delicately-strung nerves, of a poetical cast of mind, and as a day-dreamer. Add to this, he is an American, and a man of sorrows. He is a lover of the Middle Ages ; and the more earnest and profound in his love for them, from the fact, that he comes from the New World. This hero, with all his delicate sensibilities, his poetical reveries, his quick feeling of the beauties of natural scenery, and his familiar acquaintance with the storied past, he places in the very heart of the region of old romance. He is a traveller and a student. His memory is peopled with the tales and legends of the Rhine ; he sees, in the mighty ruins of the Middle Ages, noble monuments of a glorious and poetical period, and his heart beats with rapture in the contemplation of them. There is something striking in the mode by which the author has reconciled the demands of the past, and those of the present ; in his delicate adaptation of the character of his hero to the impression, which it was desirable that the romantic scenes and monuments around him should produce, and the picture which he proposed to give. We are carried back to the illusions of the past, and yet we never desert the familiar present. We see the poetry and architecture of the romantic ages visibly mirrored in a modern mind ; and yet that modern mind is such as may naturally be formed by the peculiar circumstances, and the heavy sufferings, which the author represents it to have passed through.

The passions which are unfolded in the course of the story are conducted upon the same principle. There is no modern complication of plot ; there are no petty difficulties and entanglements, such as impede the progress of most modern heroes. There is a tale of love ; but it is so taken out of the ordinary accompaniments of that passion, that it seems to belong more to a past and distant age than to the present. The passion remains ; but it is so surrounded with the halo of poetry, and the recollections of other times, that its connexion with the real life of to-day, is like that of a cloud picture in the distant horizon, with the landscape of the solid earth beneath it. To keep up the consistency of the representation, the love-tale is one of unrequited passion. Thus the dreamy character, which ought to mark a literary work blending present realities and past illusions, is preserved throughout. This would have been interrupted, had the sober happiness of modern matrimony been allowed to close the scene. We should at once have stepped down from the fantastic heights of the Middle Ages, to the prosaic level of modern prosperity. The illusion would have been broken ; the dream would have been over ; and, instead of an uninterrupted picture of the poetical features of chivalrous ages, — warmed by the fire of passion, which is felt in all times, — the imagination would have been forcibly led away to bridal favors, and domestic bliss, and household cares ; things very excellent in their way, but which form no suitable conclusion to a gorgeous dream, like that of "Hyperion."

There are a few points, already alluded to, which deserve a more particular consideration. The first is the suitableness of the style to the scenes described. The scenery, we have said, is wholly of the romantic character ; and the language, descriptive of such scenery, should be such as to awaken romantic associations, and no other, if possible. Now, the English language has two elements, each of which predominates with a particular class of writers. In Johnson's time, the only models of composition were the ancient classics and the modern French. The Latin element of our language was then most in favor. Dr. Johnson's sesquipedalian verbosity had spread far and wide, and had a great weight of literary authority on its side. But the old ballad poetry of England had already begun to be studied, and was slowly working a revolution in the poetical style, and through that in the literary style generally. The sources of the language were explored, and the elder literature of England, — the dramatic, as well as the ballad poetry, — and the glorious swan-like dirge of chivalry, the "Fairy Queen" of Spenser, awakened a feeling of fresh delight in the English heart. In short, the old romantic tincture, — the Saxon coloring, — which had been stamped on English literature ages before, began to reappear, and the cumbrous phraseology of Johnson and his imitators was laid aside for a style more akin to the original genius of the language. The *palimpsest* was freed from foreign matter and the old characters were restored.

It cannot be denied, that the most expressive and picturesque and national parts of our complicated language are the remains of the Anglo-Saxon. They speak the wants of the national heart; they recall the imagery that surrounded the national childhood; they carry us back to the associations, which blend with all our recollections of departed days; they touch the deepest chords of English feeling, and draw from them the readiest response, and the most powerful harmonies. They take us back to the rude old Saxon times, and the romantic manners, of the Middle Ages. Now, it is precisely this element which is most suitable to a romance, and especially one whose scenes are laid in Germany; and a careful examination of the style of "Hyperion," will show that this old Saxon element predominates in it to a very remarkable degree. And it is this element that makes the style so picturesque. The scenery of the Rhine, and the old ruins of the castles, stand in living light before the reader's eye, and are repeopled with the dim and dusky forms, conjured up from the romantic past. And the romantic legends, and old catholic usages, reappear, and convent bells are heard, and Gothic architecture is reinvested with all its hallowed associations. It would be difficult, we fancy, to find a book more remarkable for this picturesque character than "Hyperion."

Another point deserving of more particular remark, is the literary criticism contained in the book. The author's mind and heart are full of the poetical literature of Germany; and he writes about it with the eloquence and enthusiasm of a lover. The criticisms, which he puts into the mouth of his hero, are plainly his own; and, without adopting them for ours, we hold it but justice to say, that they are marked by a clearness and warmth, which indicate a sagacious head as well as a sympathizing heart. This love of German literature has given a German tincture to the whole book, which is far from being out of keeping with its general scope and aim. We do not perceive, that the mistiness and obscurity, which are the besetting sin of German authors, have spread over the radiant pictures of "Hyperion"; on the contrary, the author more than once takes occasion to reprove the supersublimated nonsense of the Transcendentalists. But it cannot be denied, that the sentimental feelings, which belong more to German than to English poetry, are perceptible in the general tone of the work; and that this sentimentality occasionally transcends the bounds of English reserve. Nor are we prepared to vindicate the tone of expression in every case. We would by no means hold up "Hyperion" as a model of style for our countrymen. With all its excellences, it has defects, — *splendida vitia*, — which, in any attempt at imitation, would degenerate into intolerable faults. With this *caveat*, we must say, that we have been borne away upon its golden tide of brilliant language, in spite of critical objections, and sometimes against our better judgment; and its rich discussions of letters and art have always given materials for reflection, and often feelings of delight. The translations from the German poets, which illustrate the literary conversations, are perfect gems in their way. Any one, who has attempted the task of poetical translation from a foreign tongue, will appreciate fully the excellences of these, and will understand the difficulties to be overcome. They are, — we have compared them all, — they are perfect transcripts of the original, line for line, almost epithet for epithet, metre for metre, and rhyme for rhyme. And yet, with all this faithful adherence to the original, they are as free and unconstrained in their movement, as if they were English originals. The highest form of translation is that which unites these two capital qualities ; a form which we need not say, has very rarely been attained in any age ; a degree of excellence, which, we had almost said, is more difficult of attainment, than the beauties of original poetry itself. We have no hesitation in claiming for our countryman the foremost rank among living translators.

The story introduces its hero on the Rhine.

> "He had already passed many months in lonely wandering, and was now pursuing his way along the Rhine, to the south of Germany. He had journeyed the same way before, in brighter days and a brighter season of the year, in the May of life and in the month of May. He knew the beauteous river all by heart ; — every rock and ruin, every echo, every legend. The ancient castles, grim and hoar, that had taken root as it were on the cliffs, — they were all his ; for his thoughts dwelt in them, and the wind told him tales.
>
> "He had passed a sleepless night at Rolandseck, and had risen before daybreak. He opened the window of the balcony to hear the rushing of the Rhine. It was a damp December morning ; and clouds were passing over the sky, — thin, vapory clouds, whose snow-white skirts were 'often spotted with golden tears, which men call stars.' The day dawned slowly ; and, in the mingling of daylight and starlight, the island and cloister of Nonnenwerth made together but one broad, dark shadow on the silver breast of the river. Beyond, rose the summits of the Siebengebirg. Solemn and dark, like a monk, stood the Drachenfels, in his hood of mist, and rearward extended the Curtain of Mountains, back to the Wolkenburg, — the Castle of the Clouds. * * * * *
>
> "Slowly the landscape brightened. Down the rushing stream came a boat, with its white wings spread, and darted like a swallow through the narrow pass of God's-Help. The boatmen were singing, but not the song of Roland the Brave, which was heard of old by the weeping Hildegund, as she sat within the walls of that cloister, which now looked forth in the pale morning from amid the leafless linden-trees. The dim traditions of those gray old times rose in the traveller's memory ; for the ruined tower of Rolandseck was still looking down upon the Kloster Nonnenwerth, as if the sound of the funeral bell had changed the faithful Paladin to stone, and he were watching still to see the form of his beloved one come forth, not from her cloister, but from her grave. Thus the brazen clasps of the book of legends were opened, and, on the page

illuminated by the misty rays of the rising sun, he read again the tales of Liba, and the mournful bride of Argenfels, and Siegfried, the mighty slayer of the dragon. Meanwhile the mists had risen from the Rhine, and the whole air was filled with golden vapor, through which he beheld the sun, hanging in heaven like a drop of blood. Even thus shone the sun within him, amid the wintry vapors, uprising from the valley of the shadow of death, through which flowed the stream of his life, — sighing, sighing ! " — Vol. I. pp. 5 – 8.

The following chapters describe the journey on the banks of the Rhine, and contain some of the legends of that romantic region. At Heidelberg, Flemming (the hero) meets a friend, a young German Baron, and with him passes the winter. The description of the Castle of Heidelberg is as follows ;

"High and hoar on the forehead of the Jettenbühl stands the Castle of Heidelberg. Behind it rise the oak-crested hills of the Geissberg and the Kaiserstuhl ; and in front, from the broad terrace of masonry, you can almost throw a stone upon the roofs of the city, so close do they lie beneath. Above this terrace rises the broad front of the chapel of St. Udalrich. On the left, stands the slender octagon tower of the horologe, and, on the right, a huge round tower, battered and shattered by the mace of war, shores up with its broad shoulders the beautiful palace and garden terrace of Elisabeth, wife of the Pfalzgraf Frederick. In the rear are older palaces and towers, forming a vast, irregular quadrangle ; — Rodolph's ancient castle, with its Gothic gloriette and fantastic gables ; the Giant's Tower, guarding the drawbridge over the moat ; the Rent Tower, with the linden-trees growing on its summit, and the magnificent Rittersaal of Otho-Henry, Count Palatine of the Rhine and grand seneschal of the Holy Roman Empire. From the gardens behind the castle, you pass under the archway of the Giant's Tower into the great court-yard. The diverse architecture of different ages strikes the eye ; and curious sculptures. In niches on the wall of Saint Udalrich's chapel stand rows of knights in armour, all broken and dismembered ; and on the front of Otho's Rittersaal, the heroes of Jewish history and classic fable. You enter the open and desolate chambers of the ruin ; and on every side are medallions and family arms ; the Globe of the Empire and the Golden Fleece, or the Eagle of the Cæsars, resting on the escutcheons of Bavaria and the Palatinate. Over the windows and door-ways and chimney-pieces, are sculptures and mouldings of exquisite workmanship ; and the eye is bewildered by the profusion of caryatides, and arabesques, and rosettes, and fan-like flutings, and garlands of fruits and flowers and acorns, and bullocks'-heads with draperies of foliage, and muzzles of lions, holding rings in their teeth. The cunning hand of Art was busy for six centuries, in raising and adorning these walls ; the mailed hands of Time and War have defaced and overthrown them in less than two. Next to the Alhambra of Granada, the Castle of Heidelberg is the most magnificent ruin of the Middle Ages." — pp. 51 – 53.

The seventh chapter is entitled "Lives of Scholars," and is written in a very eloquent strain, besides being full of most excellent sense. The following paragraphs are a part of it.

" 'What a strange picture a University presents to the imagination. The lives of scholars in their cloistered stillness ; — literary men of retired habits, and Professors who study sixteen hours a day, and never see the world but on a Sunday. Nature has, no doubt, for some wise purpose, placed in their hearts this love of literary labor and seclusion. Otherwise, who would feed the undying lamp of thought ? But for such men as these, a blast of wind through the chinks and crannies of this old world, or the flapping of a conqueror's banner, would blow it out for ever. The light of the soul is easily extinguished. And whenever I reflect upon these things I become aware of the great importance, in a nation's history, of the individual fame of scholars and literary men. I fear, that it is far greater than the world is willing to acknowledge ; or, perhaps I should say, than the world has thought of acknowledging. Blot out from England's history the names of Chaucer, Shakspeare, Spenser, and Milton only, and how much of her glory would you blot out with them ! Take from Italy such names as Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Michel Angelo, and Raphael, and how much would still be wanting to the completeness of her glory ! How would the history of Spain look if the leaves were torn out, on which are written the names of Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon ! What would be the fame of Portugal, without her Camoens ; of France, without her Racine, and Rabelais, and Voltaire ; or Germany, without her Martin Luther, her Goethe, and Schiller ! — Nay, what were the nations of old, without their philosophers, poets, and historians ! Tell me, do not these men, in all ages and in all places, emblazon with bright colors the armorial bearings of their country ? Yes, and far more than this ; for in all ages and all places they give humanity assurance of its greatness ; and say ; Call not this time or people wholly barbarous ; for thus much, even then and there, could the human mind achieve ! But the boisterous world has hardly thought of acknowledging all this. Therein it has shown itself somewhat ungrateful. Else, whence the great reproach, the general scorn, the loud derision, with which, to take a familiar example, the monks of the Middle Ages are regarded ! That they slept their lives away is most untrue. For in an age when books were few, — so few, so precious, that they were often chained to their oaken shelves with iron chains, like galley-slaves to their benches, — these men, with their laborious hands, copied upon parchment all the lore and wisdom of the past, and transmitted it to us. Perhaps it is not too much to say, that, but for these monks, not one line of the classics would have reached our day. Surely, then, we can pardon something to those superstitious ages, perhaps even the mysticism of the scholastic philosophy, since, after all, we can find no harm in it, only the mistaking of the possible for the real, and the high aspirings of the human mind after a long-sought and unknown somewhat. I think the name of Martin Luther, the monk of Wittemberg, alone sufficient to redeem all monkhood from the reproach of laziness ! If this will not, perhaps the vast folios of Thomas Aquinas will ; — or the countless manuscripts, still treasured in old libraries, whose yellow and wrinkled pages remind one of the hands that wrote them, and the faces that once bent over them.'

" 'An eloquent homily,' said the Baron laughing, 'a most touching appeal in behalf of suffering humanity ! For my part, I am no friend of this entire seclusion from the world. It has a very injurious effect on the mind of a scholar. The Chinese proverb is true ; a single conversation across the table with a wise man, is better than ten years' mere study of books. I have known some of these literary men, who thus shut themselves up from the world. Their minds never come in contact with those of their fellow-men. They read little. They think much. They are mere dreamers. They know not what is new nor what is old. They often strike upon trains of thought, which stand written in good authors some century or so back, and are even current in the mouths of men around them. But they know it not ; and imagine they are bringing forward something very original, when they publish their thoughts.' " — pp. 65 – 69.

From the chapter on literary fame we take this passage.

"It has become a common saying, that men of genius are always in advance of their age ; which is true. There is something equally true, yet not so common ; namely, that, of these men of genius, the best and bravest are in advance not only of their own age, but of every age. As the German prose-poet says, every possible future is behind them. We cannot suppose, that a period of time will ever come, when the world, or any considerable portion of it, shall have come up abreast with these great minds, so as fully to comprehend them.

"And oh! how majestically they walk in history; some like the sun, with all his travelling glories round him; others wrapped in gloom, yet glorious as a night with stars. Through the else silent darkness of the past, the spirit hears their slow and solemn footsteps. Onward they pass, like those hoary elders seen in the sublime vision of an earthly Paradise, attendant angels bearing golden lights before them, and, above and behind, the whole air painted with seven listed colors, as from the trail of pencils!

"And yet, on earth, these men were not happy, — not all happy, in the outward circumstance of their lives. They were in want, and in pain, and familiar with prison-bars, and the damp, weeping walls of dungeons! Oh, I have looked with wonder upon those, who, in sorrow and privation, and bodily discomfort, and sickness, which is the shadow of death, have worked right on to the accomplishment of their great purposes; toiling much, enduring much, fulfilling much; — and then, with shattered nerves, and sinews all unstrung, have laid themselves down in the grave, and slept the sleep of death, — and the world talks of them, while they sleep!

"It would seem, indeed, as if all their sufferings had but sanctified them! As if the death-angel, in passing, had touched them with the hem of his garment, and made them holy! As if the hand of disease had been stretched out over them only to make the sign of the cross upon their souls! And as in the sun's eclipse we can behold the great stars shining in the heavens, so in this life eclipse have these men beheld the lights of the great eternity, burning solemnly and for ever!" — pp. 79 - 81.

Another beautiful train of thought is the following.

"'But to resume our old theme of scholars and their whereabout,' said the Baron, with an unusual glow, caught no doubt from the golden sunshine, imprisoned, like the student Anselmus, in the glass bottle; 'where should the scholar live? In solitude or in society? In the green stillness of the country, where he can hear the heart of nature beat, or in the dark, gray city, where he can hear and feel the throbbing heart of man? I will make answer for him, and say, In the dark, gray city. Oh, they do greatly err, who think, that the stars are all the poetry which cities have; and therefore that the poet's only dwelling should be in sylvan solitudes, under the green roof of trees. Beautiful, no doubt, are all the forms of Nature, when transfigured by the miraculous power of poetry; hamlets and harvest-fields, and nut-brown waters, flowing ever under the forest, vast and shadowy, with all the sights and sounds of rural life. But after all, what are these but the decorations and painted scenery in the great theatre of human life? What are they but the coarse materials of the poet's song? Glorious indeed is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies the Land of Song; there lies the poet's native land. The river of life, that flows through streets tumultuous, bearing along so many gallant hearts, so many wrecks of humanity; — the many homes and households, each a little world in itself, revolving round its fireside, as a central sun; all forms of human joy and suffering, brought into that narrow compass; — and to be in this and be a part of this; acting, thinking, rejoicing, sorrowing, with his fellow-men; — such, such should be the poet's life. If he would describe the world, he should live in the world. The mind of the scholar, also, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds. It is better that his armour should be somewhat bruised even by rude encounters, than hang for ever rusting on the wall. Nor will his themes be few or trivial, because apparently shut in between the walls of houses, and having merely the decorations of street scenery. A ruined character is as picturesque as a ruined castle. There are dark abysses and yawning gulfs in the human heart, which can be rendered passable only by bridging them over with iron nerves and sinews, as Challey bridged the Savine in Switzerland, and Telford the sea between Anglesea and England, with chain bridges. These are the great themes of human thought; not green grass, and flowers, and moonshine. Besides, the mere external forms of Nature we make our own, and carry with us into the city, by the power of memory.'"

"'I fear, however,' interrupted Flemming, 'that in cities the soul of man grows proud. He needs at times to be sent forth, like the Assyrian monarch, into green fields, "a wonderous wretch and weedless," to eat green herbs, and be wakened and chastised by the rain-shower and winter's bitter weather. Moreover, in cities there is danger of the soul's becoming wed to pleasure, and forgetful of its high vocation. There have been souls dedicated to heaven from childhood and guarded by good angels as sweet seclusions for holy thoughts, and prayers, and all good purposes; wherein pious wishes dwelt like nuns, and every image was a saint; and yet in life's vicissitudes, by the treachery of occasion, by the thronging passions of great cities, have become soiled and sinful. They resemble those convents on the river Rhine, which have been changed to taverns ; from whose chambers the pious inmates have long departed, and in whose cloisters the footsteps of travellers have effaced the images of buried saints, and whose walls are written over with ribaldry and the names of strangers, and resound no more with holy hymns, but with revelry and loud voices.' "

" 'Both town and country have their dangers,' said the Baron ; 'and therefore, wherever the scholar lives, he must never forget his high vocation. Other artists give themselves up wholly to the study of their art. It becomes with them almost religion. For the most part, and in their youth, at least, they dwell in lands, where the whole atmosphere of the soul is beauty ; laden with it as the air may be with vapor, till their very nature is saturated with the genius of their art. Such, for example, is the artist's life in Italy.' "

" 'I agree with you,' exclaimed Flemming ; 'and such should be the Poet's everywhere ; for he has his Rome, his Florence, his whole glowing Italy within the four walls of his library. He has in his books the ruins of an antique world, — and the glories of a modern one, — his Apollo and Transfiguration. He must neither forget nor undervalue his vocation ; but thank God that he is a poet ; and everywhere be true to himself, and to "the vision and the faculty divine" he feels within him.' " — pp. 83 – 88.

The time passes on with Paul Flemming and his friend the Baron, at Heidelberg, engaged in studies, and rambling about the place. Many questions of literary criticism are discussed in the conversations between the two friends, which show the author's profound acquaintance with German poetry, and the sympathizing manner in which he has studied it. An episodical story, — the ruin and tragical fate of Emma of Ilmenau, — in this part of the work, has but little connexion with its general design, and leaves only a painful impression. The sixth chapter is filled up with the mystical discourses of a transcendental philosopher, which put the Baron asleep. The tone of thought, and the vague, incoherent style of these dreaming and incomprehensible sages, are very well hit off.

After a time, Flemming and his friend make a journey together, in the course of which they visit Frankfort, the birthplace of Goethe. Here the character and merits of the poet form naturally the subject of conversation, and are discussed with enthusiasm, but in a way more suited, on the whole, to satisfy sensible people, than most of the remarks one reads upon the subject from lovers of the German muse. The last chapter of the first volume, gives us the parting scene between the two friends.

"Summer-time," is thus described in the opening chapter of the second volume.

"They were right, — those old German Minnesingers, — to sing the pleasant summer-time! What a time it is! How June stands illuminated in the Calendar! The windows are all wide open; only the Venetian blinds closed. Here and there a long streak of sunshine streams in through a crevice. We hear the low sound of the wind among the trees; and, as it swells and freshens, the distant doors clap to, with a sudden sound. The trees are heavy with leaves; and the gardens full of blossoms, red and white. The whole atmosphere is laden with perfume and sunshine. The birds sing. The cock struts about, and crows loftily. Insects chirp in the grass. Yellow butter-cups stud the green carpet like golden buttons, and the red blossoms of the clover like rubies. The elm-trees reach their long, pendulous branches almost to the ground. White clouds sail aloft; and vapors fret the blue sky with silver threads. The white village gleams afar against the dark hills. Through the meadow, winds the river, — careless, indolent. It seems to love the country, and is in no haste to reach the sea. The bee, only, is at work, — the hot and angry bee. All things else are at play; he never plays, and is vexed that any one should.

"People drive out from town to breathe, and to be happy. Most of them have flowers in their hands; bunches of apple-blossoms, and still oftener lilacs. Ye denizens of the crowded city, how pleasant to you is the change from the sultry streets to the open fields, fragrant with clover-blossoms! how pleasant the fresh, breezy country air, dashed with brine from the meadows! how pleasant, above all, the flowers, the manifold, beautiful flowers!

"It is no longer day. Through the trees rises the red moon, and the stars are scarcely seen. In the vast shadow of night, the coolness and the dews descend. I sit at the open window to enjoy them; and hear only the voice of the summer wind. Like black hulks, the shadows of the great trees ride at anchor on the billowy sea of grass. I cannot see the red and blue flowers, but I know that they are there. Far away, in the meadow, gleams the silver Charles. The tramp of horses' hoof sounds from the wooden bridge. Then all is still, save the continuous wind of the summer night. Sometimes, I know not if it be the wind or the sound of the neighbouring sea. The village clock strikes ; and I feel that I am not alone.

"How different is it in the city ! It is late, and the crowd is gone. You step out upon the balcony, and lie in the very bosom of the cool, dewy night, as if you folded her garments about you. The whole starry heaven is spread out overhead. Beneath lies the public walk, with trees, like the fathomless, black gulf, into whose silent darkness the spirit plunges and floats away, with some beloved spirit clasped in its embrace. The lamps are still burning up and down the long street. People go by, with grotesque shadows, now fore-shortened and now lengthening away into the darkness, and vanishing, while a new one springs up behind the walker, and seems to pass him on the side-walk. The iron gates of the park shut with a jangling clang. There are footsteps, and loud voices ; — a tumult, — a drunken brawl, — an alarm of fire ; — then silence again. And now, at length, the city is asleep, and we can see the night. The belated moon looks over the roofs, and finds no one to welcome her. The moonlight is broken. It lies here and there in the squares, and the opening of streets, — angular, like blocks of white marble." — Vol. II. pp. 1 – 6.

The chapters that follow contain many brilliant descriptions of Swiss scenery ; and in them is told the tale of the hero's love for Mary Ashburton. In this, there are no common place incidents ; no domestic entanglements ; none of the apparatus of common modern novels ; but it is a simple delineation of delicate and highwrought passion, cherished among the sublimest scenes in nature, and leading to a melancholy conclusion, in perfect harmony with the general tone of the whole book. The description of the heroine is written with fervor and feeling, and the last scene, where Paul Flemming declares his love, and is rejected, is conceived in a highly poetical spirit. We take from the heroine's portfolio a brilliant sketch of the artist's life in Rome.

"I often reflect with delight upon the young artist's life in Rome. A stranger from the cold and gloomy North, he has crossed the Alps, and with the devotion of a pilgrim, journeyed to the Eternal City. He dwells, perhaps, upon the Pincian Hill ; and hardly a house there, which is not inhabited by artists from foreign lands. The very room he lives in has been their abode from time out of mind. Their names are written all over the walls ; perhaps some further record of them left in a rough sketch upon the window-shutter, with an inscription and a date. These things consecrate the place, in his imagination. Even these names, though unknown to him, are not without associations in his mind.

"In that warm latitude, he rises with the day. The night-vapors are already rolling away over the Campagna sea-ward. As he looks from his window, above and beyond their white folds, he recognises the tremulous blue sea at Ostia. Over Soracte rises the sun, — over his own beloved mountain ; though no longer worshipped there, as of old. Before him, the antique house, where Raphael lived, casts its long, brown shadow down into the heart of modern Rome. The city lies still asleep and silent. But, above its dark roofs, more than two hundred steeples catch the sunshine on their gilded weathercocks. Presently, the bells begin to ring, and, as the artist listens to their pleasant chimes, he knows, that in each of those churches, over the high altar, hangs a painting by some great master's hand, whose beauty comes between him and heaven, so that he cannot pray, but wonder only.

"Among these works of art he passes the day ; but oftenest in St. Peter's and the Vatican. Up the vast marble staircase, — through the Corridor Chiaramonti, — through vestibules, galleries, chambers, — he passes, as in a dream. All are filled with busts and statues ; or painted in daring frescoes. What forms of strength and beauty ! what glorious creations of the human mind ! and in that last chamber of all, standing alone upon his pedestal, the Apollo found at Actium, — in such a majestic attitude, — with such a noble countenance, life-like, god-like !

"Or, perhaps, he passes into the chambers of the painters ; but goes no further than the second. For, in the middle of that chamber, a large painting stands upon the heavy easel, as if unfinished, though more than three hundred years ago the great artist completed it, and then laid his pencil away for ever, leaving this last benediction to the world. It is the Transfiguration of Christ, by Raphael. A child looks not at the stars with greater wonder, than the artist at this painting. He knows how many studious years are in that picture. He knows the difficult path that leads to perfection, having himself taken some of the first steps. — Thus he recalls the hour, when that broad canvass was first stretched upon its frame, and Raphael stood before it, and laid the first colors upon it, and beheld the figures, one by one, born into life, and 'looked upon the work of his own hands with a smile, that it should have succeeded so well.' He recalls, too, the hour, when, the task accomplished, the pencil dropped from the master's dying hand, and his eyes closed to open on a more glorious transfiguration, and at length the dead Raphael lay in his own studio, before this wonderful painting, more glorious than any conqueror, under the banners and armorial hatchments of his funeral!

"Think you, that such sights and thoughts as these do not move the heart of a young man and an artist. And when he goes forth into the open air, the sun is going down, and the gray ruins of an antique world receive him. From the Palace of the Cæsars he looks down into the Forum, or towards the Coliseum; or westward, sees the last sunshine strike the bronze Archangel, which stands upon the tomb of Adrian. He walks amid a world of Art in ruins. The very street-lamps, that light him homeward, burn before some painted or sculptured image of the Madonna! What wonder is it, if dreams visit him in his sleep, — nay, if his whole life seem to him a dream! What wonder, if, with a feverish heart and quick hand, he strive to reproduce those dreams in marble or on canvass." — pp. 55 – 59.

This part of the romance contains a number of criticisms upon some of the minor German poets, showing a remarkable familiarity with this portion of the literature of that country. Some of the most famous of Uhland's ballads, and the "Song of the Silent Land," by Salis, are translated most faithfully and musically.

After the love passages, and their disastrous conclusion, Flemming, accompanied by his friend Berkley, a burly English bachelor, leaves Interlachen, on his way to Innsbruck. The scenery, on the journey, is vividly painted. At length, the travellers reach Salzburg, where Paul Flemming falls sick of a violent fever; during which he is watched and tended by his friend Berkley. On recovering from illness, the period of convalescence is cheered by discussion of literary matters, and the character of Hoffmann, in particular, is elaborately delineated. A translation of a humorous piece, by the latter, called the "Musical Sufferings of John Kriesler," occupies an entire chapter. The story of Brother Bernardus is interesting, because it is founded on fact, and presents an example of a species of insanity not uncommon among the excitements of this age.

At length, the hero determines to return to his native land, and engage in the labors and duties of the active citizen. He rouses himself from the dreams of poetry and love, strengthens his heart against disappointment, and, after one last and severe pang, leaves for ever the scene of his studies, his visions, his hopes, and his passion.

It is obvious, from the preceding sketch of "Hyperion," that the book will and must encounter a variety of critical opinions. The sentimental and melancholy tone that pervades it will not be listened to by many, in the throng, and pressure, and stirring practical interests of the present age. The scenery and embellishments are remote as possible from the circle of American life ; and the thoughts and feelings are too ethereal to be readily grasped by minds intent upon the exciting themes of the day. The impassioned part of the romance partakes of the same general character. It is a book for minds attuned to sentiments of tenderness ; minds of an imaginative turn, and willing and ready to interest themselves in reveries as gorgeous as morning dreams, and in the delicate perceptions of art and poetry ; — minds tried by suffering, and sensitively alive to the influence of the beautiful. Such readers will recur to it, as they come back again and again to a picture of Alston, which recalls the atmosphere and picturesque ruins of some distant land, around whose name are thickly clustered associations of poetry, valor, and romance. They will read it, as they gaze with pleasure, not unmixed with sadness, upon the shifting splendors of the clouds in the horizon, illuminated by the setting sun.

ART. VI. — *Thirteen Historical Discourses, on the Completion of Two Hundred Years, from the Beginning of the First Church in New Haven, with an Appendix.* By LEONARD BACON, Pastor of the First Church in New Haven. New Haven : Durrie & Peck. 1839. 8vo. pp. 400.

RECENT as the New England communities are, compared with the dynasties of the old world, their origin and growth furnish no little matter for antiquarian research. Nor can we regard the subject as a frivolous one, or such as is fitted to interest those only, who take delight in exploring musty and worm-eaten records, and black-letter documents. True, like all topics of inquiry, it requires discrimination and judgment in order to a profitable result. For the mere antiquary, the relic-hunter, the eulogist of the old simply because it is old, we confess we feel very little respect. But the early history of the New England Plantations presents matter of other and graver interest. Great principles are here involved ; deep passions have been at work ; human nature has exhibited itself under some of its most remarkable phases, and a mine is open to the philosophical inquirer, rich in the best ore. To the principles and policy of the original colonists we must look for the germ of our present institutions, and the elements of our unexampled growth and prosperity. The destinies of the nation, we may say, were wrapped up in the character of the little bands of hardy adventurers, who first planted their feet on these then wild and desolate shores.

Fortunately, the occurrence, about this time, of the second centennial anniversary of the settlement of several of our towns, and the organization of our religious societies, or churches, is now directing attention to the existing monuments of our early history. We deem this circumstance fortunate ; for the sources, whence some of the best and only authentic information on the subject can be derived, are rapidly diminishing. Many documents, contemporary with the events they record or illustrate, have already perished ; valuable traditions are fast fading from the memory ; private and family records are becoming dispersed, or falling a prey to the injuries of time or accident ; and neglect, forgetfulness, and ignorance of their value are, in many instances, hastening their destruction. Facts, some of which are important to the elucidation of the past, and which diligent research may now arrest in their passage to oblivion, will soon, but for timely care, be lost beyond the possibility of recovery. Many of them exist in local or scattered records, and obscure manuscripts, consigned to garrets, or buried amid heaps of rubbish ; and but for the labors of those who, impelled by curiosity, or a sense of duty, or other motives, undertake to write the history of towns and parishes, would never be disinterred, or rendered accessible to future inquirers, and to the public.

For this reason we hail with pleasure the Historical Discourses to which occasions of the nature just alluded to, are now from time to time giving birth. However imperfectly executed, they can hardly fail of contributing something to the materials of correct history. Nor do these materials, so far at least as relates to the religious character and institutions of our fathers, already exist, in an accessible form, in sufficient abundance to render any addition to the stock superfluous. The ecclesiastical history of the country yet remains to be written ; nor can it be written as it should be, without a far more intimate acquaintance with the internal character and arrangements of the several settlements, particularly those of New England, than has hitherto been within reach of the historian or the annalist.

Now this is precisely the deficiency, which the sort of research called forth by occasions like that to which we owe the volume before us, will have the effect of supplying. And as the New England Plantations were strictly religious communities ; as religion, in fact, was, in respect to nearly all of them, the "mainspring of the enterprise," as it intimately blended with all concerns of a civil nature, and, in truth, closely entwined itself with all social arts, and with every circumstance of business and amusement, important accessions, we think, are to be anticipated from this source, not merely to the materials of our ecclesiastical history, but to our means of becoming acquainted with the habits of social life, and general tone of thinking and feeling, among those into whose labors we have entered.

Mr. Bacon's volume contains much useful matter. We think it, however, altogether too bulky, and parts of it might with great advantage have been condensed. The style is unreasonably diffuse, even for popular discourses ; and the author would have done well, before sending his work to the press, to have subjected it to a very thorough pruning. There is a good deal in the volume, which, though not perhaps absolutely irrelevant, yet is not strictly necessary to the illustration of the subject, and the insertion of which was not, as we think, called for. The author does not sufficiently distinguish between the province of the general historian and that of the annalist of a parish. The consequence is, he has allowed much to find its way into his pages from works now accessible to all, to the exclusion, we suspect, of some facts or circumstances, which original records might have furnished, and which, though perhaps apparently insignificant in themselves, yet, as throwing light on the character of the times, would have proved acceptable to the reader. To be sure, Trumbull, as his work evinces,* gleaned very thoroughly from the records of the New Haven colony, and Professor Kingsley has been in the field since, and possibly little was left to reward the search of the historian of the old church. Certain it is, that in reading a volume of such bulk, (an octavo of four hundred pages,) we were disappointed to find so small an amount of matter taken from unpublished documents.

---

* *History of Connecticut.*

The author sometimes professedly resorts to imagination or analogy for materials, as when, his records failing him, he undertakes, with Johnson's "Wonder-Working Providence," and Lechford's "Plain Dealing" before him, to describe, not the circumstances actually attending the formation of the church, but those which may be supposed to have attended it, mentioning the probable hour of meeting, and other particulars, and adding an account, also hypothetical, of the exercises of the Sabbath. This is not history. Then, in the argumentative parts of his Discourses, or those intended to be such, in which the writer attempts, in some instances, to trace the connexion of cause and effect, to assign motives, or state consequences, we do not think that he is always very happy or discriminating. His reasoning occasionally reminds us of what we remember to have once heard called, somewhat slightingly, the "logic of the pulpit."

Thus having, as in conscience bound, disburdened ourselves of the little we had to say in disparagement of the work before us, we will proceed to introduce to our readers some of the more interesting portions of history, of which the volume treats.

The New Haven adventurers, "the most opulent company which came to New England," arrived at Boston in July of 1637, and fixed themselves at Quinnipiack (New Haven), early the next spring. Among them were the Rev. John Davenport, Samuel Eaton, Theophilus Eaton, and Edward Hopkins, the two latter of whom were London merchants, men of eminent abilities and integrity. On arriving at their place of destination, the company immediately proceeded to form what was called their "Plantation Covenant," in which they agree in laying the foundation of Church and State, to be governed by the rules, which the "Scriptures held forth to them." On the 4th of June, 1639, they assembled to take measures for organizing the government. Mr. Davenport preached, after the quaint manner of the day, from the text, "Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars," — the pith and marrow of the discourse being to show, that the church should be founded on "seven pillars, or principal brethren," to whom others should be added as they saw fit. These, according to some resolutions which followed, were to constitute the "free burgesses," who alone should "choose magistrates among themselves," and "have power to transact all the public civil affairs of the Plantation," including the "making and repealing laws, dividing inheritances, deciding of differences," and similar matters. The church was organized the 22d of August, 1639.* On the 25th of October following, the civil government was instituted on the principles above stated, and "all former trust for managing the affairs of the Plantation was declared," from that time, to "cease and become utterly abrogated." Subsequently (in 1644), the "judicial laws of God, as they were declared by Moses," were adopted, as embodying the principles of moral equity, and as furnishing a "rule to all the courts, in their proceedings against offenders." In reference to the fundamental law of limiting the right of political suffrage to the members of the churches, Mr. Bacon quotes from a "Discourse about Civil Government, in a New Plantation, whose Design is Religion," attributed to Mr. Davenport. The danger apprehended from the absence of any such law of limitation, it seems, was twofold; first, danger to the church, the peace of which might in various ways be disturbed, and its order and discipline impaired, if the management of civil affairs should be allowed to fall into the hands of unworthy or irreligious characters; and, secondly, danger to the State, partly from factions, "as there will naturally be a party opposed to the churches," and which must be disabled by being deprived of all political power, and partly from the "perversion of justice by magistrates of a worldly spirit."

Among the leading men of the New Haven enterprise, John Davenport and Theophilus Eaton were of special note. Mather calls them the Moses and Aaron of the colony. Great efforts were made to detain them and their company in Massachusetts; but, partly from the difficulty of finding a place suited to their views, and anticipating danger to their liberty from a general governor of the colonies, who, as it was then apprehended, was about to be sent out, and solicitous to establish a pure church in accordance with their strict principles, they determined after nine months' stay to remove and fix themselves beyond the limits, as they supposed, of the old settlements. Mr. Davenport was of the straitest order of the Puritans. He was a native of Coventry, in England ; was educated at Oxford ; and became a preacher of note in Colman Street, London. He afterwards removed to Amsterdam, where he preached, but was soon reduced to silence, in consequence of his rigid adherence to certain views he entertained, relating to the proper subjects of baptism and the discipline of a church, not in unison with those of his colleague and others in authority there.

---

* Mr. Bacon's Discourses purport to have reference to the "completion of two hundred years from the beginning of the first church," as the title-page expresses it; though, in reality, they appear to have been delivered on the completion of the second century, from the commencement of the *colony*. The difference between the two dates is about a year and four months. Why he has confounded them, it would be difficult to say.

On his arrival in New England during the heats of the Antinomian controversy, he was received with marks of great respect. He was present at the Synod soon after assembled at Cambridge ; and, according to the accounts transmitted to us, his influence there was felt, and gratefully acknowledged. With the assistance of Eaton, who was one of the purest men of the day, and who had been his parishioner in London, he gave to the New Haven colony a constitution conformable to his own ideal standard of a Christian commonwealth. Archbishop Laud, who was at the head of the Royal Commissioners for the Colonies, on hearing of his removal to America, had been heard to say, in the way of threat, that "his arm should reach him there." But he was suffered, notwithstanding, to pursue his work unmolested, and no obstacles but such as arose from the nature of the undertaking occurred to impede his plans. On the formation of the church, August 22d, 1639, he was made its pastor. His fame as a preacher was great throughout the colonies, and his own people regarded him with sentiments of the most enthusiastic veneration. He was an indefatigable student, and made more diligent preparation for his pulpit, than was common at that period. But though, as it appears, of retiring habits, he did not fail, when great questions of a secular nature came up for discussion, to present himself in the assemblies of the people, where he spoke with energy and effect.

That he was free from all the errors of the times, of course, will not be pretended. But that he possessed many of the best virtues which adorn humanity, cannot be questioned. The unfortunate and suffering never found him wanting in courage and warm philanthropy. When the Regicide judges, Whalley and Goffe, in consequence of the royal proclamation of Charles the Second, finding it no longer safe to remain in Massachusetts, retired to New Haven, Mr. Davenport readily received them into his house, where, at some personal risk, he concealed them as long as practicable. Mr. Bacon dwells at some length on the melancholy story of the fugitives, though we do not perceive that he has added any thing material to the facts stated by Hutchinson, Trumbull, President Stiles, and others.

Whalley and Goffe had been generals in Cromwell's army, and the sister of one of them, Whalley, was the wife of Mr. Hooke, some time colleague with Mr. Davenport at New Haven; a circumstance, probably, which had some influence in procuring them a favorable reception there. Mr. Davenport, too, had been careful, by a strain of preaching sufficiently intelligible, and by some apt quotations from Scripture, — as, "Hide the outcasts; betray not him that wandereth; let mine outcasts dwell with thee; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler," — to prepare the minds of the people to extend to them protection in their distress. They showed themselves sensible of his kindness; and, when danger threatened him on their account, after they had been compelled to leave the place, they took effectual steps to clear him from the suspicion of still affording them shelter.

The affairs of the plantation were at times in a depressed condition. The settlers had been disappointed in their views of commerce, and their property soon became greatly reduced. Cromwell made them the offer of a retreat in Jamaica, as also in Ireland, if they chose to remove; but Davenport, whose spirit was equal to every exigency, lost not courage and hope; and, in its darkest hour, the colony felt the animating influence of his counsels and example. Occasionally events occurred of a nature to try his fortitude to the utmost, and awaken in his breast the most agonizing sympathies. Of this number was the "lost ship," in which seventy individuals, some of them persons of "precious account" in the colony, perished on a winter sea, and the greater part of what remained of the property of the original settlers, was lost.

But the circumstance which most deeply affected the mind of Mr. Davenport, was the subsequent union of the New Haven colony with that of Connecticut. By the charter brought over in 1662, the Connecticut colony claimed jurisdiction over that of New Haven, and, after a determined resistance on the part of the latter, headed by Mr. Davenport, the union took place in 1665. The glory of the New Haven plantation had then, in his view, departed. The right of suffrage was not, in the Connecticut jurisdiction, confined to church members, and thus his strong wall of defence was broken down, and the church was no longer secure in her unspotted purity.

The prevalent views, too, on the subject of baptism, both in Connecticut and Massachusetts, were disapproved by him. His own notions were much more strict, and this, with the above mentioned circumstance, which he regarded as a symptom of degeneracy, filled him with dismay, and he considered all as lost.

We shall not be expected to go into a history of the controversy relating to church membership and the proper subjects of baptism, which agitated the colonies at this period, and which prepared the way for the Synod of 1662. We will simply observe, that we think that Mr. Bacon a little incautious in some of his statements in regard to the position occupied by Mr. Davenport in relation to this controversy. Thus he asserts, without qualification, that Mr. Davenport was the champion of the old way against the decisions of the Synod. Now he must be aware, that one of the questions discussed at that time was, which was the *old way* of the churches of New England. The Synod professed conformity with it in its decisions ; and Cotton Mather affirms positively, that the propositions embraced in these decisions were among the "first principles of New England," and would have been introduced into the Cambridge Platform, but for the "firm opposition of one eminent person." And a far better authority still, Allin of Dedham, in his "Defence of the Synod against President Chauncy," asserts, that the doctrine of the Synod was the old doctrine, and not any notion recently broached ; that it was holden by the great lights of the church, by Calvin, Cartwright, Perkins, Ames, and "hundreds more," and generally by the framers of the Platform just alluded to, with the history of which he was familiar, for he was a member of the Synod in which it originated, and assisted at its adoption.* Of course, no one would doubt that it had been the doctrine both of the Catholic, and the English Protestant Church, from the first. It was the very doctrine, his opposition to which had made it necessary for Mr. Davenport to desist from the public exercise of the ministry in Holland. There, certainly, Mr. Davenport was viewed as an innovator. We say not which party was right, in regard to the views of the primitive fathers of New England. We would observe, simply, that, had Mr. Bacon looked into the writings to which the controversy gave rise, and especially those put forth in defence of the Synod, he would, we think, have qualified some of his expressions a little ; for they are directly at war with the assertions of several of the most distinguished of the early New England divines, and that too, on a question of fact about which they can hardly be supposed to have been ignorant.

Mr. Davenport was now sinking into the vale of years. His dissatisfaction, however, with the state of affairs in his own colony, his desire of a wider field of usefulness, and his hope, it is said, of being able to arrest the downward tendency of things in Massachusetts, prepared him, in an evil hour, to listen to an invitation from members of the First Church in Boston, to succeed Mr. Wilson as their pastor. This was one of the greatest errors of his life. He was now seventy years old. His church remained attached to him, and refused its consent to his removal. His rigorous opinions, and especially his opposition to the decisions of the recent Synod, caused him to meet with a somewhat cold reception from many, especially among his brethren in the ministry, in Boston and the vicinity, who still maintained, that they adhered to the old way. A schism in the First Church followed ;

---

* The work of Allin above referred to, bears the following title ; "Animadversions upon the Anti-Synodalia Americana, a Treatise printed in Old England, in the Name of the Dissenting Brethren in the Synod held at Boston, in N. E., 1662. Tending to Clear the Elders and Churches of New England from those Evils and Declinings charged upon Many of Them in the Two Prefaces before said Book. Together with an Answer unto the Reasons alleged for the Opinions of the Dissenters. And a Reply to such Answers as are given to the Arguments of the Synod. By John Allin, Pastor of the Church of Christ in Dedham, in New England. Cambridge, 1664."

his conduct, as well as that of his adherents, was in several respects subjected to severe animadversion, and neither his comfort nor his usefulness was promoted by his removal. He lost old friends when it was too late to acquire new. He died suddenly, in 1670, at the age of seventy-two.

Mr. Davenport will always be remembered as among the most distinguished of the first generation of divines in New England. Whatever may have been his defects, they were greatly overbalanced by his merits. He was one of those whom the exigencies of an infant settlement in the wilderness demanded ; who seemed made for the times, and they for him.

That he sometimes erred in his judgment, in the opinion of his contemporaries as well as of posterity, will be readily admitted. In his distrust of magistracy, he seemed too much disposed to exalt the power of the churches, and was not himself, as it has been suspected, wholly exempt from priestly ambition. He was very willing to attend the Assembly of Westminster Divines, from which the more judicious among the colonists generally, and even the members of his own church, wisely, no doubt, determined, that it was desirable to keep aloof; and he was forced to yield.

Among his virtues, Mr. Bacon enumerates his friendly care of human learning. His merits in this respect are undoubtedly deserving of honorable mention, though his efforts to found a college were unsuccessful, nor was the institution at New Haven established till more than a quarter of a century after his death. We do not, however, comprehend precisely what Mr. Bacon means, when, in reference to Mr. Davenport's exertions, he claims for the New Haven colony, the distinction of exhibiting greater zeal in the cause of education than was manifested by the other colonies. In 1638, eight years only after Winthrop and his company took possession of the peninsula of Boston, was Harvard College founded. Sixty-two years were suffered to elapse, after the settlement of New Haven, and sixty-five after the settlements on the river commenced, before Yale College was instituted. Of course, we do not state this as matter of reproach. Massachusetts, as by far the most populous and wealthy colony, might be expected to take the lead in the establishment of a literary seminary. But, when a person of reputable standing, in a volume of historical discourses given to the public, undertakes to tell us, that the New Haven colony, under Davenport, or in consequence of the influence he exerted, "was distinguished above the other colonies" for extending a fostering hand to the cause of letters and education, one is tempted to pause and look at facts. We do not perceive, that Mr. Bacon makes any allusion to the system of common schools; and, if he did, the early efforts of Massachusetts, we suppose, will bear a comparison with those of any of the other American communities.

Theophilus Eaton, the worthy coadjutor of Davenport, was one of the worthiest men who came to New England. A wealthy London merchant, he appears to have been deservedly commended for his zeal, integrity, wisdom, and practical knowledge of the world; and the colony owed much to his exertions. He was annually chosen its governor from the time of its organization till his death, in January, 1657–8. He was active in promoting the confederacy in 1643, and was known and honored throughout all the colonies. "All the original writers of our history," as Mr. Savage, in his Notes to Winthrop, well observes, "are abundant in his praise, and later and more judicious inquirers are satisfied with their evidence." Hubbard, in particular, enumerates his excellences with an unusual degree of minuteness, ascribing to him moral and intellectual qualities of a high order, recommended and adorned by a dignified and pleasing exterior, and easy and winning manners.

He was the son of a clergyman of Coventry, England, where he formed an early intimacy with young Davenport, which was interrupted only by his death. Before his removal to this country, he was for several years the representative of his sovereign, Charles the First, at the court of Denmark. He bore the disappointments and reverses to which the colonists were subjected, and the loss of a large portion of his own fair estate, with great fortitude, and cheerfully shared with others in the labors and privations incident to the infant settlement. Like some other very good men, he seems to have been sorely tried in his domestic relations; for his second wife, who was daughter of the Bishop of Chester, proved to be a woman of ungovernable temper, and was charged, in the language of the day, "with divers scandalous offences," for which she was subjected to the censure of the church; the proceedings of which against her, Mr. Bacon gives in his Appendix.

By the side of these two eminent worthies of the New Haven colony, stands another not less distinguished in his peculiar sphere, one surely of great honor and usefulness, we refer to Ezekiel Cheever, author of the "Latin Accidence"; a work long in high repute in the Grammar Schools of New England, and which retained its place in them down to the period of the Revolution. Ezekiel Cheever was one of the original settlers of New Haven, where he remained and taught till 1650, when he removed to Ipswich. From Ipswich, after a residence there of eleven years, he went to Charlestown, whence he afterwards removed to Boston, where he continued his labors in the Latin Grammar School for thirty-eight years. He was, says Dr. Cotton Mather, who preached his funeral sermon, "a skilful, painful, faithful schoolmaster for seventy years." He was his tutor, as he had been his father's. He numbered among his pupils a large portion of the eminent men of the day in New England; he retained his vigor, health, "vivacity of spirits, and delight in his work," to an extreme old age; having, at his death, entered on his ninety-fourth year. Among his peculiarities, it is mentioned, that he wore a long, white beard, terminating in a point, from his treatment of which, his pupils had learned to draw certain inferences, which were not without their use; for, "when he stroked it to the point, it was a sign to the boys to stand clear!" His "Accidence," which passed through twenty or more editions, was used in their initiatory studies by many yet on the stage, who unite in speaking of it as a work of uncommon merit. It has recently been republished.

We cannot follow the author of the Discourses through his history of more recent transactions, though the latter portion of his book contains no inconsiderable amount of interesting matter, and will be received with favor, we doubt not, by a numerous class of readers. To those, particularly, who take pleasure in tracing the developement and influence of the religious principle in circumstances somewhat peculiar, the volume, with the aid of Trumbull especially, will afford some food for thought. The work, though it bears abundant marks of haste and carelessness, and is not altogether faultless in point of taste, and is especially chargeable, as before intimated, with the sin of prolixity, yet speaks well for the author's fairness and liberality of mind, as well as ability. We have observed nothing in it, which can reasonably offend the prejudices of any class of Christians ; and this, the nature of the undertaking considered, we think no light praise.

We like the spirit of cheerful philosophy, which breathes from the concluding paragraphs. Complaints against the times are as old as the records of the human mind. In every period of the world, there has been a golden age talked of, but it has always been placed in the past ; Mr. Bacon thinks it should be placed in the future. Certainly, the present has some advantages over the past. The physical condition of man, surely, which is intimately connected with his intellectual, has been elevated ; new sources of comfort and enjoyment have been opened, by the discovery of new principles of science, or the new application of the old to the practical purposes of life ; intellectual riches have been accumulating, and truth has revealed herself in new forms. Nor are religion and morality, we trust, as yet empty names, but remain living realities still. Yet new triumphs, no doubt, await the cause of humanity. We may think that we see danger around us ; there may be some things in the aspect of the times which we dislike ; but we need not abate one jot of heart or hope. They who first sought an asylum on these shores, came with full faith in the capacity of the human mind for progress. They believed, that more light was yet to break in upon the world. The same faith should sustain us now. Time is flowing on, and whatever is unsound, — extravagant theories, mere wild fancies of the heated brain, — will perish, or be engulfed ; but, amid the ferment of human opinions, the intellect will work itself clear. We need not indulge one desponding feeling, nor have one fear for the result. The counsels of Providence will stand, and the destiny of man on earth will be accomplished. The past has left us many valuable legacies, but none more precious than a cheerful trust and hope.

We take leave of the writer with a feeling of no slight respect. One word of counsel, however, we must give him in parting, by duly meditating on which, we think he may profit, should he ever again consent to appear before the public in the character of an author. We give it in the words of an old Greek poet ;

"*Πλέον ἥμισυ παντός.*"

ART. VII. — *The Poetical Works of Edmund Spenser.* In Five Volumes. First American Edition, with Introductory Remarks on the Faerie Queene, and Notes by the Editor. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1839.

THAT anomalous genius, Thomas Carlyle, somewhere remarks, that every man has "waited a whole eternity to be born; and now has a whole eternity waiting to see what he will do when born." He might have added, that a man must work hard during the space which separates his eternities, or the two will close together again, like the waves of a parted sea, and blot out the memory of his existence the moment it is ended. History, literature, and art are the coral-bed which the worm, man, slowly builds up in the ocean of eternity, leaving the impress of himself in his works, a few of which will defy the everlasting roll of the waves. A second eternity is now passing sentence on the works of Spenser, and has already pronounced them immortal.

We have seen, with uncommon satisfaction, the beautiful edition of the works of this great poet, which has been just published in Boston. In execution, it is more elegant than Pickering's, from which it is printed; in form, and in many other respects, it is more convenient than Todd's elaborate edition. It is not a mere reprint from the London copy; but is an original edition, prepared, with introductory remarks and notes, by an American. The editor has modestly withheld his name; but he informs us, that his work has been performed amidst the duties of an absorbing profession, and that it is a labor of love. We wish that more of our professional men would steal away from their cares and duties, to wander in the flowery and attractive paths of literature. There are minds, we well know, now wholly bent upon the technicalities of their calling, — stripped, gladiator-like, for the dusty arena of life, — which, if occasionally given to literature, would do honor to their country, and gain for themselves a fame, that would be echoed beyond the Atlantic. When we think of the industry, energy, and power displayed by men in the various professions in this country, and of the intense action of mind which is going on in our cities, we cannot but reflect upon the splendid results which might be brought about, if only a small portion of these energies were exerted to elevate our literature.

The preparation of this edition has, indeed, been, as the editor says, a labor of love. It has been done by a man, whose heart was in the work, with a feeling of piety, which has prompted him to place the laurel wreath on the bust of the old poet. This is well. The master-minds of England have deserved, and by God's grace obtain, a double fame; their children are rising up in this new world to call them blessed. For them, the fable of the isles of the blessed has come true; here, beyond the western ocean, they enjoy a serene immortality; their memory is cherished; their temples are in our hearts; their praise is on our lips; their glory, everywhere.

The appearance of the first edition of Spenser ever published in America, seems to offer an appropriate occasion for commemorating the remarkable age in which that poet flourished; an age which must always be interesting to the descendants of Englishmen on this side of the Atlantic, since it was during that period, that the features of society began to be formed, which have indelibly stamped our own character.

The age of Elizabeth was preëminently distinguished by the operation of just principles, of generous sentiments, of elevated objects, and of profound piety. Elizabeth, it is true, was vindictive, arbitrary, and cruel. Two prevailing sentiments filled her mind, and chiefly influenced her conduct throughout life. The first of these was the idea of prerogative. Any assumption of rights, any freedom of debate, any theological discussion, or profession of sentiments, which seemed to infringe on the sacred limits of royalty, was sure to be visited with her severest wrath. She detested the Puritans, from whom she had suffered nothing, but whose republican spirit appeared to her at war with royalty in the abstract, far more than the Papists, by whom her life had been made a life of danger and suffering, but who respected forms and ceremonies, and whose system encouraged reverence for the powers that be, and loyal sentiment toward the person whom they regarded as the lawful sovereign. Nothing but the earnest entreaties of Cecil, and the imminent danger of a French invasion, could induce her to give assistance to the Scottish Protestants, when they were persecuted by the Queen Regent. And even her hatred of Mary could not prevent her taking sides with that ill-fated princess, when the "Congregation" claimed the right of trying their sovereign for alleged crimes, after having deposed and imprisoned her.

The other sentiment, which, in no small degree, influenced the conduct of the great Queen, was her excessive fondness for admiration as a woman. She filled her solitary throne with a dignity and majesty, which could not be surpassed; and it is difficult, if not impossible, to conceive of a character, which should have strength and impetuosity enough, even if marriage could have given the right, to overawe her lion-like spirit, and assume the reins of government in defiance of her will. Certain it is, that no such prince then lived. But while the *queen* resolutely excluded all human participation in the lonely eminence on which she stood, the *woman* was constantly claiming the tribute of sympathy and admiration. Her eager desire was to be a heroine, a beauty, the queen of hearts, the cynosure of gallants' eyes; to reign supreme in the court of love and chivalry; to be the watchword and the war-cry of the knight, and the theme of the troubadour.

Here was the source of the unbounded flattery, which was lavished upon her by courtiers, even to the latest years of her life, and which appears to have, at times, actually deceived her, in spite of her extraordinary penetration. To this sentiment are owing nearly all of the few instances of disaster and disappointment, which occurred during her splendid reign. She preferred to risk the safety of her allies, and the cause of Protestantism on the continent, rather than refuse the command of her troops to her favorite, who had entreated it. To gratify another favorite, and insure his glory, she forgot her habitual economy, levied an army larger than she had ever supported, except at the time of the invasion, and sent it to Ireland under the command of a man who was utterly unfit for the place. And when, beset by enemies, harassed by defeat, and overwhelmed with shame, the impetuous and noble-hearted Essex rushed into the presence of majesty as a lover would have sought his mistress, her woman's heart forgave him all. Had this frame of mind continued, had not the resumed majesty of the queen condemned what the woman forgave, the world would have been spared the consummation of one of the most mournful tragedies in history, and the last days of Elizabeth might have been serene and happy, instead of being tortured with anguish and despair.

The former of these sentiments made her an object of dread, the latter of ridicule ; and both conspired to render her tyrannical. But Elizabeth was not a tyrant in the full sense of the word. She never acted upon the nation with that degrading influence which is always the attendant of selfish, cold-hearted, and perfidious tyranny ; she never had the power, and we doubt if she ever had the wish, to make slaves of her people. She understood the English character ; she comprehended, appreciated, and admired its nobleness ; and she had sagacity enough to see, that this very character constituted her chief glory. A thorough and hearty affection subsisted between her and her people ; an affection which was increased and cemented by many circumstances of a nature not to be forgotten. As a nation, England had been persecuted, distressed, and trampled upon during the reign of Mary. The party which triumphed in the ascendency of the Roman Catholic religion was small ; the great majority of the people were not very zealous in favor of one side or the other ; they had been ready to welcome Protestantism under Edward the Sixth, and they were not disposed to fight against the church of Rome under Mary. The number of zealous Papists, they who were in favor of the rack and the stake, was not more than a thirtieth part of the nation. The other twenty-nine parts, though perhaps nearly equally divided on the question of religion, condemned alike the bigotry of their melancholy sovereign ; and looked on with sorrowful indignation while the bloody Mary, assisted by a few narrow-minded bigots, was carrying on the infernal work of persecution. It was a sorrow and a shame to all true Englishmen, whether Catholic or Protestant ; and the hated Philip felt the effects of their vengeance till the day of his death.

In these times of tribulation there was one, who shared in the common danger, suffering, and humiliation ; and who, from the exalted rank which she occupied, and the station to which she seemed destined, was peculiarly an object of distrust and alarm to the bigots, who were exulting in their day of power. The gloom which overhung the whole country equally surrounded her ; the fires of Smithfield and Oxford, were kindled for her terror as for the terror of the people. She had been made to pass through that sorrowful passage from which few ever returned alive, the Traitor's Gate in the Tower of London.

Her course was one and the same with that of the entire English nation; and the only light which shone upon the darkness, the only hope that cheered the universal despondency, the dependence of all real patriots, the trust of all friends of truth, and the pride of all free and honorable men, were centred in the prison of Elizabeth.

There is no bond so strong as the bond of common perils and sufferings; and, when the young princess ascended the throne, it was amidst the thankful acclamations of a liberated and happy people, who loved her for the dangers she had shared with them, and for whom she entertained the interest and affection due to fellow-sufferers. This feeling was prolonged in an uncommon manner throughout her reign; for it so happened, that there was no danger which threatened the Queen during her whole life, that was not equally formidable to the people. So difficult was the question of succession, that the prudent Burleigh never ventured to express his mind upon the subject; and carried down to the grave the secret of his opinion. Any change would have been for the worse; as it would either have plunged the nation into a civil war, or have placed a Roman Catholic prince on the throne. The dangers, which menaced the crown of Elizabeth, were alike formidable to the cause of freedom in England and of the Protestant religion in Europe. The invasion of England, which was attempted by the French under the Queen Regent of Scotland, and afterwards the gigantic preparations of Philip, foreboded more than the ordinary horrors of an offensive warfare. These enemies came with the stake and the fagot in their hands; they came not merely to invade, but to convert; not merely to conquer, but to persecute; they were stimulated not merely by ambition, but by bigotry; they were prepared not merely to enslave, but to torture. It was therefore not a matter of indifference to the English nation whether Elizabeth were to be their Queen, or whether some other prince should ascend the throne. In her reign and hers alone, they saw the hope of peace, freedom, and prosperity. Never, therefore, were nation and ruler more closely and firmly knit together.

The sentiment of loyalty, consequently, was never more sincere and enthusiastic in the hearts of Englishmen than at that period. To the nation at large the Queen really appeared, what the flattery of her courtiers and poets represented her. She was to them, in truth, the Gloriana of Faery land ; the magnificent, the undaunted, the proud descendant of a thousand years of royalty, the "Imperial Votress." She was only a tyrant within the precincts of the court. There, she reigned, it is true, with more than Oriental despotism ; and she seems to have delighted occasionally in torturing mean spirits by employing them upon such thankless offices as their hearts revolted from, though they had not the courage to refuse them. But beyond the immediate circle of the palace she was the Queen and the mother of her people. To the nation at large, too, she was equally a heroine, a beautiful ideal enshrined in their hearts. Living on "in maiden meditation fancy-free," rejecting the proposals of every prince, disregarding the remonstrances of her subjects where marriage was spoken of, there was something in the very unapproachableness of her state which both commanded the respect and excited the imagination of her people. As a woman they regarded her, just as she wished them to regard her, as the throned Vestal, the watery Moon, whose chaste beams could quench the fiery darts of Cupid. She was to them, in fact, the Belphœbe of Spenser, "with womanly graces but not womanly affections," — "passionless, pure, self-sustained, and self-dependent" ; shining "with a cold lunar light and not the warm glow of day." This feeling was increased by the spirit of chivalry which still lingered in English society, and, like the setting sun, poured a flood of golden light over the court.

The incense, then, that was offered to the Queen by such men as Spenser, Raleigh, Essex, Shakspeare, and Sydney, the most noble, chivalrous, and gifted spirits that ever gathered round a throne, is not to be judged of, as the flattery which cringing courtiers pay to a dreaded tyrant ; but rather as the outpouring of a genuine enthusiasm, the echo of the stirring voice of chivalry, and the expression of the feelings of a devoted yet free people. The editor of the American edition of Spenser remarks, that "the wits of Elizabeth's reign were an exception to the principle involved in the memorable observation of Tacitus, 'Gliscente adulatione magna ingenia deterrebantur.'" The view we have taken will explain this exception. The wits of Elizabeth's reign did not insult themselves or lose their self-respect by offering homage to the Queen; the loyalty which prompted their flattery was a sentiment which rather elevated than degraded the mind, which was responded to by the entire nation, and which had its origin in a chivalrous disposition or in a profound patriotism.

An age of tyranny is always an age of frivolity; of heartless levity; of dwarfish objects and pursuits; of dreadful contrasts; laughter amidst mourning; rioting and wantonness amidst judgments and executions; dancing and music at the hour of death. Such was the frivolity of the days of Nero; such was the mirth of the "death dance" in the days of Robespierre. Nothing like this sickly and appalling joy could be seen in the time of Elizabeth. There were masques and balls and tournaments at the court, and gay revels as the stately Queen went from castle to castle, and palace to palace, in her visits to her princely subjects. But such amusements did not form the chief object or occupation of the Court of Elizabeth. The Queen, and those who had grown up with her, had passed through too many dangers, and witnessed too much suffering, to allow them to become frivolous or very light-hearted. They had lived amidst scenes of cruelty, persecution, and death. Their childhood had witnessed the successive horrors of the reign of Henry the Eighth, and their youth had suffered from the bloody fanaticism of Mary. Sorrow and tribulation had overspread the morning of their life like a cloud.

Miss Aikin, in the beginning of her charming work upon the Court of Queen Elizabeth, has described the gorgeous procession which filed along the streets of London at the baptism of the infant princess. The same picture also forms the closing scene of Shakspeare's "Henry the Eighth." As we look upon the gay and splendid train, marching in their robes of state, beneath silken canopies, and then glance our eye along the map of history till we trace almost every actor in the pageant to a bloody grave, we can scarcely believe that it is a scene of joy and festivity that we are witnessing. The angel of death seems to hover over them; there is something dreadful in their rejoicing; their gaudy robes, their mantles, their vases, their fringes of gold, assume the sable hue of the grave; and, instead of a baptismal train, it seems like a funeral procession descending to the tomb.

The mournful scenes which the generation who grew up with Elizabeth had been compelled to witness, and the terror in which most of the leading characters of her reign had passed their youth, had undoubtedly tended to sober their minds, and induce them to reflect much upon the great and solemn duties of life. The character of the age was stamped with the dignity which hallows tribulation, and with the force and nerve which the habitual contemplation of danger rarely fails to confer. The same causes undoubtedly promoted the religious spirit which prevailed. While bigotry and fanaticism appeared in a small portion of the nation, it is certain that the age of Elizabeth was marked by the general diffusion of a spirit of deep devotion; there was enough of chivalry left to keep alive the fervor which prevailed at an earlier period, and enough of intelligence to temper this fervor into rational religion. The feeling of shame at professing faith and devoutness was the growth of a later day; it was unknown in those times. The gayest courtier that chanted his love-song in the ear of the high-born maiden, and the gravest statesman who debated at the table of the privy-council, were alike penetrated with devotional sentiment, and alike ready to offer up prayers and thanksgiving to the Most High. We are perfectly aware, that the outward signs of piety displayed by a few principal characters are not a faithful index of the state of religion at any period. It is not fair to infer, because Elizabeth devoutly commended herself to the care of the Almighty when forsaken, friendless, an orphan, alone and helpless, she was landed at the foot of the Traitor's Stairs in the Tower of London, or because she returned to the same gloomy fortress when a triumphant queen, to offer up her praise and gratitude to God for his marvellous mercies, that she lived in a pious age. Neither are we to regard it as a sure indication of the prevailing spirit, when Burleigh solemnly commends his son to the Almighty in his letter of advice; when the chivalrous Sydney is found composing a prayer, which, for solemnity, grandeur, and devotion, is scarcely surpassed in the English liturgy; when the adventurous Raleigh displays an amount of knowledge on sacred subjects, that might be the envy of an Oxford professor of theology, or when the city of London presents to the young queen on the day of her coronation, and in the midst of her glittering pageantry, the Bible, as the most appropriate and acceptable offering.

These are not certain signs of a religious age ; but they would pass for something at any period, even if they were mere hypocrisy. They would show, that religion was held in such respect and by so numerous a class somewhere, as to make it worth while for the Queen and her court to assume at least the outward badges of piety. But they have additional force, when we reflect at the same time, that, at the period when they were manifested, the Reformation was making a gradual, but sure progress, in England ; that the question of religion occupied every intelligent mind, and affected the interests of every family ; that the lives and fortunes of millions, the fate of kingdoms, and the progress of intellectual and moral freedom throughout the civilized world, were inseparably connected with the cause of Protestantism.

If bigotry and fanaticism had been prevalent in England, and the opposing parties of Romanist and Reformer nearly equal, there would have been witnessed in that country during the sixteenth century, a succession of atrocities and horrors, compared with which the wars of the white and red roses were bloodless. If, on the other hand, the great mass of the nation had been indifferent with regard, not merely to forms, but to religion itself, we should not have seen the outward show of piety in the highest ranks ; we should not have seen a House of Commons legislating in favor of Edward's liturgy, and a nation turning to worship in their vernacular tongue. Nothing but a widely diffused spirit of piety can account for the character of those miracles of literature which made the days of Elizabeth glorious, and which are stamped with nothing more strongly than their deep and wise religion.

Moreover, in the age of Elizabeth, England was more distinguished for patriotism than any nation in civilized Europe. On the continent the feeling of nationality was absorbed, and the distinction of language, laws, and country, absolutely lost, in the zeal for religious belief. Nations, which for centuries had been enemies, were found leagued against their natural allies ; inhabitants of the same State were divided, and at war with each other ; the prophecy was literally fulfilled, that "the brother shall betray the brother to death, and the father the son, and children shall rise up against their parents, and shall cause them to be put to death." "The Palatine," says Schiller,* "now forsakes his home to go and fight on the side of his fellow believer of France, against the common enemy of their religion. The subject of the king of France draws his sword against his native land, which had persecuted him, and goes forth to bleed for the freedom of Holland. Swiss is now seen, armed for battle against Swiss, and German against German, that they may decide the succession of the French throne on the banks of the Loire or the Seine. The Dane passes the Eyder, the Swede crosses the Baltic, to burst the fetters which are forged for Germany."

Nothing of this kind was seen in England. The number of Catholics, who preferred the triumph of their party to the welfare of their country, was too small to be of any consideration. A few fanatics in the college at Rheims, and a few romantic champions of the unhappy Queen of Scots, were the only domestic enemies whom Elizabeth had to fear. With a great majority of the Romanists, the love of country prevailed over all religious distinctions ; and, when the invasion was threatened by Philip, they united cordially with the Protestants in the defence of their native land ; they enlisted as volunteers in the army and navy ; they equipped vessels at their own charge, armed their tenants and vassals, encouraged their neighbours, and prepared heart and hand for a desperate resistance of the common foe.

The energies of the nation were naturally brought into vigorous action by the great objects, interests, and enterprises which the times presented. The effects of the Reformation were felt just enough to produce a bold and free exercise of thought, without kindling the passions to fierce excitement. The storm, which burst with all its fury on the continent, wrapping nations in the flames of civil war, prostrating, withering, and overwhelming civil institutions, and marking its path with desolation, did but exert a salutary influence in England. The lightning was seen flashing in the distant horizon, the rolling thunder could be heard afar off, but the fury of the storm fell at a distance ; the atmosphere was purified, the soil refreshed, and the rainbow was glittering in the heavens.

---

* *History of the Thirty Years' War.*

Never in the history of England had there been a time when energy and wisdom were more needed than at that period. The nation was compelled, by the irresistible force of circumstances, to stand forth as the champion of Protestantism. The eyes of all civilized countries were fixed upon her; some, with imploring looks; some, glaring upon her with jealousy, fierceness, and settled hatred. Enemies were springing up, with whom peace was hopeless. A popish princess was heir to the throne of Scotland, with a powerful ally ready to support her pretensions to the English crown. On the continent were allies, whom England was compelled to support at the risk of a war with the mightiest empire that had risen since the fall of Rome. And an armament was preparing for the invasion of Britain, of an extent that seemed to render resistance hopeless, by a monarch whose resources appeared inexhaustible, while Ireland was in open rebellion, and ready to receive the Spanish fleets into her ports.

From all these difficulties and impending calamities, the nation gathered a harvest of glory, that would alone make her name famous for ever. It is with a feeling of joy and exultation, that we trace the history of England during these years of terror and of triumph. We behold her extricating herself from embarrassments that seemed endless, and turning them into the means of safety; encouraging and supporting her allies without exhausting her own resources, and finally crushing the vast engines which were put into operation for her destruction.

The blood quickens in our veins, as we read of the wisdom and the sublime moral courage, of the daring adventure, the romantic enterprise, the chivalrous bravery, and the brilliant triumphs of that age of great men. We see Cecil and Wotton negotiating with Scotland so wisely, as to win the confidence and affection of that nation, and to destroy the influence of France in that country for ever; Walsingham, fathoming the secrets of the French court, or watching in silence, but certainty, the progress of conspiracies at home, and crushing them on the eve of maturity; the Queen, with a prudence which seems almost sublime, rejecting a second time the tempting proffer of the sovereignty of Holland; Drake, circumnavigating the earth, and returning laden with the spoils of conquered fleets and provinces; Cavendish, coming up the Thames to London, with sails of damask and cloth of gold, and his men arrayed in costly silks; Lancaster, dashing his boats to pieces on the strand of Pernambuco, that he might leave his men no alternative but death or victory; Raleigh, plunging into the fire of the Spanish galleots, and fighting his way through overwhelming numbers, with a courage that rivalled the incredible tales of chivalry, planting colonies in the pleasant vales of the New World, or ascending the Orinoco in search of the fabled Dorado; Sydney, gallantly returning from battle on his war-horse, though struggling with the agony of his death-wound, and giving the cup of cold water to the wounded soldier, with those noble words, which would alone be enough to preserve his memory for ever; Essex, tossing his cap into the sea for very joy, when the command is given, in compliance with his earnest entreaties, for the assault on Cadiz, and with that failing of memory so becoming to a brave man, forgetting the cautions of his sovereign, and rushing into the thickest of the fight; the naval supremacy of England completely established by the defeat of the Armada, and the great deep itself made a monument of the nation's glory.

The boast of the age of Elizabeth was the splendid specimens of humanity which it produced. "There were giants in those days." Individuals seemed to condense in themselves the attainments of hosts. The accomplishments and prowess of the men of those times inspire us with something like the feeling of wonder with which the soldier of the present day handles the sword of Robert Bruce, or the gigantic armour of Guy of Warwick. When we read the beautiful verses "addressed to the author of the 'Faerie Queene,'" by Raleigh, it is difficult to believe, that they were penned by the same person whose system of tactics was adopted so triumphantly at the Spanish invasion; who was equally eminent as a general, a seaman, an explorer, and an historian; and who shone unsurpassed for knightly graces and accomplishments amidst the stars of the court. Such instances were not rare and prodigious. Raleigh was not the Crichton of his age; if the compliment belongs to any one peculiarly, it is Sydney; but as we read over the list of distinguished persons to whom Spenser addressed dedicatory stanzas to be "sent with the 'Faerie Queene,'" we become more and more at a loss to distinguish the greatest among them ; and we could believe, that many ages had been searched for so noble a catalogue.

The principles which formed society were precisely such as were best calculated for the finest developements of character. The old high, fervid spirit of chivalry was not lost ; there was the same sense of honor, the same knightly bearing, the same passion for glory, and the same admiration for courage and prowess, that had prevailed in the earlier days of its sway. But these were tempered by milder and more attractive virtues and accomplishments ; the clerkly learning, which had held so humble a rank in the days when nobles could scarcely sign their names, had now risen into far higher estimation. Great warriors were now no longer ashamed to know how to read and write ; on the contrary, the possession of learning and literature, the delicate arts of poetry and music, the graces of conversation and manners, were now as requisite to the full accomplishment of the knight, as his horsemanship, or his skill in the management of his lance. In a word, the sterner characteristics of the ancient knight were softened down, in the age of Elizabeth, into the more perfect and graceful attributes of the gentleman. The perfect gentleman was more completely exhibited in the days of Elizabeth, than at any time before ; for the chivalry and the accomplishments, which were then united in the same individual, had been formerly divided between the noble and the churchman or the clerk.

We have gone somewhat at length into an examination of the great features of the age of Elizabeth, because it is only in this way, we believe, that historical knowledge will be of use to us in reading Spenser's great poem. Our interest in the "Faerie Queene" can be but little heightened, by being informed, that Arthegal represents Lord Grey de Wilton ; Marinel, Lord Howard ; and Timias, Sir Walter Raleigh ; and that, under the displeasure of Belphœbe, is figured the anger of Elizabeth, on account of Raleigh's intrigue with the "maid of honor." As far as the allegorical characters are faithful representatives of the historical, the connexion between the two may be of some value ; but our confidence in this fidelity is somewhat weakened when we find, that the Knight of Temperance stands for the Earl of Essex, the most fiery and impetuous character of his age.

The "Faerie Queene" is historical in a far higher sense than this. It is, perhaps more remarkably than any poem that was ever written, a representative of the times in which the author lived. It is indelibly stamped with the signs of the times ; or rather, we should say, the whole form and features of the work are modelled in the likeness of the age. In this respect, the third great bard on England's Parnassus differs from both his superiors. Shakspeare and Milton belong to no age, peculiarly. Their minds were too strong and too vast to be fashioned or even much influenced by their times. They wrote for mankind ; they drew their resources from the living springs, which had been gushing since the world began ; their wealth was an eternity, and to eternity they intrusted their fame.

Spenser, on the contrary, was remarkably the child of his age. His whole character was fashioned by the times in which he lived. His mind was filled with the glory that shone around him. His heart was opened to the spirit of society which prevailed, and he welcomed the influences which poured in from every side. In saying this, we do not derogate from his fame. He was the creature of his times, because the times were distinguished for their grandeur and nobleness. It was his high privilege, that the sure road to greatness was to conform to the spirit of his times ; to rise up to the stature of their robust manhood The tide in the affairs of men was then setting bravely onward to fortune ; and he had only to throw himself, trustingly and fearlessly, upon its bosom, sure to be borne triumphantly forward to greatness and fame. "Upon the beached verge" of that proud flood has he set up "his everlasting mansion," and thither may all men come to "read their oracle."

Were we called upon to characterize the age in which Spenser lived, by a single word, we could find none that would better express its combined attributes, than the word which the poet uses in describing his principal hero ; "In the person of Prince Arthure," says he, in his letter to Raleigh, "I set forth magnificence." The age of Elizabeth was distinguished by magnificence, in the highest sense of the word, by the most brilliant display of great qualities of all kinds ; and the hero of the "Faerie Queene" seems to be the personification of the splendid attributes of the age. A prevailing sentiment, in the mind of Spenser, was the perfectness of character to which the gentlemen of his time aspired, and on this model he fashioned his hero. He observes, that "the general end, therefore, of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in gentle and virtuous discipline." And again; "I labor to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve moral virtues." And as we read the gorgeous description of the prince, when he first meets the forsaken Una, we could fancy, that the magnificent characteristics of the golden age of England had blended together, and blazed forth in one dazzling form before us.

The whole poem of the "Faerie Queene" is a faithful mirror of the times. It is filled with the prevailing sentiments, the loyalty and the gallantry, the bravery, the wit, the learning, the patriotism, and the piety, which distinguished the reign of Elizabeth. And we form a better idea of the spirit of the times from this poem, which bears their impress so deeply, than from the most elaborate historical descriptions. In the Museum at Naples, a mould of ashes is preserved, which fell upon the breast of a female, who expired in Pompeii. So complete is the impression, that it not only displays in perfection the beautiful form of the hapless girl, but even shows the texture of the delicate dress in which she was veiled; and, but for the haste of the workmen, the mould of her face might have been equally well preserved. Now the same perfect idea, which the mould of ashes conveys to us of the beauty of the Pompeian woman, do we receive from Spenser's poem, with regard to the features of his age. It bears the impress of life; the form was sealed while yet the heart was beating, while the glow of health was on the cheek, and the warm current chasing through the veins.

To enjoy the works of Spenser fully, particularly the "Faerie Queene," they should be read, at least, three times, using a different edition each time. For the first reading, we would have a copy with no other explanations than a glossary, printed as in the new edition, at the bottom of the page. We would forget, if possible, that there is any allegory, or any historical allusion. We would read in faith; we would see nothing in the various characters but brave warriors and fair dames; magicians, witches, giants, and monsters; nothing in the scenes but the wondrous fairy-land; nothing in the adventures but battles and flights, love, conquest, and glory. We would yield ourselves up with a child's trusting spirit to the guidance of the great magician, and follow him with wonder in our eyes, and faith in our hearts, through his wide domains.

This, we believe, to be the wisest way to read Spenser. The editor remarks, that "'the Faerie Queene' is the delight of imaginative youth, and of men who have preserved in manhood the freshness of early feeling, and ceased not 'to reverence the dreams of their youth.' He, who at forty reads the 'Faerie Queene' with as much delight as at twenty, is pretty sure to be a wise and a happy man." But if such men there be, they will certainly be found among those who read the poem for its romance, for the story, for the stirring adventure; whom it rouses as the sound of the trumpet; and to whom the allegory and the history come as an after-thought of light import, the gauze-covering with which the statue is partly veiled.*

For the second reading, which should not very soon succeed the first, we would employ an edition with comments explaining the allegory. But here we would bear in mind the remark of the editor, that although the "Faerie Queene" "be an allegorical poem, it is only so to a certain extent, and to a limited degree. The poet starts with giving form and substance to certain abstractions of the mind; but, as he goes on, and kindles with the progress of the narrative, he either forgets, or voluntarily departs from the allegorical character. The interest, too, which the reader feels, is a warm, flesh-and-blood interest, not in the delineation of a virtue, but in the adventures of a knight or lady. We may put the allegory aside, and the poem will lose little or nothing of its charm."

Many persons, as the editor remarks, have been deterred from reading the poem by a dread of the mysterious allegory. But there is another kind of terror equally to be guarded against, which makes us slaves of the allegory, and engages us in a busy search for hidden meanings where there are none; so that, while we are grasping at the shadow, we lose sight of the real and substantial beauties of the poem. The man who binds himself to an exclusive search for allegory, may have a philosophical, but certainly not a poetical mind.

---

* Pope makes this remark with regard to his own enjoyment of the poem; "There is something in Spenser, that pleases one as strongly in one's old age, as it did in one's youth. I read the 'Faerie Queene' when I was about twelve with infinite delight, and I think it gave me as much when I read it over about a year ago." Pope wrote this at the age of fifty-four.

For the third reading of Spenser, we would have an edition which should explain the historical, and the less obvious classical allusions ; though, in regard to the former, "we agree with the editor in his observation, that "the general reader, especially on this side of the water, loses little or nothing by his ignorance of allusions to the forgotten events and obsolete scandal of a by-gone age. The obvious allusions are not to be mistaken ; and the more obscure ones can only rest upon conjecture, which may, or may not, be correct."

With regard to the classical allusions, most of them will be obvious to the scholar ; but it is important that they should be explained to the reader, who is not familiar with the mythology and literature of Greece and Rome, as otherwise many of the beauties of Spenser would pass unnoticed. They are not to be pointed out merely for the sake of showing that Spenser was a rich classical scholar ; this would add little or nothing to his fame ; but because it often happens, that a simile, a figure, a form of expression, or a thought, which, if supposed to be the poet's own would seem affected, far-fetched, and absurd, becomes exquisite as borrowed from another writer. Nothing, however, can more seriously injure the effect of the poem, than an undue anxiety to detect classical allusions ; the pedantry of the commentator which places the chief value of the work in the scholastic erudition it displays, and the vanity which prompts to a parade of learning in the discovery of hidden references to classic sources, are as contemptible, as they are destructive to the satisfaction of all readers who are not equally vain and pedantic. On this subject we shall have more to say presently.

We cannot forbear repeating here, that the great object of the reader should be the poetry, the story, the work as a production of art; he should study the text far more than the notes and comments. If he becomes fascinated with the adventure without thinking of allegory, or history, or ancient lore, if he is swept along the majestic stream of verse, without stopping to sound its depths or explore its bed, he will be the happiest and the wisest reader. Those who are keenly bent upon discovering all the hidden significance of the poem, will find out, perhaps too late, that this is not the true way to enjoy it. Like the Callender in the Arabian tale, who looked down into the mines and caverns of the earth and beheld all its secret treasures, but, blinded by his gaze, could never again behold the fair face of nature, they may discern the concealed treasures of allegory and classic learning, but they will fail to be impressed with the external beauty and finish of the work.

These remarks were suggested to us by a careful study of Todd's *variorum* edition, from which we found that we were acquiring a knowledge of every thing but Spenser. The labor of reading such an edition is great; and we defy any mind, which is cast in the common mould of humanity, to form a just estimate of the poem on reading it for the first time, as the editor intended it should be read, with all the accompanying notes, each in its proper connexion. The American editor remarks in his Preface, that "the flavor of a fine passage is apt to evaporate while the reader is looking for the meaning of a word at the end of the volume, or perhaps in another book." The same remark applies to the reading of a long note, which introduces a variety of topics and leads the reader far away from the subject; it is like the by-path, which attracted the son of Abensina from the main road of the journey of life till he was lost in the wilderness and gloom. To an ardent mind it is extremely provoking too, to be hurried off in the arms of a gigantic note, perhaps at the very moment when the favorite warrior is about to end a contest with some grim Saracen or portentous dragon, or when the gentle heroine is struggling against the violence of some ruthless insulter, and no hope of rescue at hand.

The efforts of a resolute reader of Todd, as he now skims along the smooth path of the text, and now plunges into the pitfall of some yawning note, remind us of the painful journey of man's great Enemy through the realms of Chaos;

—— "Nigh foundered on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot
Half flying;
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies."

The most objectionable, and, at the same time, to the reader who has a vein of sarcasm in him, the most amusing of the notes introduced into the *variorum* edition, are those which trace and explain the classical allusions of Spenser. Among these are particularly to be distinguished the remarks of Upton and of Thomas Warton; both men of great learning, but both essentially pedants. We shall presently favor our readers with a few specimens of this class of comments; we wish, however, first to state distinctly our opinion, that, although an infinite fund of pedantry has been exhausted by writers on Spenser, the poet himself is not to be charged with the same weakness.

What is but common and general knowledge in one age, is rare learning in another. The study of antiquities, for instance, is confined to a few scholars; men of books, who spend their life in the pursuit. In the branch to which these men devote themselves, they become, in the common acceptation of the word, learned; they rise to a certain eminence; their works are consulted with respect; they are reverenced as the expounders of manners and customs, of forms of life, and of the spirit of society in days long gone by. Yet there is no doubt, that the most uninstructed laborer who toiled in the streets in those ancient times, could he now be summoned from the grave, would prove on the same subjects vastly more learned than the most erudite of our antiquaries.

The same comparison, in a degree at least, may be made between Spenser and his commentators with regard to a display of classical learning. It must be remembered, that in the days of our poet the literature of Greece and Rome reigned almost alone in the world; he who could not read those languages must go without reading. The whole library of English literature in the time of Queen Elizabeth might be contained in less space than the periodical journals of England for a single year would now occupy. The consequence was, that all who were taught any thing of good learning, were taught Latin and Greek; the classic literature, and the fables of its mythology were nearly as well known in good society in Spenser's time as the works of Pope, Johnson, or Addison, perhaps we might even say of Scott, Byron, or Wordsworth, are at present.

Allusions, therefore, to the Greek and Latin classics were at that time no more pedantic than quotations now are from familiar writers. And it is observable, that, wherever Spenser has occasion to make such allusions, it is done in an easy, careless manner, such as would be expected in one who is using knowledge perfectly familiar to himself, and not less familiar to those he is addressing. And we see nothing of that affectation of scrupulous exactness in these allusions, which is observable in those who, at a later period, feel that their reputation for learning would be endangered by a slight misquotation, by a miscalling of names, or a different rendering of some mythological tale. Spenser wears the armour of the classics with the ease and freedom of one who has worn it from childhood, and who has seen it worn by every one about him. His commentators are decked in the same garb, but wear it as those who are dressed after a book; with scrupulous correctness, and a strict regard to the most authentic works on antiquities, but rather stiffly and awkwardly withal; somewhat, we fancy, as the knights of Eglintoun appeared in the mail of their ancestors.

Spenser was undoubtedly a finished classical scholar, more deeply read in Greek and Roman literature than most of his contemporaries, who were not professed students; but there is no parade of learning in his works. He never makes classical allusions but when they serve to illustrate or adorn his poem; he never goes out of the way in search of a learned figure or idea. His writings are essentially classical, because they are formed upon the only model of his time; which was the literature of the ancients. His references are made to the only reading of the polite society of his age. His allusions, though classical, were at the same time popular; they called up familiar images, associations, and reminiscences; they appealed to a universal taste; they vibrated on well-known chords.

As far as he was able to do it, Spenser made use of the literature which had sprung up since the revival of learning. Chaucer, Tasso, and Ariosto, were perfectly familiar to him; but the gorgeous structure of modern literature, was, in his time, but rising from its foundations; and the workmen had no model to guide them but those precious remains which time had spared from the classic ages. Accordingly, the poems, both Italian and English, of the sixteenth century, remind us of some of the churches in modern Rome, which have been reared on the site, and adorned with the columns and tablets, of the classic temples; their form and arrangement are Christian, but much of the detail, and of their richest ornament, is borrowed from a polished antiquity.

Spenser, therefore, though deeply imbued with classical elegance, is not liable, in any degree, to the charge of pedantry. But what shall we say of a commentator who introduces his remarks upon the writings of our poet, with the following quotation? "It is a misfortune, as Mr. Waller observes, which attends the writers of English poetry, that they can hardly expect their works should last long in a tongue which is daily changing; that, whilst they are new, envy is apt to prevail against them; and, as that wears off, our language itself fails. Our poets, therefore, he says, should imitate judicious statuaries, that choose the most durable materials, and should carve in Latin and Greek, if they would have their labors preserved for ever." And this nonsense was actually served up to the public, in a popular edition of Spenser, which appeared in London only half a century ago.

Upton, who was a hearty admirer of Spenser, rests his vindication of the merits of the "Faerie Queene" chiefly upon its resemblance to classical poems in Greek and Latin. Homer and Spenser, he tells us, have fallen under the same charge of want of unity. He then adds, "In every poem there ought to be simplicity and unity; and in the epic poem the unity of the action should never be violated by introducing any ill-joined or heterogeneous parts. This essential rule Spenser seems to me strictly to have followed; for what story can well be shorter or more simple than the subject of this poem? A British prince sees in a vision the Fairy Queen; he falls in love, and goes in search of this unknown fair, and at length finds her. This fable has a beginning, a middle, and an end. The beginning is, the British prince saw in a vision the Fairy Queen, and fell in love with her; the middle, his search after her, with the adventures that he underwent; the end, his finding whom he sought." It may be doubted, whether Homer or Spenser is under the greater obligation for such a defence.

The same propensity to lift up Spenser on the shoulders of classic poets prevails throughout Upton's notes, as well as those of other commentators introduced into the *variorum* edition. So anxious, indeed, have many of these editors been to trace the beauties of our poet to a classic source, that we might almost assert, that there is not a single illustration, simile, or figure, in the whole of his works, for which some prototype has not been discovered in ancient literature. A few specimens will suffice for our readers.

Spenser calls the children of Charissa, her "pledges dere." A form of expression, we should suppose, not very far-fetched, and not unbecoming to a person of our poet's tender sensibilities. A man who, like Spenser, died of a broken heart, caused chiefly by the loss of one of his children, would scarcely find a necessity to search antiquity for such a term of affection. We find, however, this note dryly appended. "'Pledges dere.' A Latinism, as Mr. Upton has observed, *pignora chara.*" — Todd.

In the commencement of Book Second, the wizard Archimago is called, "that conning architect of cancred guyle." This expression draws forth the following note from Todd. "Gregory Nazianzen, it may be observed, denominates, in his tragedy of *Christus Patiens*, the old Dragon, *ἀγκυλομήτης*, 'fraudis artifex'; whence, perhaps, Spenser's *architect of guyle*, applied to the same deceiver."

The lame leg of Spenser's poor old hag, Occasion, is used by the commentators to make a delightful flourish. The lines describing the witch are,

"And him behind a wicked hag did stalke,
In ragged robes and filthy disaray;
Her other leg was lame, that she no' te walke,
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay."

This *other leg* is a charming bone to pick, and we have learning enough displayed upon the subject to drive an editor, in these degenerate days, to despair. We quote Upton's remarks.

"'Her other leg was lame.' Literally from Homer. *Φολκὸς ἔην χωλὸς δ' ἝΤΕΡΟΝ ΠΟΔΑ.* Hesychius, *Ἕτερον πόδα. Τὸν ἕνα πόδα, τὸν εὐώνυμον,* — alluding to this passage of Homer; 'It means,' says Hesychius, '*One of his legs, or rather, his left leg.*' The late learned editor of Hesychius did not see the allusion. Now *ἕτερος* is used sometimes for *left*, and what is left-handed is unlucky. See Pindar, Pyth. γ΄. ver. 62.

Δαίμων δ' ἕτερος,
Ἐς κακὸν τρέψαις ἐδαμάσατό νιν.

" So ἑτέρα χείρ, is the *left hand*, in Plato de Repub. p. 439. edit. H. Steph. *Ἄλλη μὲν ἡ ἀπωθοῦσα χεὶρ, ἑτέρα δὲ ἡ προσαγομένη.* The picture of this *wicked hag* is the picture of *Occasion* in Phædrus, which has likewise been noticed by the author of remarks on Spenser.

> ' Cursu ille volucri pendens in novacula,
> Calvus, comosa fronte, nudo corpore,
> Quem si occuparis, teneas ; elapsum semel
> Non ipse possit Jupiter reprehendere,
> Occasionem rerum significat brevem.
> Effectus impediret ne segnis mora,
> Finxere antiqui talem effigiem Temporis.' "— *Upton.*

Many readers would perhaps have been superficial enough to be satisfied with being informed, that "*other*," as here used, is borrowed from classical expressions, signifying "*left.*"

In the eighth canto of Book Second, Spenser describes a battle between Prince Arthur and the two sons of Acrates, who, having found Sir Guyon in a swoon, were robbing him of his armour. The sword of the prince has been stolen some time before, and he has no weapon but his spear, which at length breaks. The Palmer, who was watching the conflict by the side of his master, Sir Guyon, seeing the danger of the prince, runs to him with the sword of the swooned knight, by thé help of which Arthur easily conquers his foes. The story, as related by our poet, appears perfectly natural, and it seems no great stretch of fancy to provide this hero with a weapon, in the manner described. Not so thinks Upton ; common sense has nothing to do with it ; it was classical to arm a warrior in this way, otherwise, Spenser never would have dreamed of it. We have the following note. " '*Which when the Palmer saw.*' Spenser here plainly had Homer in view, where Minerva gives Achilles his spear. *Λάθε δ' Ἕκτορα. Ιλ. χ.* 276. *She gave him his sword so lightly that Hector knew not of it.* So Juturna gives Turnus his sword, who had broken his former sword on the Vulcanian arms of Æneas."— *Upton.*

So we must imagine Spenser, in the course of composition, having arrived at the point where the prince's spear breaks, and then rummaging over his Greek and Latin books to find out how to extricate the hero from his embarrassing situation.

Warton is thrown into great confusion by the poet's speaking of ordnance, and thinks it an error for which no excuse can possibly be found. His speculations are highly edifying. The passage which so much disturbs him is this ;

> "And evermore their hideous ordinaunce
> Upon the bulwarkes cruelly did play."

On this he says, "Chaucer, in his description of the battle of Anthony and Cleopatra, mentions guns. Leg. of Cleop. ver. 58. Salvator Rosa has painted a cannon at the entrance of the tent of Holofernes. But these examples will not acquit Spenser. Ariosto was somewhat more cautious in this particular ; for though he supposes the use of firearms on a certain occasion in the age of Charlemagne, yet he prudently suggests that they were soon afterwards abolished, and that the use of them continued unknown for many years. He attributes the revival, no less than the invention, of these infernal engines, to the devil. C. xi. St. 22."

Upton, however, finds an apology for his favorite in that never-failing magazine, his classical attainments. "Their *ordinaunce*," he observes, "means battering engines ; such as are described in Lipsius ; these he calls *huge artillery*. Spenser poetically uses the word in its larger sense. 'Tormenta inter *ordines* militares collocata'; so called from *ordinare*, being placed in rows. We now confine its signification to cannon."

This appears a tolerably satisfactory explanation. Todd, however, cannot resist the temptation to fire a shot out of these same cannon. He adds ; "In Barret's Dict. 1580, Ordinance signifies generally, *instruments of war*. But the word appears to have been particularly applied to cannon in Spenser's time. Thus Sir J. Harrington in his remarks on Ariosto's guns ; 'Virgil hath a verse in the sixth Æneados, which myself have wondered at many times, to see how plainly it expresseth the quality of a piece of ordenance. Dum flammas Jovis et sonitus imitatur Olympi.'"

There has been a vulgar idea, that poets are observers of nature ; and Spenser gives occasional reason to suspect that he had a taste for such beauty. It is possible, that living on the banks of the Mulla, he might have noticed the effect of moonlight on the water. If so, we should not be surprised at his writing, "Upon the waves to spread her trembling light."

Not at all; Upton informs us how he thought of using the expression in this note. "'Il tremolante lume.' — Ariost. Orl. Fur. C. 8. 71. 'Tremulum lumen.' — Virg. Æn. 8. 22. 'Splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.' — Æn. 7. 9. Virgil took this expression from Ennius;

'Lumine sic tremulo terra et cava cærula candent.'"

But it is not enough, that Spenser had no ideas but those he borrowed from the ancients. Where he varies from classical forms, we are informed that he could not possibly have meant what he said; there must be some mistake about it. Upon the line,

"The power to rule the billowes, and the waves to tame,"

Upton has the following remarks. "To *rule* the billowes and to *tame* the waves, is the same thing. I believe here is a false print, and that our poet wrote as the opposition requires, —'The power to *raise* the billowes and the waves to tame.'" Spenser is classical in his expressions; see Hor. Od. 3. l. i.

"Quo non Arbiter Adriæ,
Major tollere seu ponere vult freta."

And Virg. Æn. 1. 70;

"Et mulcere dedit fluctus, et tollere vento."

And Homer, Od. x. 22;

"*῾Η μὲν ΠΑΥΕΜΕΝΑΙ ἠδ' ΟΡΝΥΜΕΝ ὅν κ' ἐθέλῃσι.*"

So above, St. 11;

"That rules the seas and makes them rise and fall."

And below, St. 52;

"To rule his tides, and surges to up-rere."

We shall have room for but one more extract, which, being a learned discussion upon the color of Cupid's dress, we hope will prove as interesting to our readers as it evidently was to that grave commentator, Thomas Warton. The importance of the subject well deserves the formidable array of learning which he brings forward to elucidate it.

In Canto Seventh of the "Legend of Constancie," are these lines;

"But life was like a faire young lusty boy,
Such as they faine Dan Cupid to have beene,

Full of delightfull health and lively joy,
Deckt all with floures and wings of gold fit to employ."

These lines elicit the following remarks from Warton. "Chaucer thus represents Cupid, Rom. R. v. 890;

"'But of his robe to devise
I dread encumbered for to be;
For not yclad in silk was he,
But all in floures and flourettes.'

But the ancients have left us no authority for such a representation of Cupid. Our author, St. 34, above, gives him a green vest, which is equally unwarrantable, though Catullus has given him a yellow vest. — *Ad Manlium.* —

"'Quam circumcursans hinc illinc sæpe Cupido,
Fulgebat *crocina* candidus in tunica,' —

where Scaliger remarks, from Julius Pollux, that Sappho attributes a purple vest to this deity; but, according to the general sense in which ποϱφύϱεος is sometimes used, she may probably mean a rich mantle."

We have cited these comments from the *variorum* edition for several purposes. In the first place, our object was to show the importance of a new and more judicious edition of Spenser, if the work is ever destined to be popular. Hitherto, the choice for readers has been between such an edition as that of Todd, (for the various labors of Church, Hughes, and Upton partake of the same character,) and an edition like Pickering's, with no other explanations than a glossary attached to the last volume, which is but little better than no glossary at all. With such means for reading Spenser, it amounted almost to a moral impossibility, that he should be generally relished or even understood.

The Boston edition supplies this want. It is learned without being pedantic, and concise without being obscure. The introduction, by the editor, is an extremely attractive essay. Without any parade of learning, it gives evidence of an acquaintance with all that has been written on the subject. The writer does not, like the older commentators, lay bare to us all the foundations of his knowledge. He simply rears his superstructure before our eyes; but the work stands so firmly, and its proportions are so complete, that we perceive at once that it is built upon a solid rock of learning, and that the plan and elevation were deliberately and carefully devised and matured before the structure was raised.

As a critique upon Spenser, the Introduction seems to us extremely just. Though it is written by an evident admirer of the poet, it is discriminating, cool, and impartial ; the literary faults of the author are not glossed over or palliated, and the beauties of the style and sentiment are brought out in a strong light, with taste and eloquence. As a composition, the Introduction is entitled to high praise. The style is flowing, harmonious, and impressive ; and no man of taste or talent can rise from its perusal without an increased relish for the poet, and a stronger desire to enjoy his beauties.

The notes occupy no more space than is absolutely necessary for explaining the text, excepting that, in a few places, the poem seems to extort from the editor a burst of admiration, in which he cannot forbear calling upon his readers to sympathize with him. The glossary is printed at the bottom of each page in such a manner, that a single glance will explain to the reader the signification of the word in question. This will be found a very great improvement upon the plan usually adopted, of printing the glossary at the close of the work.

It is not going too far, we believe, to assert, that any reader of common intelligence will understand Spenser quite as well, and enjoy his reading infinitely more, in this edition than in any which has appeared before it.

Our object, in the second place, in quoting the remarks of various commentators which are collected in the *variorum* edition, has been, to present to our readers a specimen of the best criticism upon Spenser, during the greater portion of the eighteenth century. With regard to this poet, Todd's edition may be considered as closing one epoch of criticism ; it is the exponent of a class of commentators. His own remarks differ little in character from those of Church, Upton, Hughes, or Warton. As a commentator he belongs to the last century rather than the present. If his language were only a little less modern, he might easily be mistaken for a contemporary of Colman or Thornton. And his edition of Spenser belongs essentially to the class of literature which seems to have been his model.

A new era of criticism has already commenced. The style is changed ; more enlarged views are entertained ; a different and higher taste prevails ; learning is stripped of pedantry, and made to clothe itself in the garb of common sense. We are of opinion, that Spenser is better understood and more justly appreciated at present, than he has been at any time since the days of Queen Elizabeth. In this respect, we must venture to differ from an accomplished writer of the present day in England.

" The admiration of this great poem," says Mr. Hallam,* speaking of the " Faerie Queene," " was unanimous and enthusiastic. No academy had been trained to carp at his genius with minute cavilling ; no recent popularity, no traditional fame, (for Chaucer was rather venerated than much in the hands of the reader,) interfered with the immediate recognition of his supremacy. The 'Faerie Queene' became, at once, the delight of every accomplished gentleman, the model of every poet, the solace of every scholar. In the course of the next century, by the extinction of habits derived from chivalry, and the change, both of taste and language, which came on with the civil wars and the Restoration, Spenser lost something of his attraction and much more of his influence over literature ; yet, in the most phlegmatic temper of the general reader, he seems to have been one of our most popular writers. Time, however, has gradually wrought its work ; and, notwithstanding the more imaginative cast of poetry in the present century, it may be well doubted, whether the 'Faerie Queene' is as much read, or as highly esteemed, as in the days of Anne."

The literary taste of England, which had been perverted and dazzled by the splendor of the age of Louis the Fourteenth, and degraded by the profane and ribald spirit of the court of Charles the Second, began to rise, in the days of Anne, from the infamy into which it had been plunged. The criticisms of Addison upon Milton, and of Hughes upon Spenser, in the " Spectator," and the paraphrase of the story of Amoret, in the " Tattler," all published within the first fifteen years of Anne's reign, show a great advance in the taste for English literature beyond the preceding century. Dryden, who was the boldest defender of Spenser in his time, if not the only critic who dared to praise him at all, says, " His obsolete language, and the ill choice of his stanza, are faults but of the second magnitude; for notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admired, that, laboring under such a difficulty, his verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him among the Romans, and only Mr. Waller among the English." It would be difficult, in the range of our literature, to select a passage which condenses more bad taste than this. The praise bestowed by a critic, who speaks of "*the ill choice*" of the Spenserian stanza, and who ranks Waller above Ben Jonson, Shakspeare, and Milton, loses all value.

---

* *Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the* 15*th*, 16*th*, *and* 17*th Centuries.*

The relative merits of our poets began to be better understood in the succeeding century; Waller was no longer accounted the first of English versifiers, nor Milton looked upon as a monstrous and unintelligible compound of Puritanism, chivalry, and classic erudition. It was discovered, that high treason was committed against Nature, when Bullock or Penkethman attempted to "mend a noble play of Shakspeare or Jonson;" that Spenser's style "is very poetical," "his words are all true English and numbers exquisite;" that there is "great justness and variety" in his epithets; and that he had "an admirable talent in representations" of allegorical characters. The essay of Hughes upon allegorical poetry, and his remarks on the "Faerie Queene," contain many just and sensible observations; though at the same time they prove plainly enough, that that writer was incapable of forming a proper estimate of the merits of the poem. They do not reach the higher walks of criticism; they discuss the outward form and model of the poem; the fertility and richness of imagination it displays; its resemblance to classical poems, and to the poems of Italy; the impropriety of laying the scene in Fairy land; of introducing Fairies as large as human beings, and of confounding the two together, and of representing Arthur as only a private gentleman and a minor, instead of giving us a portion of his history as a king. But there is no attempt made in this critique to analyze the various leading characters; to measure the depth of the poet's wisdom; the sound tone of morals which pervades the work; the power of thought displayed; the pathos, the tenderness, delicacy, refinement, and loveliness, and at the same time the individuality and distinctness, of the heroines; the different kinds of strength and valor which mark the heroes; — these pass almost utterly unnoticed by Hughes. Mr. Hallam would surely rank the critique in "Blackwood," which he praises so highly, far above any thing that was written about Spenser in the days of Anne. For ourselves, we should consider his own condensed and excellent remarks upon the "Faerie Queene" as indicating a far more just appreciation of the old poet, than any period of the eighteenth century could boast of.

The critical writings of the last century abound in notices of Spenser; but we know of none on the whole, which seem to rate him so highly as he is regarded by the writers of the present day. Johnson wrote an essay in the "Rambler" upon the danger and impropriety of imitating Spenser; he observes, "To imitate the fictions and sentiments of Spenser can incur no reproach, for allegory is, perhaps, one of the most pleasing vehicles for instruction. But I am very far from extending the same respect to his diction or his stanza. His style was, in his own time, allowed to be vicious, so darkened with old words and peculiarities of phrase, and so remote from common use, that Jonson boldly pronounces him to have written no language. His stanza is at once difficult and unpleasing; tiresome to the ear by its uniformity, and to the attention by its length. Perhaps, however, the style of Spenser might by long labor be justly copied; but life is surely given us for higher purposes, than to gather what our ancestors have wisely thrown away, and to learn what is of no value but because it has been forgotten."

Johnson undoubtedly had reason for giving this caution; a better taste was apparently springing up with regard to English literature; and the autocratic Doctor might have felt, perhaps, that, with the growth of more pure and liberal criticism, his own influence in the republic of letters would be lessened. We learn from a paper published in the "Connoisseur," about the same time with the above remarks of Johnson, that the attention of literary men was beginning to be directed to the purification of the language. "A friend of mine," says this writer, "lately gave me an account of a set of gentlemen, who meet together once a week under the name of the English Club. The title with which they dignify their society, arises from the chief end of their meeting, which is to cultivate their mother tongue. They employ half the time of their assembling in hearing some of our best classics read to them, which generally furnishes them with conversation for the rest of the evening. They have instituted annual festivals in honor of Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, &c., in each of which, an oration, interspersed with encomiums on the English language, is spoken in praise of the author, who, in the phrase of the Almanac, gives the red letter to the day. They have established a fund from which handsome rewards are allotted to those, who shall supply the place of any exotic terms, that have been smuggled into our language, by homespun British words equally significant and expressive. Their proceedings, it must, however, be confessed, are somewhat unfashionable, for the English tongue is become as little the general care as English beef or English honesty."

Goldsmith, however, with all his fine genius, failed to discover the merits of Spenser. In his review of Church's edition, he remarks; "It is, it must be owned, somewhat surprising, that Spenser, who was so well acquainted with Virgil, should not have adopted the Eneid of the Roman poet, rather than the *Romans* of the *Wises* and *Jongleurs*, his more immediate predecessors. It is true, he has endeavoured to soften this defect by forming his work into an allegory; however, the pleasure we receive from this species of composition, though never so finely balanced between truth and fiction, is but of a subordinate nature, as we have always two passions opposing each other; a love of reality, which represses the flights of fancy, and a passion for the marvellous, which would leave reflection behind." Goldsmith seems, however, to have had some dawning notion, that Spenser was not appreciated as he ought to be. A ray of light, perhaps, did now and then shoot from that sun of brightness, and pierce the murky clouds which were rolling up from the earth, and obscuring the heavens, and a vague promise of a brighter day did sometimes cheer the hearts of the prophets of those times.

Later than the middle of the eighteenth century, we find Hume publishing these remarks upon Spenser. "This poet contains great beauties, a sweet and harmonious versification, easy elocution, and a fine imagination. Yet does the perusal of his work become so tedious, that one never finishes it from the mere pleasure which it affords; it soon becomes a kind of task reading; and it requires some effort and resolution to carry us on to the end of his long performance." "The tediousness of continued allegory, and that too, seldom striking or ingenious, has also contributed to render the 'Faerie Queene' peculiarly tiresome; not to mention the too great frequency of its descriptions, and the languor of its stanza. Upon the whole, Spenser maintains his place upon the shelves among our English classics; but he is seldom seen on the table; and there is scarcely any one, if he dares to be ingenuous, but will confess, that, notwithstanding all the merit of the poet, he affords an entertainment with which the palate is soon satiated."

The noblest tribute that was offered to the memory of Spenser during the eighteenth century, was undoubtedly Thomson's imitation of the "Faerie Queene," the "Castle of Indolence." Shenstone adopted the same stanza, and affected something of the antique style in his "School Mistress." Beattie used the Spenserian stanza in his "Minstrel," though in other respects the poem can scarcely be called an imitation. The "Castle of Indolence," in style and spirit, approaches the "Faerie Queene" much nearer than the poems of Shenstone and Beattie. Yet no one can compare the two without instantly feeling the immeasurable superiority of the old bard of chivalry. Thomson's imitation of Spenser reminds us of the mimic sounds of a theatre compared with the burst of a martial band echoing among the rocks and hills, or the full swell of a cathedral organ. It is delightful, and we wish for nothing better till we listen to the original. Shenstone's "School Mistress," as a poem, is agreeable, fanciful, and interesting; as an imitation of Spenser, it is beneath notice. A better taste would lead to the adoption of the stanza without any pretence at imitation. This Burns has done in his "Cotter's Saturday Night." This is no imitation. The stanza is no departed form, raised from the grave and galvanized into life, again, when its purpose is accomplished, to sink in death. Burns uses the stanza as if he had created it. It ought not to be called Spenserian in his hands, for it has nothing of Spenser but the number and arrangement of lines and rhymes; it is not merely inspired with life, it *is* life; the rolling and ethereal mist of words, like the delicate vapor, that assumed by degrees the form of the White Lady of Avenel, gracefully gathers into fair proportions, and beams upon us with the radiance of Genius.

We are well aware, that praise and admiration go a good deal by fashion. A few leading minds, in every community, give the watchword to the rest; and it may undoubtedly be asserted with truth, that there is no absurdity so monstrous, that it may not become the rage, if a few men of genius are determined that it shall. There are fashions in literature as in every thing else; sometimes they are in good taste, but, when otherwise, there is always this comfort, that they are sure to be followed by a reaction.

It is possible, therefore, that the admiration which is expressed of late years for Spenser, may be a mere fashion; but we are more inclined to believe, that it is the sober judgment of an age of sound criticism, of better morals, and of a more elevated taste.

At all events, such is the judgment of the age. The Spenserian stanza has been used by a throng of writers, from the humble aspirant to a place in the "poet's corner" of a newspaper, up to the sublime and lonely Byron. A host of critics have been busy in sounding the praises of the old poet; beautiful editions of his works have been published, and, what is more important, there is good reason to believe that they have been read. And Spenser is now universally acknowledged, both in England and in this country, to belong to the first class of poets.

ART. VIII. — *A New Home; Who'll Follow? or, Glimpses of Western Life.* By MRS. MARY CLAVERS, an Actual Settler. New York: C. S. Francis. 12mo. pp. 317.

WE do not know whether Clavers is an assumed or a real name; but we are certain, that the book which bears it will confer on its author no unenviable reputation. It is a work of striking merit; such as we do not often meet with in these days of repetition and imitation. The author is a person who sees for herself, and understands what she sees. She has the happy art of representing what she undertakes to describe, with a fidelity and reality, which at once fix the reader's attention, and make him feel, that no common intellectual power is at work. With literary accomplishments, and a capacity for enjoying all the pleasures of refined society, she has gone into the western wilds, and shown us what are the resources and the enjoyments of the backwoodsman. In doing this, she spreads no romantic coloring over the scenes she describes; she has no paradise to offer him "who 'll follow"; and, on the other hand, she does not write in the churlish tone commonly inspired by extravagant hopes, which have been disappointed. Far from it. The real enjoyments of forest life are set forth in their true colors; but the real inconveniences, and annoyances, and sacrifices, which belong to it, are not extenuated. The roads of the West, — if roads they may be called, — the unfathomable mud-holes, and the unspeakable corduroys, which will leave imperishable memorials in the recollections, if not on the body, of whoever has passed over, round, or through them, are presented to us in her pages, with all their terrible realities. We feel, while we read, an *ex post facto* aching of the bones; we are retrospectively bespattered with the irremovable mud; our galligaskins — but we are not in a Western wagon, behind an ox-team, as we began to fancy, so vivid are the recollections of these things, which Mrs. Clavers has called up.

But the talent of Mrs. Clavers is by no means confined to the delineation of scenery; to giving pictures of the outward discomforts of Western life. She is a nice observer of human character. The free and easy ways of the backwoodsman are capitally hit off; and the oddities and peculiarities, that such a life as theirs naturally produces, are represented in the liveliest manner, and without the least exaggeration. The language of the dialogue is in perfect keeping with the scene and characters. It is a rich form of the Yankee, modified by Western usages.

The following passages will give the inexperienced reader some idea of what is meant by a mud-hole.

"Since I have casually alluded to a Michigan mud-hole, I may as well enter into a detailed memoir on the subject, for the benefit of future travellers, who, flying over the soil on railroads, may look slightingly back upon the achievements of their predecessors. In the 'settlements,' a mud-hole is considered as apt to occasion an unpleasant jolt, — a breaking of the thread of one's reverie, — or, in extreme cases, a temporary stand-still, or even an overturn of the rash or the unwary. Here, on approaching one of these characteristic features of the 'West,' — how much does that expression mean to include? I never have been able to discover its limits, — the driver stops, alights, walks up to the dark gulf, and around it, if he can get round it. He then seeks a long pole and sounds it, measures it across, to ascertain how its width compares with the length of his wagon, tries whether its sides are perpendicular, as is usually the case, if the road is much used. If he find it not more than three feet deep, he remounts cheerily, encourages his team, and in they go, with a plunge and a shock rather apt to damp the courage of the inexperienced. If the hole be narrow, the hinder wheels will be quite lifted off the ground by the depression of their precedents, and so remain until, by unwearied chirruping and some judicious touches of 'the string,' the horses are induced to struggle as for their lives ; and, if the fates are propitious, they generally emerge on the opposite side, dragging the vehicle, or, at least, the fore-wheels, after them. When I first 'penetrated the interior,' to use an indigenous phrase, all I knew of the wilds was from Hoffman's Tour, or Captain Hall's 'graphic' delineations ; I had some floating idea of 'driving a barouche-and-four anywhere through the oak-openings,' and seeing 'the murdered Banquos of the forest' haunting the scenes of their departed strength and beauty. But I confess, these pictures, touched by the glowing pencil of fancy, gave me but incorrect notions of a real journey through Michigan.

"Our vehicle was not, perhaps, very judiciously chosen ; at least, we have since thought so. It was a light, high-hung carriage, — of the description commonly known as a buggy or shandrydan, — names of which I would be glad to learn the etymology. I seriously advise any of my friends, who are about flitting to Wisconsin or Oregon, to prefer a heavy lumber-waggon, even for the use of the ladies of the family ; very little aid or consolation being derived from making a 'genteel' appearance in such cases.

"At the first encounter of such a mud-hole as I have attempted to describe, we stopped in utter despair. My companion, indeed, would fain have persuaded me, that the many wheel-tracks which passed through the formidable gulf were proof positive that it might be forded. I insisted, with all a woman's obstinacy, that I could not and would not make the attempt, and alighted accordingly, and tried to find a path on one side or the other. But in vain, even putting out of the question my paper-soled shoes, — sensible things for the woods. The ditch on each side was filled with water and quite too wide to jump over ; and we were actually contemplating a return, when a man in an immense bear-skin cap and a suit of deer's hide, sprang from behind a stump just within the edge of the forest. He 'poled' himself over the ditch in a moment, and stood beside us, rifle in hand, as wild and rough a specimen of humanity as one would wish to encounter in a strange and lonely road, just at the shadowy dusk of the evening.

I did *not* scream, though I own I was prodigiously frightened. But our stranger said immediately, in a gentle tone and with a French accent, 'Me watch deer, — you want to cross ?' On receiving an answer in the affirmative, he ran in search of a rail, which he threw over the terrific mud-hole, — aided me to walk across by the help of his pole, — showed my husband where to plunge, — waited till he had gone safely through, and 'slow circles dimpled o'er the quaking mud,' — then took himself off by the way he came, declining any compensation, with a most polite 'Rien, rien !' This instance of true and genuine and generous politeness, I record for the benefit of all bearskin caps, leathern jerkins, and cowhide boots, which ladies from the eastward world may hereafter encounter in Michigan." — pp. 11 – 13.

The following will give an idea of tavern accommodations, not altogether agreeable to Dr. Johnson's notion of the felicity of tavern life.

"The sun had just set when we stopped at the tavern, and I then read the cause of my companion's quizzical look. My hotel was a log house of diminutive size, with corresponding appurtenances ; and from the moment we entered its door I was in a fidget to know where we could possibly sleep. I was then new in Michigan. Our good hostess rose at once with a nod of welcome.

"'Well ! is this Miss Clavers ?' (my husband had been there before,) 'well ! I want to know ! why, do tell if you 've been upsot in the mash ? why, I want to know ! — and didn't ye hurt ye none ? Come, gals ! fly round, and let 's git some supper.'

"'But you 'll not be able to lodge us, Mrs. Danforth,' said I, glancing at three young men and some boys, who appeared to have come in from their work, and who were lounging on one side of the immense open chimney.

"'Why, bless your heart ! yes I shall ; don't you fret yourself ; I 'll give you as good a bed as any body need want.'

"I cast an exploring look, and now discovered a door opposite the fire.

"'Jist step in here,' said Mrs. Danforth, opening this door; 'jist come in, and take off your things, and lop down, if you 're a mind to, while we 're getting supper.'

"I followed her into the room, if room it might be called, a strip partitioned off, just six feet wide, so that a bed was accurately fitted in at each end, and a square space remained vacant between the two.

"'We 've been getting this room made lately, and I tell you it 's real nice, so private, like!' said our hostess, with a complacent air. 'Here,' she continued, 'in this bed the gals sleeps, and that 's my bed and the old man's; and then here 's a trundle-bed for Sally and Jane,' and suiting the action to the word, she drew out the trundle-bed as far as our standing-place would allow, to show me how convenient it was.

"Here was my grand problem still unsolved! If 'me and the old man,' and the girls, and Sally and Jane, slept in this strip, there certainly could be no room for more, and I thought with dismay of the low-browed roof, which had seemed to me to rest on the tops of the window-frames. And, to make a long story short, though manifold were the runnings up and down, and close the whisperings before all was ready, I was at length ushered up a steep and narrow stick-ladder, into the sleeping apartment. Here, surrounded by beds of all sizes, spread on the floor, was a bedstead, placed under the peak of the roof, in order to gain space for its height, and round this state-bed, for such it evidently was, although not supplied with pillows at each end, all the men and boys I had seen below stairs, were to repose. Sundry old quilts were fastened by forks to the rafters, in such a way as to serve as a partial screen, and with this I was obliged to be content. Excessive fatigue is not fastidious. I called to mind some canal-boat experiences, and resigned myself to the 'honey-heavy dew of slumber.'

"I awoke with a sense of suffocation,—started up,—all was dark as the Hall of Eblis. I called, — no answer came; I shrieked! and up ran one of the 'gals.'

"'What on airth 's the matter?'

"'Where am I? What ails me?' said I, beginning to feel a little awkward when I heard the damsel's voice.

"'Why, I guess you was scairt, wa' n't ye?'

"'Why am I in the dark? Is it morning?'

"'Morning? why the boys has been gone away this hour, and, you see, there ain't no winder up here, but I 'll take down this here quilt, and then I guess you 'll be able to see some.'

"She did so, and I began to discern

> 'A faint shadow of uncertain light,'

which, after my eyes had become somewhat accustomed to it, served very well to dress by.

"Upon descending the ladder, I found our breakfast prepared on a very neat-looking table, and Mrs. Danforth with her clean apron on, ready to do the honors.

"Seeing me looking round with inquiring eye, she said, 'Oh! you 're lookin' for a wash-dish, a' n't ye!' and forthwith put some water into a little iron skillet, and carried it out to a bench which stood under the eaves, where I performed my very limited ablutions *al fresco*, not at all pleased with this part of country habits.

"I bethought me of a story I had heard before we crossed the line, of a gentleman travelling in Michigan, who, instead of a 'wash-dish,' was directed to the spring, and when he requested a towel received for answer; 'Why, I should think you had a hankercher!'

"After breakfast, I expressed a wish to accompany Mr. Clavers to the village tract; but he thought a very bad marsh would make the ride unpleasant.

"'Lord bless ye!' said Mr. Danforth, 'that *mash* has got a real handsome bridge over it since you was here last.'

"So we set out in the buggy, and rode several miles through an alternation of open glades, with fine walnut trees scattered over them, and 'bosky dells,' fragrant as 'Araby the blest,' at that delicious hour, when the dews filled the air with the scent of the bursting leaves.

"By and by, we came to the 'beautiful bridge,' a newly-laid causeway of large round logs, with a Slough of Despond to be crossed, in order to reach it. I would not consent to turn back, however, and in we went, the buggy standing it most commendably. When we reached the first log, our poor Rozinante stopped in utter despair, and some persuasion was necessary to induce him to rear high enough to place his fore feet upon the bridge, and when he accomplished this feat, and after a rest essayed to make the buggy rear too, it was neck or nothing. Yet up we went, and then came the severe part of the achievement, a 'beautiful bridge' half a mile long!

"Half a rod was enough for me, I cried for quarter, and was permitted to pick my way over its slippery eminences, to the utter annihilation of a pair of Lane's shoes." — pp. 16 – 20.

The following passage is to us a new chapter in the history of habits in the West.

"When Angeline left me, which she did after a few days, I was obliged to employ Mrs. Jennings to 'chore round,' to borrow her own expression; and, as Mr. Clavers was absent much of the time, I had the full enjoyment of her delectable society with that of her husband and two children, who often came to meals very sociably, and made themselves at home with small urgency on my part. The good lady's habits required strong green tea at least three times a day; and between these three times she drank the remains of the tea from the spout of the tea-pot, saying, 'It tasted better so.' 'If she had n't it,' she said, 'she had the 'sterics so that she was n't able to do a chore.' And her habits were equally imperious in the matter of dipping with her own spoon or knife into every dish on the table. She would have made out nobly on kibaubs, for even that unwieldy morsel, a boiled ham, she grasped by the hock, and cut off in mouthfuls with her knife, declining all aid from the carver, and saying coolly, that she made out very well. It was in vain any one offered her any thing, she replied invariably with a dignified nod ; 'I 'll help myself, I thank ye. I never want no waitin' on.' And this reply is the universal one on such occasions, as I have since had vexatious occasion to observe.

"Let no one read with an incredulous shake of the head, but rather let my sketch of these peculiar habits of my neighbours be considered as a mere beginning, a shadow of what might be told. I might

'amaze, indeed,
The very faculty of eyes and ears,'

but I forbear.

"If 'grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,'—thinking it would be far better to starve than to eat under such circumstances, I can only say, such was not my hungry view of the case ; and that I often found rather amusing exercise for my ingenuity in contriving excuses and plans to get the old lady to enjoy her meals alone. To have offered her outright a separate table, though the board should groan with all the delicacies of the city, would have been to secure myself the unenviable privilege of doing my own 'chores,' at least till I could procure a 'help' from some distance beyond the reach of my friend Mrs. Jennings's tongue.

"It did not require a very long residence in Michigan, to convince me, that it is unwise to attempt to stem directly the current of society, even in the wilderness; but I have since learned many ways of *wearing round*, which give me the opportunity of living very much after my own fashion, without offending, very seriously, anybody's prejudices."—pp. 87, 88.

Further on is related an incident in a young lady's experience, which is not very common in the less heroic circles of the older settlements.

"I had the pleasure of receiving, early in the month of September, a visit from a young city friend, a charming, lively girl, who unaffectedly enjoyed the pleasures of the country, and whose taste for long walks and rides was insatiable. I curtained off, with the unfailing cotton sheets, a snow-white bower for her in the loft, and spread a piece of carpeting, a relic of former magnificence, over the loose boards that served for a floor. The foot square window was shaded by a pink curtain, and a bed-side chair and a candle-stand completed a sleeping-apartment, which she declared was perfectly delightful.

"So smoothly flowed our days during that charming visit, that I had begun to fear my fair guest would be obliged to return to ——— without a single adventure worth telling, when one morning, as we sat sewing, Arthur ran in with a prodigious snake-story, to which, though we were at first disposed to pay no attention, we were at length obliged to listen.

"'A most beautiful snake,' he declared, 'was coming up to the back door.'

"To the back door we ran; and there, to be sure, was a large rattle-snake, or massasauga, lazily winding its course towards the house, Alice standing still to admire it, too ignorant to fear.

"My young friend snatched up a long switch, whose ordinary office was to warn the chickens from the dinner-table, and struck at the reptile, which was not three feet from the door. It reared its head at once, made several attempts to strike, or spring, as it is called here, though it never really springs. Fanny continued to strike; and at length the snake turned for flight, not, however, without a battle of at least two minutes.

"'Here 's the axe, cousin Fanny,' said Arthur, 'don't let him run away!' and while poor I stood in silent terror, the brave girl followed, struck once ineffectually, and with another blow divided the snake, whose writhings turned to the sun as many hues as the windings of Broadway on a spring morning, — and Fanny was a heroine.

"It is my opinion, that, next to having a cougar spring at one, the absolute killing of a rattle-snake is peculiarly appropriate to constitute a Michigan heroine; — and the cream of my snake-story is, that it might be sworn to chapter and verse, before the nearest justice. What cougar story can say as much?

"But the nobler part of the snake ran away with far more celerity than it had displayed while it 'could a *tail* unfold,' and we exalted the *coda* to a high station on the logs at the corner of the house, — for fear none of the scornful sex would credit our prowess." — pp. 99 – 101.

If our next extract is rather long, it is good enough to compensate for that fault.

"'Mother wants your sifter,' said Miss Ianthe Howard, a young lady of six years' standing, attired in a tattered calico, thickened with dirt; her unkempt locks straggling from under that hideous substitute for a bonnet, so universal in the western country, a dirty cotton handkerchief, which is used, *ad nauseam*, for all sorts of purposes.

"'Mother wants your sifter, and she says she guesses you can let her have some sugar and tea, 'cause you 've got plenty.'

"This excellent reason, ''cause you 've got plenty,' is conclusive as to sharing with your neighbours. Whoever comes into Michigan with nothing, will be sure to better his condition; but woe to him that brings with him any thing like an appearance of abundance, whether of money, or mere household conveniences. To have them, and not be willing to share them in some sort with the whole community, is an unpardonable crime. You must lend your best horse to *qui que ce soit*, to go ten miles over hill and marsh, in the darkest night, for a doctor; or your team to travel twenty after a 'gal'; your wheel-barrows, your shovels, your utensils of all sorts, belong, not to yourself, but to the public, who do not think it necessary even to *ask* a loan, but take it for granted. The two saddles and bridles of Montacute spend most of their time in travelling from house to house a-manback; and I have actually known a stray martingale to be traced to four dwellings two miles apart, having been lent from one to another, without a word to the original proprietor, who sat waiting, not very patiently, to commence a journey.

"Then, within doors, an inventory of your plenishing of all sorts would scarcely more than include the articles which you are solicited to lend. Not only are all kitchen utensils as much your neighbours' as your own, but bedsteads, beds, blankets, sheets, travel from house to house, a pleasant and effectual mode of securing the perpetuity of certain efflorescent peculiarities of the skin, for which Michigan is becoming almost as famous as the land ''twixt Maidenkirk and John o' Groat's.' Sieves, smoothing-irons, and churns run about as if they had legs; one brass kettle is enough for a whole neighbourhood; and I could point to a cradle which has rocked half the babies in Montacute. For my own part, I have lent my broom, my thread, my tape, my spoons, my cat, my thimble, my scissors, my shawl, my shoes; and have been asked for my combs and brushes; and my husband, for his shaving apparatus and his pantaloons.

"But the cream of the joke lies in the manner of the thing. It is so straight-forward and honest, none of your hypocritical civility and servile gratitude! Your true republican, when he finds that you possess any thing which would contribute to his convenience, walks in with, 'Are you going to use your horses *to-day?*' if horses happen to be the thing he needs.

"'Yes, I shall probably want them.'

"'Oh, well; if you want them, — I was thinking to get 'em to go up north a piece.'

"Or perhaps the desired article comes within the female department.

"'Mother wants to get some butter; that 'ere butter you bought of Miss Barton this mornin'.'

"And away goes your golden store, to be repaid, perhaps, with some cheesy, greasy stuff, brought in a dirty pail, with 'Here 's your butter.'

"A girl came in to borrow a 'wash-dish,' 'because we 've got company.' Presently she came back; 'Mother says you 've forgot to send a towel.'

"'The pen, and ink, and a sheet o' paper, and a wafer,' is no unusual request; and when the pen is returned, you are generally informed, that you sent 'an awful bad pen.'

"I have been frequently reminded of one of Johnson's humorous sketches. A man returning a broken wheel-barrow to a Quaker, with 'Here, I 've broke your rotten wheel-barrow, usin' on 't. I wish you 'd get it mended right off, 'cause I want to borrow it again this afternoon.' The Quaker is made to reply, 'Friend, it shall be done;' and I wish I possessed more of his spirit.

"But I did not intend to write a chapter on involuntary loans; I have a story to tell.

"One of my best neighbours is Mr. Philo Doubleday, a long, awkward, honest, hard-working Maine-man, or Mainote, I suppose one might say; so good-natured, that he might be mistaken for a simpleton; but that must be by those that do not know him. He is quite an old settler, came in four years ago, bringing with him a wife, who is to him as vinegar-bottle to oil-cruet, or as mustard to the sugar, which is used to soften its biting qualities. Mrs. Doubleday has the sharpest eyes, the sharpest nose, the sharpest tongue, the sharpest elbows, and, above all, the sharpest voice, that ever 'penetrated the interior' of Michigan. She has a tall, straight, bony figure, in contour somewhat resembling two hard-oak planks fastened together and stood on end; and, strange to say! she was full five-and-thirty when her mature graces attracted the eye and won the affections of the worthy Philo. What eclipse had come over Mr. Doubleday's usual sagacity, when he made choice of his Polly, I am sure I never could guess; but he is certainly the only man in the wide world who could possibly have lived with her ; and he makes her a most excellent husband.

" She is possessed with a neat devil ; I have known many such cases ; her floor is scoured every night, after all are in bed but the unlucky scrubber, Betsey, the maid of all work ; and woe to the unfortunate 'indiffidle,' as neighbour Jenkins says, who first sets dirty boot on it in the morning. If men come in to talk over road business, for Philo is much sought when 'the public' has any work to do, or school business, for that, being very troublesome, and quite devoid of profit, is often conferred upon Philo, Mrs. Doubleday makes twenty errands into the room, expressing in her visage all the force of Mrs. Raddle's inquiry, '*Is* them wretches going?' And when, at length, their backs are turned, out comes the bottled vengeance. The sharp eyes, tongue, elbow, and voice, are all in instant requisition.

" 'Fetch the broom, Betsey ! and the scrub-broom, Betsey! and the mop, and that 'ere dish of soap, Betsey! And why on earth did n't you bring some ashes ? You did n't expect to clean such a floor as this without ashes, did you ?' — 'What time are you going to have dinner, my dear ?' says the imperturbable Philo, who is getting ready to go out.

" 'Dinner ! I 'm sure I don't know ! there 's no time to cook dinner in this house ! nothing but slave, slave, slave, from morning till night, cleaning up after a set of nasty, dirty,' &c. &c. 'Phew !' says Mr. Doubleday, looking at his fuming helpmate with a calm smile, 'It 'll all rub out when it 's dry, if you 'll only let it alone.'

" 'Yes, yes ; and it would be plenty clean enough for you if there had been forty horses in here.'

" Philo, on some such occasion, waited till his Polly had stepped out of the room, and then, with a bit of chalk, wrote, on the broad black-walnut mantel-piece, —

'Bolt and bar hold gate of wood,
Gate of iron springs make good,
Bolt nor spring can bind the flame,
Woman's tongue can no man tame,'

and then took his hat and walked off.

" This is his favorite mode of vengeance, — 'poetical justice,' as he calls it ; and, as he is never at a loss for a rhyme of his own or other people's, Mrs. Doubleday stands in no small dread of these efforts of genius. Once, when Philo's crony, James Porter, the blacksmith, had left the print of his blackened knuckles on the outside of the oft-scrubbed door, and was the subject of some rather severe remarks from the gentle

Polly, Philo, as he left the house with his friend, turned and wrote, over the offended spot, —

'Knock not here!
Or dread my dear,
P. D.'

and the very next person that came was Mrs. Skinner, the merchant's wife, all dressed in her red merino, to make a visit. Mrs. Skinner, who did not possess an unusual share of tact, walked gravely round to the back door, and there was Mrs. Doubleday up to the eyes in soap-making. Dire was the mortification, and point-blank were the questions, as to how the visiter came to go round that way; and when the warning couplet was produced in justification, we must draw a veil over what followed, as the novelists say.

"Sometimes these poeticals came in aid of poor Betsey; as once, when on hearing a crash in the little shanty-kitchen, Mrs. Doubleday called, in her shrillest tones, 'Betsey! what on earth 's the matter?' Poor Betsey, knowing what was coming, answered, in a deprecatory whine, 'The cow 's kicked over the buckwheat batter!'

"When the clear, hilarous voice of Philo, from the yard, where he was chopping, instantly completed the triplet; —

"'Take up the pieces and throw 'em at her!' for once the grim features of his spouse relaxed into a smile, and Betsey escaped her scolding.

"Yet Mrs. Doubleday is not without her excellent qualities as a wife, a friend, and a neighbour. She keeps her husband's house and stockings in unexceptionable trim. Her *emptin's* are the envy of the neighbourhood. Her vinegar is, — as how could it fail? — the *ne plus ultra* of sharpness; and her pickles are greener than the grass of the field. She will watch night after night with the sick, perform the last sad offices for the dead, or take to her home and heart the little ones whose mother is removed for ever from her place at the fire-side. All this she can do cheerfully, and she will not repay herself, as many good people do, by recounting every word of the querulous sick man, or the desolate mourner, with added hints of tumbled drawers, closets all in heaps, or *awful* dirty kitchens.

"I was sitting, one morning, with my neighbour Mrs. Jenkins, who is a sister of Mr. Doubleday, when Betsey, Mrs. Doubleday's 'hired girl,' came in with one of the shingles of Philo's handiwork in her hand, which bore, in Mr. Doubleday's well-known chalk marks, —

'Come quick, Fanny!
And bring the granny;
For Mrs. Double-
day 's in trouble.'

"And the next intelligence was of a fine, new pair of lungs, at that hitherto silent mansion. I called very soon after to take a peep at the 'latest found'; and if the suppressed delight of the new papa was a treat, how much more was the softened aspect, the womanized tone of the proud and happy mother. I never saw a being so completely transformed. She would almost forget to answer me, in her absorbed watching of the breath of the little sleeper. Even when trying to be polite, and to say what the occasion demanded, her eyes would *not* be withdrawn from the tiny face. Conversation on any subject but the ever-new theme of 'babies,' was out of the question. Whatever we began upon, whirled round sooner or later to the one point. The needle may tremble, but it turns not with the less constancy to the pole.

"As I pass for an oracle in the matter of paps and possets, I had frequent communication with my now happy neighbour, who had forgotten to scold her husband, learned to let Betsey have time to eat, and omitted the nightly scouring of the floor, lest so much dampness might be bad for the baby. We were in deep consultation, one morning, on some important point touching the well-being of this sole object of Mrs. Doubleday's thoughts and dreams, when the very same little Ianthe Howard, dirty as ever, presented herself. She sat down and stared awhile without speaking, *à l'ordinaire*, and then informed us, that her mother 'wanted Miss Doubleday to let her have her baby for a little while, 'cause Benny's mouth 's so sore that' — but she had no time to finish the sentence.

"'LEND MY BABY!!!'— and her utterance failed. The new mother's feelings were fortunately too big for speech, and Ianthe wisely disappeared before Mrs. Doubleday found her tongue. Philo, who entered on the instant, burst into one of his electrifying laughs, with —

'Ask my Polly,
To lend her dolly!' —

and I could not help thinking, that one must come 'West,' in order to learn a little of every thing.

"The identical glass-tube, which I offered Mrs. Howard as a substitute for Mrs. Doubleday's baby, and which had already, frail as it is, threaded the country for miles in all directions, is, even as I write, in demand; a man on horseback comes from somewhere near Danforth's, and asks in mysterious whispers for — but I shall not tell what he calls it. The reader must come to Michigan." — pp. 114 – 122.

The passages we have already given are sufficient to afford a taste of the quality of the book; of its variety and vivacity; of the excellence of its style, the good-humor and wit of the author. But many other interesting points in western habits and life are touched upon. We have all the steps in the growth of the village, with a glimpse at the proceedings of that worthy class of people, the land-speculators. Then we have the rivalry of the neighbouring town of Tinkerville; the establishment of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Banking House; the emission of splendid new bank bills; the sudden increase of business in Tinkerville, in consequence thereof; and the final crash of that celebrated institution, like so many of its prototypes in the older States, — we will not particularize, or we might mention ——, and ——. Then we have the incipient stages of exclusiveness and gentility in the upper circles of Montacute and Tinkerville; the jealousies and envyings to which these give rise; the effects of calumny and gossip; and a prosecution for defamation before 'Squire Jenkins.

The first meeting of the Montacute Female Benevolent Society must not be passed over unnoticed.

"There were nineteen women with thirteen babies, — or at least 'young uns,' (indigenous,) — who were not above gingerbread. Of these thirteen, nine held large chunks of gingerbread, or dough-nuts, in trust, for the benefit of the gowns of the society; the remaining four were supplied with bunches of maple-sugar, tied in bits of rag, and pinned to their shoulders, or held dripping in the fingers of their mammas.

"Mrs. Flyter was 'slicked up' for the occasion, in the snuff-colored silk she was married in, curiously enlarged in the back, and not as voluminous in the floating part, as is the wasteful custom of the present day. Her three immense children, white-haired and blubber-lipped, like their amiable parent, were in pink ginghams, and blue glass beads. Mrs. Nippers wore her unfailing brown merino, and black apron; Miss Clinch, her inevitable scarlet calico; Mrs. Skinner, her red merino, with baby of the same; Mrs. Daker shone out in her very choicest city finery, — (where else could she show it? poor thing); and a dozen other Mistresses shone in their 't'other gowns,' and their tamboured collars. Mrs. Doubleday's pretty black-eyed Dolly was neatly stowed in a small willow basket, where it lay looking about with eyes full of sweet wonder, behaving itself with marvellous quietness and discretion, as did most of the other little torments, to do them justice.

"Much consultation, deep and solemn, was held as to the most profitable kinds of work to be undertaken by the society. Many were in favor of making up linen, cotton linen of course, but Mrs. Nippers assured the company that shirts never used to sell well at the East, and she was therefore perfectly certain that they would not do here. Pincushions and such like feminilities were then proposed; but at these Mrs. Nippers held up both hands, and showed a double share of blue-white around her eyes. Nobody about here needed pincuhsions, and besides, where should we get the materials? Aprons, capes, caps, collars, were all proposed, with the same ill success. At length, Mrs. Doubleday, with an air of great deference, inquired what Mrs. Nippers would recommend.

"The good lady hesitated a little at this. It was more her forte to object to other people's plans, than to suggest better; but after a moment's consideration, she said she should think fancy-boxes, watch-cases, and alum-baskets would be very pretty.

"A dead silence fell on the assembly, but of course it did not last long. Mrs. Skinner went on quietly cutting out shirts, and in a very short time furnished each member with a good supply of work, stating that any lady might take work home to finish, if she liked.

"Mrs. Nippers took her work and edged herself into a coterie of which Mrs. Flyter had seemed till then the magnet. Very soon I heard, 'I declare it 's a shame!' 'I don't know what 'll be done about it;' 'She told me so with her own mouth;' 'Oh, but I was there myself!' etc. etc., in many different voices; the interstices well filled with undistinguishable whispers, 'not loud, but deep.'

"It was not long before the active widow transferred her seat to another corner; — Miss Clinch plying her tongue, not her needle, in a third. The whispers and the exclamations seemed to be gaining ground. The few silent members were inquiring for more work.

"'Mrs. Nippers has the sleeve! Mrs. Nippers, have you finished that sleeve?'

"Mrs. Nippers colored, said 'No,' and sewed four stitches. At length 'the storm grew loud apace.' 'It will break up the society ——'

"'What *is* that?' asked Mrs. Doubleday, in her sharp treble. 'What is it, Mrs. Nippers? *You* know all about it.'

"Mrs. Nippers replied, that she only knew what she had heard, etc. etc., but, after a little urging, consented to inform the company in general, that there was great dissatisfaction in the neighbourhood, that those who lived in *log-houses* at a little distance from the village, had not been invited to join the society ; and also, that many people thought twenty-five cents quite too high, for a yearly subscription.

"Many looked aghast at this. Public opinion is nowhere so strongly felt as in this country, among new settlers. And as many of the present company still lived in log-houses, a tender string was touched.

"At length, an old lady, who had sat quietly in a corner all the afternoon, looked up from behind the great woollen sock she was knitting, —

"'Well now ! that 's queer !' said she, addressing Mrs. Nippers with an air of simplicity simplified. 'Miss Turner told me you went round her neighbourhood last Friday, and told how that Miss Clavers and Miss Skinner despised every body that lived in log-houses ; and you know you told Miss Briggs that you thought twenty-five cents was too much ; did n't she, Miss Briggs ?' Mrs. Briggs nodded.

"The widow blushed to the very centre of her pale eyes, but, 'e'en though vanquished,' she lost not her assurance. 'Why, I 'm sure I only said that we only paid twelve-and-a-half cents at the East ; and as to log-houses, I do n't know, I can 't just recollect, but I did n't say more than others did.'

"But human nature could not bear up against the mortification ; and it had, after all, the scarce credible effect of making Mrs. Nippers sew in silence for some time, and carry her colors at half-mast for the remainder of the afternoon.

"At tea each lady took one or more of her babies into her lap, and much grabbing ensued. Those who wore calicoes seemed in good spirits and appetite, for green tea at least; but those who had unwarily sported silks and other unwashables, looked acid and uncomfortable. Cake flew about at a great rate, and the milk and water which ought to have gone quietly down sundry juvenile throats, was spirted without mercy into various wry faces. But we got through. The astringent refreshment produced its usual crisping effect upon the vivacity of the company. Talk ran high upon almost all Montacutian themes.

"'Do you have any butter now ?' 'When are you going to raise your barn ?' 'Is your man a going to kill, this week ?' 'I ha' n't seen a bit of meat these six weeks.' 'Was you to meetin' last Sabbath ?' 'Has Miss White got any wool to sell ?' 'Do tell if you 've been to Detroit ?' 'Are you out o' candles ?' 'Well I *should* think Sarah Teals wanted a new gown!' 'I hope we shall have milk in a week or two,' and so on; for, be it known, that in a state of society like ours, the bare necessaries of life are subjects of sufficient interest for a good deal of conversation. More than one truly respectable woman of our neighbourhood has told me, that it is not very many years since a moderate allowance of Indian meal and potatoes was literally all that fell to their share of this rich world for weeks together.

"'Is your daughter Isabella well?' asked Mrs. Nippers of me solemnly, pointing to little Bell, who sat munching her bread and butter, half asleep, at the fragmentious table.

"'Yes, I believe so, look at her cheeks.'

"'Ah yes! it was her cheeks I was looking at. They are so *very* rosy. I have a little niece who is the very image of her. I never see Isabella without thinking of Jerushy; and Jerushy is most dreadfully scrofulous!'

"Satisfied at having made me uncomfortable, Mrs. Nippers turned to Mrs. Doubleday, who was trotting her pretty babe with her usual proud fondness.

"'Do n't you think your baby breathes rather strangely?' said the tormentor.

"'Breathes! how!' said the poor thing, off her guard in an instant.

"'Why rather croupish, I think, if *I* am any judge. I have never had any children of my own, to be sure; but I was with Mrs. Green's baby when it died, and —

"'Come, we 'll be off!' said Mr. Doubleday, who had come for his spouse. 'Do n't mind the envious vixen,' — aside to his Polly.

"Just then, somebody on the opposite side of the room, happened to say, speaking of some cloth affair, 'Mrs. Nippers says it ought to be sponged.'

"'Well, sponge it then, by all means,' said Mr. Doubleday, 'nobody else knows half as much about sponging;' and with wife and baby in tow, off walked the laughing Philo, leaving the widow absolutely transfixed.

"'What *could* Mr. Doubleday mean by that?' was at length her indignant exclamation.

"Nobody spoke.

"'I am sure,' continued the crest-fallen Mrs. Campaspe, with an attempt at a scornful giggle, 'I am sure if anybody understood him, I would be glad to know what he *did* mean.'

"'Well now I can tell you;' said the same simple old lady in the corner, who had let out the secret of Mrs. Nippers' morning walks. 'Some folks calls that *sponging*, when you go about getting your dinner here and your tea there, and sich like ; as you know you and Meesy there does. That was what he meant, I guess.' And the old lady quietly put up her knitting, and prepared to go home." — pp. 227 – 233.

These long extracts will convey a much better idea than any elaborate commendation of our own could have done, of one of the most spirited and original works which have yet been produced in this country.

ART. IX. — 1. *The Second Exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, at Quincy Hall, in the City of Boston, September 23d*, 1839. Boston : I. R. Butts. 1839. pp. 134.

2. *An Address delivered before the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, at the Celebration of their Eleventh Triennial Festival, and Second Exhibition and Fair, October* 3d, 1839. By JAMES TRECOTHICK AUSTIN, Honorary Member of the Association. Boston : Isaac R. Butts. 1839. 8vo. pp. 36.

NOT long since, we had occasion to notice a volume of statistics, published in pursuance of an order of the Legislature of Massachusetts, exhibiting the amount and value of the annual products of industry in the several towns of the Commonwealth.* That publication excited some surprise at the amount and estimated value of those products, particularly of those which come under the class of manufactures. The exhibition under the direction of the Mechanic Association, of which a description is given in the first of the pamphlets above named, afforded more conclusive proofs of the extent and perfection of the manufactures of Massachusetts, than could be afforded by printed statements or written documents. The great number and variety of articles exhibited, extending to a supply of almost all the wants created by our state of society, — their adaptation to the uses for which they are intended, and to the supply of the constant demand, — and the knowledge, in many cases, of the quantity of articles manufactured, of which only specimens were exhibited, — could not fail to produce on the mind of the observer, a strong impression of the extent, activity, and skilful direction of that industry, which has produced such vast results.

---

* *North American Review*, Vol. XLVII. pp. 255 *et seq.*

The place selected for holding the exhibition was the hall over the Quincy Market, in Boston. This hall is 520 feet in length, and 50 feet in breadth, with a rotunda of wider dimensions in the centre. In this hall the articles exhibited were systematically and tastefully arranged, in a manner to produce an agreeable effect upon the eye, and, at the same time, to secure a convenient access to each article exhibited. A few of the heavier articles, such as specimens of ornamental work in granite, church bells, &c., were exhibited in an enclosure, outside of the hall. The number of contributors to the exhibition was eleven hundred and ninety-six, of whom a large proportion presented not merely many articles, but a great number and variety of kinds of articles. For example, from the same manufactory were exhibited a large assortment of implements of hardware, or of cutlery, a large assortment and variety of printed and unprinted cotton goods, a variety of cloths, &c., so that the number of exhibitors affords no clue to the number and variety of articles exhibited. In several instances, the same individual exhibited a number of different inventions, for entirely distinct objects.

The exhibition remained open for twelve days, from the 5th to the 23d of September, during which period it was visited by about seventy thousand persons. In this number were included the contributors to the exhibition, the members of the Mechanic Association, with the members of their respective families, and sixty thousand purchasers of tickets, at twenty-five cents each. The receipts from the sale of tickets amounted to $ 15,000. The obvious effect of the exhibition on the minds of a great portion of the visiters, was gratification, and often surprise, at the excellence and beauty of the specimens presented, of the various productions of industry and art.

The pamphlet published by the Association, consists of the reports of the judges upon the comparative merits of the articles exhibited, and their claims to notice, and to the premiums offered. Upon the recommendations of the judges, twenty-five gold medals were awarded, one hundred and thirty-three silver medals, and two hundred and fifty-four diplomas.

It would occupy much more space than we can devote to the subject, to describe, or even to enumerate, the articles in this vast collection, which were deserving of particular notice. We will merely invite a moment's attention to a few, among the great number which might be selected, as specimens of the ingenuity and skill of the artists and mechanics, whose works were thus submitted to the public inspection.

Among the articles of machinery were several models of steam engines, — one being a finished miniature low pressure engine, of a good model, in actual operation, the work of an apprentice, and another a miniature locomotive engine, which was occasionally put in motion, drawing a train of cars over a circular railroad, on which children, among the visiters, were frequently indulged with a ride. There was also a small steam engine of six horse power, of a simple and compact structure, and neat workmanship, built by Hinckley and Drury, which was kept in operation during the exhibition, for the purpose of giving motion to the other working machinery exhibited. Its boiler and furnace were so constructed as to be placed upon the floor without brick work, and yet little heat was communicated to the room. It occupied little space, and worked with remarkable stillness. The water for the supply of the engine was drawn, by suction, from a well in the neighbourhood. Among the machines, which were occasionally put in motion by this steam engine, were three planing machines, of different forms of construction, a cassimere shearing machine, containing some important improvements on machines previously invented for the same object, a tenoning machine, a dovetailing machine, and a rotary shingle machine. All these, and several other machines exhibited, are capable of affording most efficient aid in the mechanical operations for which they are adapted. The planing machines not only give a smooth surface to the boards or other pieces of timber subjected to their operation, but they fit them to a uniform thickness and exact dimensions, according to the gauge by which they are regulated. The spiral blades of the shearing machine are so constructed, that they grind and sharpen one another. It is adapted to cloths of the finest fabric, and shears with the greatest nicety, at the rate of ten or twelve yards a minute. The tenoning machine not only expedites, in a wonderful degree, but executes with the utmost exactness, portions of the process of making sashes, door-frames, and other similar work. The dovetailing machine is adapted to the making of boxes of almost every description, with great rapidity, forming a neat, exact joint, of remarkable strength, without the aid of nails or screws. The shingle machine cuts shingles smooth and of entire uniformity, and without waste of timber, with astonishing rapidity. The blocks of timber are previously cut to the proper length, and prepared by steaming in hot water. A machine, with a single attendant, delivered perfect shingles at the rate of two hundred and forty in a minute.

Among the machinery should be mentioned a double cylinder Napier printing press, of a large size, for the printing of newspapers, and a rotary press, for printing cards and billets. This last mentioned press, which was invented by Mr. Voorhies of New York, and improved by Mr. Dickinson of Boston, is a perfect machine for its object. It is little larger than a common coffee-mill, and all its movements are so ingeniously contrived, that the process of printing is performed, while the operator turns the crank of the machine with his right hand, and drops the cards into the hopper with his left. An impression is produced upon the cards in succession, at each revolution of the crank, and, as the cards fall through the hopper into a groove fitted to receive them, they become more accurately adjusted, than if placed upon the types by hand, in the ordinary way of printing. The uniformity in the distribution of ink, and in the impression, is such, as to leave nothing to be desired in the perfection of the work. It is also easily adapted to the printing of notes and circular letters ; and all descriptions of cards and billet paper of the finest texture and polish, are printed by means of it, without any loss of their beauty.

Among other machines deserving of notice, were two knitting machines, of entirely different construction from each other, but both performing the operation of knitting with surprising rapidity. One of these machines is in successful operation, in an extensive manufactory of hose, at Roxbury, and the other is a recent invention, made at Portsmouth, in New Hampshire. Mr. Nicholson's railroad telegraph, and bell-ringer, and his self-adjusting railroad alarm-signal, are also deserving of notice. Of the objects deserving of being mentioned for their exact and beautiful workmanship, are Plympton's standard balances and weights, a sample of which was exhibited by him, similar to those which have been furnished to the State of Massachusetts, and other State governments, in pursuance of the laws for regulating the standards of weight. In this connexion may also be mentioned Loring's beautiful globes, and a variety of philosophical instruments, such as air-pumps, and electric and magnetic apparatus.

Among the inventions deserving of particular notice, was a dynamometer, for the measuring of steam or water power, by S. Batchelder, Esquire, of Saco. This is an instrument which has long been a desideratum in practical mechanics. It is on a principle entirely novel, yet so simple, that it is no sooner seen than it is acknowledged to be fully adapted to its object. It may be made of any dimensions or strength, suited to the degree of power to be measured ; and by merely placing it in the line of communication, by means of a band or gearing, between the water wheel, or drum of the steam-engine, and the machinery to be moved, the power exerted on the machinery may be exactly measured, by means of a steelyard and weight, which form a part of the machine. There is also connected with it an index to show the number of revolutions of the drum, in a given time, which being observed, together with the weight, the data are obtained for computing the number of pounds which would be raised one foot high per minute, by the degree of power exerted at the time upon the machine, and transmitted through it to the working machinery. Whether we regard the utility, the ingenuity, or the simplicity of this machine, it must be ranked in a high class of inventions, as rendering that easy of attainment which was before impracticable by any process universally applicable ; and we are a little surprised, that, in the liberal number of premiums awarded, no higher testimonial of approbation has been bestowed upon it, than the award of a *silver medal.*

To proceed to another class of articles, specimens of the produce of some of the most extensive branches of industry, we would enumerate a few of the great number of samples of excellent broadcloths and cassimeres. Among these, the cassimeres manufactured by the Middlesex Company at Lowell were beautiful specimens of this branch of manufacture. So too were the cassimeres of the Neponset Company, at Canton, the broadcloths of the Hamilton Woollen Company, at Southbridge, and of the Woollen Company at Northampton, and the satinets of the Amesbury Company. Among the articles which attracted great attention for their remarkable fineness and beauty of manufacture, were the flannels of the Amesbury Flannel Company, and also of the Ballard Vale Company, at Andover. A description of these last specimens we copy from the award of the judges.

"The committee have chosen to speak of the goods under the two last numbers in connexion; and they are unanimous in pronouncing them the most beautiful and perfect specimens of flannels, in all respects, that they have ever seen, whether manufactured in this country or any other. And the goods from these two establishments possess such equal merits, that they hesitate to declare a preference between the two parcels. They are both beautifully spun and finished, even throughout, each piece of regular width, made of superior stock, and the colors of the scarlets and yellows are excellent. After very particular examination, they would class them as follows; — Of the gauze and white, they give preference to those from the Ballard Vale Company; and of the colored and twilled, to the Amesbury goods. They cannot well imagine a more perfect article of the kind, than the twilled, last referred to; nor can they conceive of a more delicate and beautiful specimen of woollen manufacture, than is exhibited in the two pieces of gauze from the Ballard Vale Company. To test the extreme delicacy of this article, they unrolled one of the pieces, and although it is thirty-six inches wide, they drew several yards of it, list and all, through a lady's finger ring, with the greatest ease. The piece contained twenty-one yards, and weighed but three pounds. The committee are informed, that the goods from the Ballard Vale Company are such as they are daily making, and were not made especially for exhibition; and that the stock from which the Amesbury goods were made, was selected from such as is constantly used at that establishment. Both lots were made from American fleece wool."

There were presented, from the New England Worsted Company, at Saxonville, specimens of bockings and kerseys, and also of worsted yarn, — the first of the kind manufactured by machinery in this country, and the work of ingenious machinery invented by S. Couillard, Jr. There were, also, fine specimens of blankets, from the Mechanics' Company at Rochester, in New Hampshire. Some very curious samples were exhibited, of water-proof cloths, from the Water-Proofing Company, at Lowell. The cloth thus prepared, whether broadcloth, cassimere, or bombasin, without being in any degree changed in its appearance, acquires the remarkable property of repelling and resisting the passage of water, although of so thin a texture as to admit the passage through it of air or steam.

The fine specimens of cotton goods, one of the most important and extensive branches of the manufactures of Massachusetts, and one which absorbs a large amount of capital, and employs a large number of laborers, were numerous. Among these were chintz furnitures, from the American Print Works, at Fall River ; the chintz prints and furnitures of A. Robeson, at Fall River ; the silesias, from the Providence Dyeing Company ; the fall prints of the Cocheco Company, at Dover ; the blue ground chintz prints, of the Merrimack Company, at Lowell ; the jeans, tickings, striped shirtings and camlets, of the York Mills, at Saco ; and the sheetings and bleached cottons of the Phœnix and Union Factories, at Peterborough. There were fine specimens of carpeting from several factories ; also, from various factories, specimens of painted floor-cloths. There were, also, looking-glass frames ; brushes, in great variety ; cabinet work, in a large variety ; coaches, chaises, and other carriages, of excellent workmanship, and of light and tasteful forms, from various manufactories ; saddles and harnesses, in great variety ; hosiery and neck stocks ; hats, caps, and furs ; confectionery, of which there was a brisk consumption during the exhibition ; soaps and perfumery, in great variety ; agricultural implements, in a large variety, comprising vast improvements on those still in general use in many parts of the country ; blocks, pumps, and cooper's work ; cannons, rifles, and other firearms, and swords ; boots, shoes, and leather ; specimens of printing, in surprising variety, and of great beauty, exhibiting a remarkable progress in this art within a few years ; types, and stereotype castings ; writing and printing paper ; iron and brass castings ; hardware, cutlery, and locks, in great variety ; fire engines ; cordage ; and needle-work and embroidery, in an immense variety.

We close this imperfect enumeration with a mention of the musical instruments exhibited. Of these there was a large variety. Among them was a church organ, built by Thomas Appleton, of fine tone and excellent workmanship, to which was awarded a gold medal. There were nineteen pianofortes, all pronounced, by the judges, good instruments ; to two of which, made by Chickering and Mackays, and Wilkins and Newhall, gold medals were awarded. There was, also, a large variety of wind and stringed instruments, to a number of which distinctions were awarded by the judges. The manufacture of musical instruments, particularly of pianofortes, is carried to a very great extent in Boston. And the reputation which they have acquired, from their purity of tone and excellence of workmanship, has secured for them a steady demand, from all parts of the country, and for exportation.

Occasional exhibitions of this kind cannot fail to be of great utility. They bring forth to the public view the best evidences of the state and progress of the arts in the country, and disseminate among the community more authentic knowledge than can be acquired from any other source, of what the industry of the country is capable of producing. They afford the means of comparing the products of our own workshops with those of foreign origin, which are in common use ; and the experiment has fully shown, that they serve to produce an increased confidence in the comparative value of our own manufactures. They afford to artisans and manufacturers the opportunity of observing the progress of improvement ; of comparing their own products with those of their neighbours ; and of discovering improvements which may be adopted by themselves. They, besides, stimulate manufacturers to emulate one another in the quality of their productions, by convincing them, that in proportion as they attain to excellence, they will meet with success. In these, and in various other ways, there is no doubt, that these exhibitions contribute, indirectly, to produce the very advance in the state of the Mechanic Arts, from year to year, of which they afford, directly, the most unequivocal proof.

The Address delivered by Mr. Austin, before the Association, is one of the best of its kind. It is written in an animated and eloquent style, and abounds in seasonable and excellent thoughts. Such a discourse is always well-timed ; but, at the present moment, is peculiarly so. Taking the middle ground of common sense and right feeling, Mr. Austin shows, that the supposed conflicting interests of the various classes in American society are, in fact, blended harmoniously together ; that wealth, capital, must employ labor ; that labor cannot dispense with the aid of capital. His views upon this point are strongly and clearly expressed, and must command the assent of every right-minded working-man, who reads them. He describes, in glowing language, the amazing results of mechanic ingenuity, and draws a most animating picture of their influence on the fortunes of the human family. The following paragraph struck us as extremely happy.

"It is a cavilling spirit, that makes the luxury of life a subject of complaint because its direct enjoyments are necessarily confined to limited numbers. Indirectly, they extend to all classes. They keep in circulation the vital air of the political system. Hardly will it do for our industrious yeomanry, who are covering the country with the Morus Multicaulis, until our silkworms shall out-number the produce of the celestial empire, to rail at the luxury of a silk dress, as an aristocratic distinction. Our splendid manufactories of silver are worse than useless, if it is a sin against democracy to use a silver fork. The coach-maker must change his trade, if the fair daughters of the country may not be indulged with a carriage. The saddlery, which is in such exquisite finish in the Hall of Exhibition, is something like the armour of treason against the republic, if we come to the conclusion, that it is for the benefit of the laboring classes, that every man who rides at all must go bare-back." — p. 20.

The occasion was an excellent one for inculcating sound opinions; and Mr. Austin has shown, that he felt the responsibility, which his position in the community imposed upon him, not to let it pass unimproved. His lively and vigorous eloquence was, perhaps, never better employed.

ART. X. — *Dramas, Discourses, and other Pieces*, by JAMES A. HILLHOUSE. 2 vols. 16mo. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. pp. 296 and 247.

THESE elegant volumes are the ripe production of a mind of high powers and high culture. They are composed of three Dramas, and two shorter poems, with three prose Discourses. Two of the dramas, and one of the shorter pieces, — that entitled "The Judgment," — were published separately, from thirteen to twenty years ago. They were received with great favor at the time, but, the editions being small, have been of late rare to be met with. The tragedy now added, it seems, was written earlier than either of the others, but has lain by the author until now, and has recently received his thorough revision. The prose Discourses were pronounced on different occasions; the first (which was also printed at the time) as long ago as 1826, and the last within three or four years.

We in these United States, having no time to spare, are so in the habit of *impromptu* productions in literature, that it is almost as unexpected as it is delightful, to fall in with a publication concocted with the proper care for the public eye. Mr. Hillhouse, being a man of sense as well as genius, has done himself and his readers this justice. His rich and graceful pieces are the fruit of long meditation, and of plenty of the *labor limæ.* We cannot pretend, that this elaboration has in all parts proved equally successful; possibly, in some instances, — in the prose compositions, particularly, — it is too evident; in other words, there should have been more of it; it has not always been carried so far as to that highest attainment of art, which conceals art. But the reader of these volumes has the rare satisfaction of finding in them, as a pervading character, that fulness of thought, and curious felicity of expression, which mere genius, working extempore, does not combine. We cannot but timidly flatter ourselves, that, one day or another, our American aspirants for literary honors will get more into the way of spending some time in sowing and rearing their laurels, preparatory to tuning their voices for the Harvest Home. A very few examples, at all like the recent one of Mr. Prescott's brilliant success, cannot fail of producing a decided effect of this kind; and whoever, by showing what a mind of high endowments owes to itself, and what it may achieve, if it have but fair play, disposes our young scholars to be content to wait for applause till they have taken time to deserve it, has done a service to his country worthy of all grateful commemoration.

Besides the high finish of Mr. Hillhouse's writings, we find another peculiarity in them, as compared with most others which come in our way. While there are no oddities in his style, it has, in the best sense, a right to be called original. This is not the greatest of all merits in a writer; we are far from naming it as such. Good thing as it is, the want of it may well be excused in consideration of other excellences. A writer may be original in his conceptions, and an imitator in his rhetoric; and he may be the reverse of this; and where the question is between new thoughts cast in an old mould, and old thoughts in a new one, give us, of course, the former. But still there is a great freshness and charm in a style, — provided always it be in other respects good, — which the reader perceives to be the writer's own, dictated by his own mind, formed upon no foreign model. And more than this, the writer who clothes his thoughts in the forms of expression in which those thoughts start into being within himself, who never stops to consider first how such and such a favorite author would have expressed them, nor even has ringing in his *mind's ear* a jingle of another's sentences, to which his own must be attuned, will be sure to express himself with altogether more nature, freedom, truth to his own conceptions, fulness, and force ; less *artistically*, as far as the ostentation of art is concerned, and more worthily as regards its effect.

We do not mean to say merely, that affectation unavoidably leads to feebleness. The adoption by one writer of the style of another is not always affectation ; but infallibly it produces part of the same effect as if it were. It is altogether best, that the "thoughts" should "*voluntary* move harmonious numbers." Every reader's memory recalls instances of poets of the present time, at home and abroad, who have done great injustice to their own genius, in the attempt, whether apparent to themselves or not, to be something different from themselves. What with Wordsworth, and Byron, and Shelley, and translations from the German, and the smaller fry of Hunts, and Hazlitts, and Tennisons, — and other writers, admired in different quarters either to or beyond the measure of their deserts, but in either case likely to lead their admirers into a vicious mannerism, — we meet with altogether too much now-a-days, which is obviously said not at all as the author would have spontaneously said it. Of course, this takes place oftenest with young aspirants of more enthusiasm than sense, who imagine themselves capable of writing because they have learned to use some forms of expression, associated in their minds with thoughts of some favorite author, that have given them pleasure. To say *hath* and *doth* instead of *has* and *does*, — which honest people, alike in prose and verse, used to say, in the last century, — would seem to be stock in trade enough for some adventurers in verse to set up with. Since the time of "Childe Harold" many and many a Spenserian stanza has had to be filled up with a thought, which, under the old dispensation, would have been reckoned a scant pattern for a couplet. Under the leading of "Don Juan," there is a vast resurrection of poor jests long ago departed, to figure again in its cheaply-woven drapery. We are be-Beppoed and Prometheused to an exceeding degree, in the annuals and elsewhere, by pens which would never have been deluded into verse, but by having caught the easy knack of some new or revived turns of phrase. In cases of this sort, no harm is done except to misguided purchasers. But it so often happens, that much better men do themselves wrong by deserting themselves and trying to be another, that few things are more satisfactory than to fall in with a writer, who is at the same time familiar with good models, and steadily true to his own invention and taste.

This is what we mean when we speak of Mr. Hillhouse as original in point of style. He has no prominent peculiarities whatever, in this respect. He is as far as possible from presenting any new theory of composition. He deals in no innovations upon language, — in no uncommon forms of exhibition of thought. But he copies no one. He disguises no thoughts by dressing them in a borrowed garb. He writes from himself. To a large acquaintance with other authors he owes a knowledge and a command of the resources of the language which he employs; but his language is the natural, and therefore faithful, index of his conceptions. It answers to them as perfectly as the external polish of a completely well-bred man to the grace and elegance of his mind.

The dramas which compose the first of Mr. Hillhouse's volumes, are entirely dissimilar each from the others, as well in respect to the scene of action, as to their respective sources of interest; "Percy's Masque" being a warlike story of feudal times, while the scene of "Hadad" is laid in Judea in the time of King David, and "Demetria" is a tragedy of private life in Italy.

For a passage which shall simply exemplify the author's graceful and elegant manner, we need not look further than to the first scene of "Percy's Masque." The scene is Warkworth Castle in Northumberland, which during the attainder of the Percys under Henry the Fifth, has passed into the possession of Neville, Earl of Westmoreland. The characters are Elinor, his daughter, and Florence, her friend.

"*A terrace of the Castle, overlooking a lawn and woods.*
Elinor *alone.* *Enter* Florence.

Flor. She stood, majestic, 'mid her waving woods,
Like Dian musing on her hill of cedars,
Or that famed Princess, whom the grey-eyed dawn
Found lingering on the beach beneath proud Carthage,
Pensive and pale, her sandals wet with sea-foam,
And her dark tresses with the tears of night,
Accusing Heaven, and looking lorn as thou dost!
El. Good morrow, cousin.
Flor. Prithee, pretty maid,
Why creep'st thou slily from my side, at dawn,
Day after day, up to this lonely platform?
El. Look forth: let universal nature speak.
See yonder, how the Cheviot summits glow;
What fiery colors deck the glistening wood;
How volumed, dense, and white, the river mist
Winds down the gleaming vale!
Flor. Solve me, sweet coz, —
What stirs thy pensive breast to deeper musing
Than all the hues and melodies of nature?
Than moonlight walks on wild Northumbrian hills,
Than hoarse waves booming to the ocean shore,
Autumn's sear leaves, sad fields, and farewell song,
Or converse with the starry spheres? — Come, solve me.
El. Pish! leave such senseless rhapsody.
Flor. A horn!
A simple, merry, huntsman's horn! — How sweet,
From this high terrace to o'erlook the courts,
When, mustering there, the leaders of the chase
Marshal their bands, caparison their steeds,
Vault to their seats, halloo, and, dashing out,

Make hill and greenwood, high and low,
Shrill to the merry bugle O!

El. What mean'st thou, Florence?
Flor.

His vest was green,
His feather blue,
His glance was keen,
His arrow true, —
And hill and greenwood, high and low,
Shrilled to his merry bugle O!

El. In simpler words, — the friend who knows me best,
To whom my thoughts, even from our childish years,

Have been transparent as the crystal waters,
Believes me (else, why urge this tedious jest ?)
Enamoured of a hind, my father's vassal !
Flor. O, spare me ! frown not on my harmless muse.
I did but sport : forgive me, Elinor.
Yet, would I knew what preys upon your cheek,
Shrouds you in gloom, and locks me from your bosom.
When Raby's towers from morn till midnight rang
With dance, masque, pageant, minstrelsy, and song,
Our lives seemed sweetest pastime. Not a lark
Rose from her nest more gayly to the skies
Than we from slumber ; joy was all our theme.
Silence and melancholy now usurp —
El. What need to search my heart ? Thou know'st it thine.
Flor. Does Elinor unkindly cast me out
From sympathy in sorrow, like a stranger ?
El. Cease, Florence, cease ; I have not yet complained,
Nor ever will, while bounteous Heaven showers down
Blessings unnumbered on my worthless head.
Complain ! By what prerogative am I
The darling offspring of a noble house ?
Born in this land of heroes ? Graced in all things ?
Who gave those tender parents, and preserves ?
Who stretched a canopy above my bed,
And steeps my eyelids in the dew of slumber,
While many an one no worse than I —— No, no,
If, spite of me, my thankless heart repine
Because some fancied good swells not the store,
Ne'er will I utter such rebellious murmurs.
Flor. Seems it rebellion to thee, Elinor,
To bathe the wounds which Providence inflicts
In friendship's tears ?
El. As for that youth — few words
Will sum his story. Three months since, surprised
By a wild night, while journeying near these walls,
He begged a shelter. Voice, or face, or mien, —
Fate willed it, — touched my sire, who questioned him.
Fortune, he said, smiled fairly at his birth ;
But fatal feuds, mischances long to tell,
Robbed him of friends and substance while a child,
And, ever since, his adverse fate had frowned.
Cheered by kind looks and courtesy, he asked
Among the hunting-train some humble post.
Rare talents in the art so cherished here

Had won him rank and favor, ere his arm,
Blessed be Heaven, preserved my life and honor.
Flor. Thy life ——
El. Have I not told thee ? Strange neglect ! —
O, Florence, hear. — A balmy eventide
Allured me, with a damsel, down the vale.
Beguiled with talk, and roving heedless, night
O'ertook us. Hurrying through the wood, just where
That ancient ash o'erspreads the way, a band
Of prowling Scots, moss-troopers from the wild,
Rushed from a covert, captive seized us —
Flor. Jesu !
El. Bound us upon their horses, and amain
Spurred for the Border. Long our dangerous course
O'er hills and moors, by lonely robber paths,
We held in darkness, guided by the stars
And fitful lustre of the northern light.
At last, (the moon now broad above the fells,)
Crossing a glen, they halted in a brook,
Full in the beam, to counsel, and to breathe
Their o'erspent steeds. Four huntsmen, 'midst the parle,
Reined up beside us. Judge what trembling seized me,
When on their coats my father's crest I saw !
Think — in that wild, untrodden solitude
To find brave Arthur by my side ! Speech, breath
Forsook me. Agnes shrieked. Then, Florence, then —
But my brain reeled ; his desperate charge I saw not.
I found myself upon the moonlight bank
Sustained by Agnes ; felt upon my cheek
The night-breeze freshened by the gushing rill
Which Arthur from his basnet sprinkled o'er me.
No hostile sound disturbed us ; tranquil, pale,
And sweet all seemed, till on the runnel's brink,
Close at my feet, I spied two grim marauders
Mixing their life-blood with the bubbling stream.
That night he gave me to my mother's arms ;
And such a night ! — such agonies of joy
I hope no more to see. — To this poor youth,
Whose blood redeemed me, ingrate shall I prove ?
Flor. Forbid it gratitude ——
El. But if a lighter thought — remember, Florence,
Mine is the stock of Lancaster, the blood
Whose pure, proud current feeds the hearts of Princes.
(*Exit.*)
Flor. Four days ! — and not a whisper of this tale, —
That should have flown to meet me on the way,

Leaped from her eyes, mixed with the welcome-kiss,
And dwelt the favored theme upon her tongue !
Her mother's silence, too ! — ay, that ! — But why —
What doth he here ? haunting about her steps,
And practising upon her noble nature ? —
Alas ! if Elinor, — the gentle, high-souled, —
This claims my care, and nicest observation."
Vol. I. pp. 227 - 231.

The following passage, at the beginning of the second act, has the same finished and quiet beauty. It is a soliloquy of Arthur, who turns out in due time to be the son of Hotspur, and heir of Northumberland. He had been educated at the court of the Scottish regent, from which he had lately withdrawn clandestinely, in order to watch opportunities for the recovery of his ancestral honors and estates.

"*A high-wood walk in a park. The towers of the Castle seen over the trees.*

Enter ARTHUR.

Ar. Here let me pause, and breathe awhile, and wipe
These servile drops from off my burning brow.
Amidst these venerable trees, the air
Seems hallowed by the breath of other times.—
Companions of my Fathers ! ye have marked
Their generations pass. Your giant arms
Shadowed their youth, and proudly canopied
Their silver hairs, when, ripe in years and glory,
These walks they trod to meditate on Heaven.
What warlike pageants have ye seen ! what trains
Of captives, and what heaps of spoil ! what pomp,
When the victorious Chief, war's tempest o'er,
In Warkworth's bowers unbound his panoply !
What floods of splendor, bursts of jocund din,
Startled the slumbering tenants of these shades,
When night awoke the tumult of the feast,
The song of damsels, and the sweet-toned lyre !
Then, princely Percy reigned amidst his halls,
Champion, and Judge, and Father of the North.
O, days of ancient grandeur ! are ye gone ?
For ever gone ? Do these same scenes behold
His offspring here the hireling of a foe ?
O, that I knew my fate ! that I could read
The destiny which Heaven has marked for me ! "
— p. 236.

But we must not indulge ourselves in further extracts from this charming piece. Percy is discovered, and joined in the service of Earl Neville, by his friend Douglas, who has come in search of him, attended by two hundred vassals of his house, whom he has disposed where their services can be commanded when the time shall arrive. Percy informs him that, without betraying himself, he has revived the interest of his clansmen in the family of their hereditary chief, and that they stand ready for a movement, whenever fortune shall favor. At this juncture the king, with a party of two hundred knights, arrives at the castle, and Percy accepts the omen, and collects and makes himself known to his friends. He proposes to Lord Westmoreland to entertain the king with a Masque, and thus obtains admission to the armoury of the castle. Thence he equips his confederates, and, after the evening banquet, is conducted with a party of them into the royal presence. He reveals himself, and reclaims his patrimony. The king, having already been led to entertain relenting thoughts, grants his suit, and adds the better favor of interesting himself to obtain for the young Earl the hand of the fair heiress of Westmoreland.

Our impressions, derived from the reading of "Percy's Masque" and "Hadad" on their first appearance, were in favor of the former, as the superior poem. We now are of a different mind; nor are we induced to change it simply by the important improvements which "Hadad" has undergone, in the course of revision. The two works are, perhaps, equally graceful, but "Hadad" now strikes us as a composition of decidedly more power. Its fable, also, is more faultless, at the same time that it is much more bold. In the plot of "Percy's Masque," there are two weak points, which, though managed with as much address as the case admitted, cannot be so disguised as not to detract from the effect of the performance. The chivalrous hero is represented as introducing himself to his enemy's house by a fraud, and acting a treacherous part there, in the character of a menial; and, notwithstanding the king's protestations to the contrary, his pardon of Percy, which brings about the catastrophe of the piece, is accorded too much under circumstances of coercion to be sufficiently consistent, poetically speaking, with manliness and royalty. In the scheme of "Hadad," particularly since the improvements made in this last edition, in the manner of preparing the reader's mind for the announcement of the hero's real character, we see absolutely nothing to amend. We formerly gave a sketch of the story,* and will now content ourselves with a single extract. It is the second scene of the first act. Hadad, son of the king of Damascus, has come to Jerusalem, as a hostage for his father. He is secretly slain by robbers, and the fallen spirit Asmodai has taken possession of his body, and personates him at the court of David.

"*The King's private apartment. King* DAVID *alone. Enter* NATHAN.

Nathan. God save the Anointed!
King David. Seer, we would thy counsel.
Damascus asks a consort for his heir,
Our hostage, here, and names the flower of Israel,
Absalom's daughter. What shall we reply?
Nath. Should Israel graft upon a heathen stock?
K. Dav. But 't is a noble youth, and near of kin;
And sure the gentle maiden favors him,
For Absalom himself preferred the suit,
Who lives in Tamar.
Nath. Hearken not, O King.
K. Dav. But if the youth conform to Moses, sure,
His blood and fortunes may aspire so high.
What nobler line than Hadad's, or what throne
Of older splendor than Damascus'?
Nath. Old, and idolatrous.
K. Dav. Her idols fall
If she be linked with us, and Israel's crown
Secures a warlike power as her ally.
Nath. Rather betroth her to the poorest hind
That toils in Judah.
K. Dav. Prophet of the Lord,
Seest thou aught more in him than we discern, —
A young prince modelled in the rarest mould
Of mind and features? — Ne'er have I beheld,
Save my son Absalom's, a goodlier form,
Or mind of brighter lustre.
Nath. I have felt
Strange agitations in his presence, — throes,
And horrid workings, — like the inward strife

---

* *North American Review*, Vol. XXII. pp. 13 *et seqq*

After dark visions, — when the spectral forms
That lodge and haunt there, turmoil all my soul. —
Some mystery — some strange antipathy
Torments me with abhorrence and distrust. —
Let not his beauty or his tongue entice thee :
He hath an eye bright as the morning star,
But pride, and fiendlike cunning, glance from it,
And sin is couched in his lascivious smile.
K. Dav. If intimations visit thee from Heaven,
We owe obedience, else, as man to man,
We speak. — His daughter's welfare I would leave
To Absalom. He hath a mind mature,
Is politic to judge, and loves the maid
Even to her rich deservings. They best know
Their Syrian kinsman, long beneath their roof.
Nath. Hath she escaped Syria's foul rites, to yield,
Even in the precincts of the sanctuary,
To an uncircumcised, the heart where faith
Glowed like the burning censer ! — O, beware
Of crafty policy ! It wears a face
Too like ambition. Geshur cleaves to him, —
League but Damascus — with his power in Israel —
And Absalom may bend his father's bow.
K. Dav. Wrong not my son.
Nath. I would not ; but I fear
The sin of Lucifer hath snared his heart ! —
Say why such state attends him ? — why he rides
In a proud chariot drawn by fiery steeds,
While Israel's monarch sits upon a mule ? —
Why dazzling guards surround him ? — Why he still
Stands in the gates saluting all who pass,
And greeting in the streets the common people,
As they were brothers ? True humility —
K. Dav. You misinterpret venial things —
Nath. He doth insult the throne, and take from age,
And royalty, their reverence.
K. Dav. You love him not, and ever strained his faults.
Nath. Why are the Chiefs and Princes of the Tribes,
Who come to solemnize our holy feasts,
Caressed about his table till they deem
The crown upon his brows ? — Your chiefest men,
Ancients, and reverend Judges, flock to hear
His Syrian Parasite sweeten their cups
With honeyed flattery, and golden hopes,
And promises of days when Absalom

Shall make the desert blossom, and the rock
Drop as the vine and olive.
K. Dav. Days like these
Were welcome, Seer.
Nath. You know not what you utter ; —
Woe to the hour of his anointing! — King !
A dreadful vintage shall be trod that day,
With purple garments ! — Lo ! the noise of arms,
Chariots, and horsemen, and the shout of Nations,
Are in my ears ! — the wail of Zion ! — Hark !
A cry, a cry, comes from her royal towers,
Of bitter anguish, like a Monarch's voice !
My Son ! my People ! Woe, alas !
K. Dav. Say on, —
Heaven's will is ours.
Nath. 'T is gone ——
It passed me, like a cloud of blood, with sounds
Confused, like battle.
K. Dav. (*after a pause.*) Nought from thy hallowed lips
Falls unrespected. He who changed yon crook
For Israel's sceptre, may refuse, or grant,
The same to Absalom. His will be done ! —
But, Man of God, I harbour no distrust.
Familiar with the pomp of older kingdoms,
My son but antedates the day of Israel.
He, ever, loved the ornaments of life,
Arms and the glistering face of war, and bore
Himself, from his most tender years, like one
Conscious of nobleness, born to sustain
A kingdom's burden.
Nath. Son of Jesse, ——
K. Dav. What ! hath he not, since fourteen summers old,
Served with me in the field, slept in my tent,
Hungered, and suffered, watched, and toiled with me ;
Shed his young blood by veteran captains' sides,
And wielded those bright weapons you dispraise
Beneath mine eyes, in dire and mutual hazards,
Like a true son and soldier ?
Nath. Son of Jesse, ——
K. Dav. (*waving his hand*)
'T is near the hour of sacrifice.
We 'll pause ere we decide the Syrian's suit.
Nath. (*making obeisance.*)
Dwell, ever, in the hollow of His hand !
(*Exit* NATHAN. *King* DAVID *retires into his closet.*) "
— pp. 104 – 108.

Of the remaining piece in the first volume, the writer says;

"If the artless structure of 'Demetria,' now for the first time published, disappoint, the author takes refuge under the plea, that it was an early work, the earliest written of the three. If, on the other hand, it be objected to him, that it is, in some respects, more deeply wrought than either of the others, and *they* argue no improvement, he rejoins, that it is the last finished."

This beautiful poem is certainly not the less effective on account of the perfect simplicity of its plot; nor, on the other hand, has any of the ample time, which has been given to a minute finish of the details, been lost. It is a story of love crossed by jealousy, and is wrought up to that painful degree of interest, which is only within the power of genius and study united. The lovers are thus introduced in the first scene. Cosmo has just returned from the wars. Nothing can be more exquisite than the manner in which the passionate character of the interview is subdued by the memory of the departed mother of Demetria.

"*An apartment communicating with the garden; glass doors thrown open in the moonlight:* COSMO *and* DEMETRIA.
Cosmo. Now, as thou sit'st, absorbed and motionless,
Checkered with silvery gleams and quivering shadows,
Thou look'st some pale, fair statue garlanded,
Some Nymph, or Muse, such as the old Greek herdsmen,
Imagined haunting round their wood-girt temples!
Or, if a nun-like fancy please thee better,
One of the choir, (as holy legends have it,)
Heard tuning their clear strings and glancing viols
In the blue depths of such a night as this! —
Nor word? nor smile? — I 'll improvise no more. —
Sure, never goddess lovelier, or more mute,
Drew homage to her pedestal.
Demetria. O, Cosmo,
This is a sacred anniversary,
An ever-hallowed season, when my heart
Is busy with the past; and thy return
But freshens sad remembrance.
Cos. Think me not
Incapable of sympathy. — Thou know'st
How dear I loved her. — But to be, once more,
At Belvideré turns me to a prattler.
Dem. Hither we came, that last sad night, to breathe

The freshness. There she sat. — I see, still see
The pale light on her cheek, and in her eyes
The fatal brightness! O, could I recount
Her thoughts — anticipations — retrospects! —
The treasury of past years, our happy years,
Was opened, — when no parting e'er was thought on; —
When thou wert here, and dwelt as one of us.
Remind him (so she said) of my fond love,
And bid him be a brother to my orphans.
Cos. (*snatching her hand.*) Then hear, Demetria ——
Dem. Not on this vigil, —
'T is hers, — 't is consecrated solemnly, —
And images of grief are up before me.
I joy that thou art here, at last; yet O!
What a drear interval! — While she remained,
Sweet sympathy was left; but when she parted,
My broken heart went with her to the tomb.
For, Cosmo, I despaired, — *ever* to meet thee,
So lengthened and so dismal seemed the time. —
Cos. But now, my gentle one, the dark dream 's o'er;
We wake, we wake, to blissful certainty.
Dwell, now, on brighter days, — on the fair future, —
And deem the sainted parent we adore
Looks down with blessings and approval.
Dem. Ah!
She promised, — sometimes to be near me, — oft
To hover round me, — if such favor might be.
(*A lively measure strikes up beyond the garden wall.*)
Cos. Savoyards! —— O! the jocund strain
Chimes here; but o'er the wild Hungarian hills,
When years divided me from Italy,
Beshrew the rogues! they minted from me tears
As fast as florins. — Merry vagabonds! —
Come, — shall we list their lays? — or whither wilt thou? —
Come forth a while; for like familiar faces
The slopes and shadows of the garden look; —
Heavenly, to me, after my weary exile!
How oft, by night, by day, has this dear scene
Stood in my fancy visible as now! —
Let us revisit the old myrtle walk: —
Rememberest thou our last hour there? — Come, come,
We sin against the heavens to be in doors.
(*They pass into the garden.*)" — pp. 7 – 9.

The next scene is between Olivia, an elder sister of Demetria, and Jacquelina, her attendant, the villain (if that word be feminine) of the piece. Olivia cherishes a desperate love for Cosmo. Jacquelina had been dismissed from Demetria's service, and partly from revenge and an essential *devilishness* of disposition, and partly with a view to such rewards of treachery as she sees the means of gaining, she encourages Olivia to contrive obstacles in the course of that true love, which was never yet known to run smooth. The art, with which Jacquelina, marking the chafed mood of her mistress, works upon her envy of Demetria, and her love for Cosmo, is conceived in the highest style of dramatic talent. The vulgar, and, at the same time, adroit, determined, and unscrupulous, character of the confidant is admirably brought out on her first appearance. She tempts Olivia to a plot against her sister's life, by telling her a story of a Venetian lady, who, under similar circumstances, had made away with her rival, by shutting her in a chest with a spring lock, like that which is the subject of one of the poems in Rogers's "Italy"; but, finding this scheme too bold to be well received, she follows it up with another suggestion, to which Olivia assents, — that Barbadeca, a rejected lover of Demetria, who had, at the same time, a grudge against Cosmo on account of some other offence, shall be used in such way as Jacquelina may devise, to bring about a misunderstanding between Cosmo and his mistress. And so, with the end of the first act, the woof of mischief is spread.

At the beginning of the second act, Barbadeca, who, for obvious reasons of his own, had been easily won to be an accomplice in the plot, furnishes Jacquelina with the envelope, addressed to him in the handwriting of Demetria, which had conveyed her rejection of his suit. In this, Jacquelina encloses a letter of her former mistress, of which she had possessed herself, "one of her scores of tender notes to Cosmo, seen only by herself;" and, placing herself in Cosmo's way, in a manner to excite his curiosity, is prevailed upon, with much show of reluctance, to surrender the letter to his examination, and to add explanations of her own. His generous, but too credulous, nature is at once imposed upon, — if the reader thinks too easily, yet not more easily, perhaps, than Othello's before him, — and he gives himself up to the misery of thinking his mistress faithless. We cannot say, that this scene is entirely to our taste. We cannot get entirely rid of the idea, that so great a ruin is somewhat too cheaply wrought.

But there are parts, of simple and high-wrought beauty; as the following.

"*Cos.* Heaven knows, — Heaven, only, e'er can know,
How long, how fondly, I have clung to thee! —
And thou hast been to me an angel, — ever
Infusing nectar in my bitter cup.
When hope withdrew, and left no gleam along
The sad horizon, thou hadst power to light
Life's melancholy vista! Morning oped,
And evening fell, sweeter because a day,
A night, had flown to reunite us! Thanks —
Thanks — many a mountain watch-fire in the Bannat,
Thy image gladdened past Armida's gardens! —
I would have died for thee! — All, all is cancelled! —
Now, though I knew her gulled by foulest practice,
Though I could prove it, and, by proving it,
Make her mine own again, I would not turn
Thus — to reclaim her." — p. 30.

The act concludes with Jacquelina's account to her mistress, of the manner in which her undertaking had sped, and their conference concerning plans for further action.

In the first scene of the third act, Cosmo, unmanned and desperate from wounded pride and affection, is told by Jacquelina of the love secretly and hopelessly cherished for him by Olivia, and is prevailed upon, by soliciting the hand of his "poor partner in misfortune," to show himself indifferent to the perfidy which has stung him. In the next scene, Jacquelina arranges, with Barbadeca, a plan for the forcible seizure and abduction of Demetria, and obtains from him the promise of a "snug house on the Ombrone," on which she had set her heart as a reward, if their plans should prosper. The act closes with an interview, admirably managed, between Cosmo and the Count Amerigo, father of Demetria, in which the former solicits and obtains the Count's consent to his marriage with her sister.

The beginning of the fourth act represents Demetria, tortured by her lover's coldness, as musing on her strangely altered prospects, in the pavilion, which had been of old the scene of their happy interviews.

"*The pavilion beside the Arno: — a table, lute, and drawing implements:* — DEMETRIA *seated near a window opening to the evening sky.*

Dem. I feared some evil chance. — O! Cosmo, Cosmo!

Have I deserved such bitter punishment ? —
If thou hast ceased to love, methinks, at least,
Thou mightst have broke the heavy truth more gently !
Such looks ! such coldness ! O, they chill to death.
Knowing the child I am in my affections,
Thou shouldst have weaned me tenderly. It had been
A generous tribute paid a wretch whose peace
Is gone for ever. —— What can I have done ? —
Sure, he 's not angered that I listed not
His suit, while tears (renewed at sight of him)
Streamed for a buried mother. — 'T were not like him : —
It cannot be. (*Pauses.*) O, time ! — a change indeed ! —
The night before he left us, here we sat ;
Yon trees, the sky, the yellow-gleaming hills,
Thus beautiful ! Then, when I weeping wished
To ope the volume of futurity,
How he consoled me ! How he spoke, the while,
Of fading friendships, of forgotten love,
And when I warned him how new scenes, new hopes,
The intoxicating world, renown, and grandeur,
Might banish from his heart the faithful friends
And simple joys he loved at Belvideré,
Ah ! what a look he gave me ! —— All forgotten ! —
Had I foreseen it, — could I have believed it ! —
The long, long interval, — and now at last,
The death of hope —— O, Cosmo ! Cosmo !
(*Overcome with emotion, covers her face.*)
It cannot last —— my heart is not so stubborn. —
(*Unties a small parcel of letters lying on the table.*)
This reached me, — O ! I well remember it, —
My hand clasped fast in my sweet mother's ! — Hours
Of rapture ! that 't is death to think on now ! —
One parting look, and I have done." — pp. 51, 52.

As she sits, engrossed by her sad employment, two men, masked, approach and attempt to seize her, but are attacked by Cosmo, who suddenly comes to her rescue, and puts one to death and the other to flight. Still, offended pride on the one side, and maidenly reserve on the other, prevent an explanation, and the lovers again part unreconciled. A second soliloquy of Demetria, in her chamber, is in the same delicate and touching strain.

"*Dem.* Married ! —— To-morrow! —— Cosmo and Olivia!
Do not my senses pass some horrid juggle ?
Some slight of darkness but to lure my doom ? —

Hush! Shadows seem to flit around me. —— Oh!
To-morrow! — my sister's wedding day! — O, where,
Where, where, shall I be! —
(*Walks distractedly up and down: at last, stops before her mother's picture, bursting into tears.*)
O, mother! mother! why art thou not here? —
In vain are all thy cautions, — vain thy counsels! —
O! had I listened, — had I but believed thee!
Oft hast thou warned, prophetically warned me. —
Thy worst forebodings all have come upon me! —
Why, why, art thou not here? — O, could I pour
My anguish in thy bosom! — Could thy voice
But once more greet me! I 'm alone: — I 've none
To comfort me. Now, when my cry ascends,
Thou canst not hear! O, wert thou here, — couldst thou
But clasp me! —" — pp. 56, 57.

The last scene of this act is a very powerful one, in which Cosmo confides his tortured feelings to his friend Orsini. The next act opens with the preparation for the nuptial ceremony. The second scene, in which Demetria is introduced as having retired to her chamber after witnessing the fatal marriage, is a fine specimen of the author's powers. Bianca is an old servant of the family.

"DEMETRIA's *chamber. A neglected lamp burning on the table: the room gloomy and silent, except at intervals the sound of music and merriment from the apartments below.* DEMETRIA *enters, throws herself into a chair, and sits, for some time, as if gazing at the light.*

Dem. 'T is past! — Mine eyes have seen it! — What is left
For me? — The power of Heaven cannot recall it! —
'T is registered in that Eternal Book
Where all irrevocable things are written! ——
Those timbrels mock me. — Would, I could not hear them! —
(*Looking round the room.*)
Dark, dark! — like my destiny! — My spring-time
Passed swiftly, — sweet as transitory! — Already
The frosts of autumn gather hoar around! —
The sear leaf falls. —— I had a mother, — she
Moulders beneath the sod: — a lover —— Hark! —
How their bursts of merriment shake the roof! Now, now,
The bridegroom pledges! now the smile illumes
A thousand eyes, a thousand tongues repeat
The plaudit! —— Poor Demetria! who thinks of thee?
Darkness may cover thee, storms beat on thee,

And none regards it : — sorrow finds no heart-room.
(*After a short silence, convulsed by one or two deep sobs, she rises.*)
Hail ! then, thou lowly bed ! where sighing is hushed,
Where love comes not, and grief forgets to feel !
Chambers of everlasting stillness ! there
I 'll lay me. — Mother ! mother ! we will sleep
Together ! — (*Goes hastily into her boudoir; whence, after a few moments, she returns, trembling, and mortally pale.*)
I 've pledged thee, Cosmo ! — Now the seal is set ! —
And I am plighted to a grimmer bridegroom !
Soon, soon, I shall be wedded too ! — Let none
Judge harshly of me ! — O ! I could have borne
The direst accidents of fortune ; — seen
Every dear friend fall off ; — been left alone
In this wide world, and waited patiently
The hour appointed. But to be despised, —
A cast-off by the heart thou lovest, — there,
There 's the insufferable pang ! (*Rings.*)
Will this affect him ? this becloud his triumph ?
(*Enters the inner room again, and returns with her hat and mantle.*)
Father ! — that I could say farewell to thee ! —
May angels comfort thee when I am gone !
(*Rings again and goes to the window.*)
The moon withdraws her face, and scarce a star
Looks out to cheer me. (*Still gazing.*) Beyond your shining spheres
Far, far, must I explore ! — O ! that I knew
The place, the Paradise where she inhabits,
And could attain it ! — Who shall guide ? or what
Assurance have I ——

Enter Bianca, *who starts back on seeing* Demetria.

Bian. Jesu defend us ! — Whither art thou going ? —
I thought thee at the banquet. — Where art going ? —
Dem. To walk.
Bian. Walk ! at this hour ? alone ?
What mean ye ? — For Heaven's sake, tell me.
Dem. Hear me, Bianca, ——
Bian. Give me thy mantle, child. Thou 'rt pale: thine eyes
Roll wildly ——
Dem. Hear, Bianca. — When I 'm gone,
Be sure you lay me near her side.
Bian. (*terrified.*) She raves ! —

What means my darling child ? — Gone where ?
  Dem. Dost hear me ? —
When I 'm away, — you then may tell him. —
Say to my father — say — I prayed — I blessed him.
  Bian. (*falling on her knees and clasping her.*)
Stay ! stay ! my gracious lady — 't is dark night !
O, whither wouldst thou ? — This is frantic madness.
  Dem. (*with a desperate calmness.*)
Unclasp your hold. — I am not mad. — Obey me.
In the pavilion you will find me. *Exit.*"
—pp. 74 - 76.

Bianca, inferring her desperate purpose from her wild words, goes in search of assistance. And here is a part of the fable, which, we are constrained to say, is not managed with the author's accustomed skill. Bianca, in her agony of impatience, falls in with Cosmo, and stops to reason and expostulate with him on his perfidy, through a scene of some length. It was a tempting occasion to write a fine passage, and the author has availed himself of it excellently well. But he should, by all means, have forborne. There is no getting over the incongruity of the parties giving themselves so much time to be pathetic under circumstances of such instant emergency.

The last two scenes are wrought up in a strain of such deep passion, that we cannot deny ourselves the satisfaction of giving them entire.

"SCENE IV. *The wood: the villa seen across the grounds, blazing with lights:* DEMETRIA *enters, her hair loose and flying.*
  Dem. She pities me, — she sheds a watery gleam, —
And the wind moans —— Once more, once more ——
  (*Stops, and fixes her eyes, with a long and steadfast gaze, on the mansion.*)
Happy! — too happy, once ! — Now I must leave ye, —
Dear natal bowers ! —— Remembered joys ! —— ye rise, —
Ye swell my heart ! —— I scarce can look my last ——
How proud the symphony! — How the light turns
Every thing to enchantment ! —— There 's her chamber! ——
The torches glitter there —— Why linger ? wherefore ?
  — Why —— (*Turning away.*)
My hour is come ! Dark bridegroom, take me now ! (*Exit.*)
SCENE V. *The pavilion.* DEMETRIA *appears from the wood; totters into it, and sinks upon a seat.*

Dem. I feel it — shooting through my heart : — the hand
Of death is on me. Now, the parting comes. ——
'T is dismal ! — Would I had some friend to cheer me ; —
Some kindly breast to lay my head upon ! —
To die — alone —— (*Suddenly clasping her hands.*)
— That 's not the worst !
O ! mother, intercede ! — go prostrate ! — plead !
Wrestle, ah ! wrestle for me, mother ! — Clasp Her feet,
And say I could have borne aught, aught but this ! —
Thou mayst prevail — thou mayst embrace me yet ! —
O, hear'st thou ? — Give some sign — *Dear* mother,
Whisper me ! breathe upon me ! — O ! some sign ! ——
Alas ! alas ! all things are silent ! —— Ha !
Who 's here ?
(Cosmo *throws himself at her feet, unable to speak.*)
Whom do you seek for here, my lord ?
Cos. I 'm come to grovel here for pardon. Canst thou
Forgive a wretch like me ? Demetria, —— Oh !
I 've wronged thee, — injured thee past all forgiveness, —
But never yet have been so cursed as not
To love thee.
Dem. Rise, my lord, and leave this place.
Cos. Never, no never, never will I quit
Thy feet, till thou has sealed my pardon. Love,
We 've been undone by fiendish treachery !
The Foe of all has twined me in his snare ; —
That moment, when I vowed to love another,
My soul clung to thee, — clung in agony.
Not for one breath, one heart-beat, have I ceased
To love thee. Canst thou, spotless Purity,
Pardon my sin, in giving ear to slanders ?
Dem. Ha, Cosmo ! hast thou foundered on that rock ?
Cos. O, 't was so subtly laid ! Fool ! fool ! I knew,
I might have known, that angels sin not. Yet,
So cunningly —— I sought to rend the toils,
But could not. O ! Demetria, canst thou, wronged
So cruelly, forgive the wretched Cosmo ?
Dem. I know not whom I 've injured ? — Who could fix
A stain upon me ?
Cos. The child of hell that tends
Thy sister, mastered me by some strong spell :
Made me believe your heart was Barbadeca's,
And I but trifled with, to veil your passion.
Dem. Heavenly powers ! — O, Cosmo, Cosmo ! —
How couldst thou credit such a tale ! — my heart ! —

Mine ? — Barbadeca's ? — O, how couldst thou ?
Cos. Fiends, fiends,
With hellish potions, overcame my reason.
'T is done, — 't is past, — my peace is justly wrecked ! —
Forgive me, matchless Innocence ; then cast
Me from remembrance : never think again
On one so damned.
Dem. Take my pardon, Cosmo ;
Would it were healing, as 't is freely given.
I fain would hear the mournful story ; know
What frauds can so have wrought upon thy nature,
Upright and noble as I know it is. —
But 't is too late. —— My Cosmo, we must part, —
Death's finger is upon me.
Cos. (*recoiling.*) Thou hast not ! —
Dem. Ah ! Cosmo ! — sorrows pressed so heavily —
Weak and alone — my constancy gave way —
I thought in one oblivious draught ——
Cos. So then,
I 've murdered thee ! O, horror, horror ! where
Is there a depth, dark as my reprobation ?
Dem. Don't blame thyself so bitterly, my Cosmo,
Because an evil star has crossed us here.
Perhaps, hereafter, we may meet in peace,
There, where the tongue of slander never stings,
Where no malicious fate can part us.
Cos. Never —
Never ! — hope not for me.
Dem. Would thou couldst feel
The peace, the bliss that settles at my soul ! —
But now, disconsolate, alone, I thought
To breathe my spirit out, as in the desert ;
Nought looked upon me but the silent heavens ;
No voice bemoaned me but the passing wind.
Now, reconciled love is near me ; hope
And joy spring in my bosom. Hear'st thou not
Music ! — A sign some blessed one hovers near,
Commissioned to receive me.
Cos. Must we part —
So newly met —— Thou nothing know'st — not half,
Not half the love that agonizes here !
Dem. Come near me, Cosmo : — let me lean upon thee: —
Nearer : — I 've loved thee long, and tenderly ; —
I love thee still, — and never, while this soul
Partakes of being, will thy virtues cease

Their influence o'er me. Whether it be my lot
To chant with white-stoled sisters, or to weep
An outcast, never shall I, *can* I, cease
To love thee. Let that soothe thine anguish. Now,
In this last solemn hour, the sharpest pang
I feel, is thus to leave thee here behind me
Afflicted and alone. For I had thought
To tread life's path beside thee, thought to share ——
It cannot be —— I feel it here —— a grasp
Like ice, benumbs me. Cosmo, let my prayer
Prevail. — Waste not thy life in useless sorrow : —
Be comforted — and cheer — my father.
Cos. Comforted ! —
Dem. (*in a fainter voice.*) Be not deceived ——
O ! by our loves, — by every hope, and fear,
I charge ye, lift not thy rash hand against
Thyself. O ! 't is a solemn thing —— That gleam
Has faded ; — Darkness, dread uncertainty,
Oppress me. —— Live — and pray for my unhappy ——
(*Her voice dies away.*)
Cos. Thou 'rt sinking ! — dying! —— O, for words, — utterance, —
Loved — loved —— O, I am —— I cannot ——
Dem. (*her head resting on his bosom.*)
Ah, Cosmo ! I have much to tell thee too ——
More — many! — tender legacies — I 'd leave thee ——
But shadows swim before me — shadows —— (*Dies.*)
Cos. (*for some time motionless.*)
Still ? — Dead ? —— Her heart beats not ! —— Yes — No —
Her pulse —— All 's stopped ! Dead ! dead ! I clasp her clay !
O sacrificed, O murdered angel ! — This,
This is thy recompense ! — Have I bereft
Those eyes of lustre ? I broken that fond heart ? —
What anguish must have driven her ? — O, the pangs,
The pangs her spirit suffered ! — Thief ! wretch ! caitiff ! —
I am too hateful ! — Gentle, slaughtered angel !
One kiss — while life's perfume is on thy lips ——
(*Kisses her : gazes on her awhile : kisses her again.*)
I ask no more than to partake thy lot !
(*Stabs himself and sinks by her side.*) "
— pp. 80 – 85.

"The Judgment, a Vision," the first piece in the second volume, made, if we remember right, the author's first adventure with the public, nearly twenty years ago. It contains a number of striking pictures; but its theme is one of such intractable grandeur and vastness, that it is no disparagement to the writer to say, that, on the whole, it fails to satisfy. The blank verse in which it is written is stately and polished, though it wants something of the elegant fluency and ease which distinguish the versification of the Dramas. "Sachem's-Wood," a short composition, similar in structure and style to the Epistles prefixed to the Cantos of "Marmion," is of much inferior pretensions to the rest. It belongs to the class of fugitive and occasional poems, and probably might not have found a place in these volumes, but from the filial wish, — as honorable as natural, — to embalm the memory of a justly venerated parent with the spices among which this record of him is preserved.

Before leaving Mr. Hillhouse's poems to say a few words upon his prose, we must not be so false to our vocation as not to exercise ourselves a little in finding fault, and the rather as we have in hand one of the few writers of the day, to whom, from the care which he has himself taken in elaborating his compositions, a punctilious criticism may with propriety be applied. The reader does after all meet occasionally with a sentence of feeble meaning, which shows all the worse for the brilliancy which surrounds it. For instance, near the beginning of the second act of "Percy's Masque," Douglas, in his first interview with Percy after their separation, having repeated to his friend language uttered by him in his sleep, is made to reply to an expression of surprise on his part;

"'T is true; — *and more than I can now remember;*"

a line which certainly deserves to be mended or dismissed. On the other hand, a few lines on, the following, from the same person when urged by Percy to consider his father before he attaches himself to the desperate fortunes of one who was a stranger to his blood, must be owned to be a little *de trop fort;*

"Peace! I 'd not go, if staying here would strew
His hoar hairs in the tomb, — not stir, by Heaven!"

Much oftener, though still rarely, a line is faulty from imperfect structure. The most frequent case of this is, the occurrence of verses wanting two syllables of the legitimate measure. Of course, the freedom of blank verse dialogue allows them, particularly at the beginning and close of interlocutions; and to avoid them altogether would be but a fastidious nicety. But their frequent recurrence, especially in the midst of a passage, is ungraceful. For example;

"Its drift suits well, — love-breathing words
Without direction, date, or name. This, — mark ye —
Lodged in the cover of the cruel lines
That sent you crest-fallen home, converts
Into a honeyed billet to yourself." — Vol. I. p. 22.

The little pains it would have cost to give to the first and fourth of these lines their due complement of feet would have been well bestowed. So again;

"Till, giddy with enchantment, and fast bound,
She starts, — transforms into a fiend,
Wrenches the heart-strings, and is gone for aye."
— p. 35.

In a rhymed poem, the deficiency is still less agreeable, as

"*Highwood;* pray, how could I
Know or suspect a thing so sly?" — Vol. II. p. 46.

The line used in this style of composition is, in its best estate, exceedingly scant, and will by no means suffer the amputation here inflicted on it, of one quarter of its little length.

Much more seldom a line is just as much too long, as,

"She presently turned round, and fixed her large, wild eyes."
— Vol. I. p. 39.

Which is no less than a blank verse Alexandrine. And in two or three instances both faults occur together, which is the most manageable case of all, since the art of the typographer would presently set all right. Thus;

"Where can he loiter? — Time and place
Were both so iterated! — Fools never comprehend," &c.
— p. 22.

Divide the couplet, as follows, and instead of two lines, one defective and one redundant, we have two of perfect structure, except that the second has the peculiarity, — an authorized one, — of containing three syllables in the first foot.

"Where can he loiter? — Time and place were both
So iterated! — Fools never comprehend."
— p. 22.

The reverse process of taking a superfluous foot from the end of the first line to help the second, which is just so much "curtailed of its fair proportion," would restore both the following to symmetry.

> "A thrill of terror rooted me ; they seemed | to frown
> And menace me with hostile eyes." —p. 245.

Possibly, however, these may be mere clerical inadvertences, as we observe that in a quotation of that grand passage, —

> "They were the watchmen by an empire's cradle,
> Whose youthful sinews show like Rome's,
> Whose head | tempestuous rears the ice-encrusted cap," &c.
> (Vol. II. p. 193.)

the second and third lines are marred in the same manner, by the wrong division which we have copied.

Occasional instances, we fear, may be pointed out of an objectionable phraseology. We can scarcely make up our minds to the use (by following which, many a small wit now-a-days is led to imagine, that he has found the art of being effective,) of the pronoun *ye* for *you*, when the objective case is to be expressed.

> "For vows he would persist had passed between *ye*,"
> (Vol. I. p. 30.)

and the like, is phraseology which has been so long out of good use, that it has now all the appearance of an affected innovation ; though it is true, that, if one chooses to make an argument in its defence, authority can be produced for it from the old standard writers. But, as to going further, and employing the word when it is one person only that is intended, we beg our author, who loves the English language well, not to lend his high authority to the weaker vessels, which are bringing in such a poor and useless sclecism. Lowth, in his Grammar, while he condemned it, thought that he found it in a verse of the received translation of the prophet Micah ; but if he had looked at the passage in the original, he would have seen, that the English words are but a closely literal rendering of the Hebrew, in which, as is not uncommon in that language, there is a confusion of numbers. And, to speak frankly our own mind, when Jacquelina, in the first of Mr. Hillhouse's dramas, is made to say to Cosmo,

> "She loved *ye*, dear as life," (Vol. I. p. 27.)

and when the mask says to Demetria,

"No harm shall come to *ye*," (p. 52.)

and Bianca to Cosmo,

"Well may *ye* falter," (p. 80.)

we are fain to ask ourselves, whether it is Mr. Hillhouse's correct and manly page that is before us, or some boarding-school Muse's essay in a Souvenir.

So,

"Where *be* my lord, the Count?" (p. 80.)

is language once in some credit, but long ago obsolete, and having no claim to be revived.

"*Set*, though unstable, — blind to old desert." (p. 27.)

Set, for *obstinate*, is, we take it, a provincial vulgarism, finding itself now for the first time on an elegant writer's page.

"To *realize* thee foul and reprobate," (p. 210.)

is, we suppose, an indefensible expression, though it has obtained some currency in this country. *Realize* is a good word; but it means to *make* a thing *real*, and not, — what it is often employed to express, — to *perceive the reality* of a thing. Once more, — to disburden ourselves of this minute criticism, of which, if well founded, Mr. Hillhouse, better than most men, knows the worth, — respecting the use of the word *liege*, we have not, of course, in these ends of the earth, any *usus loquendi* to direct us; but, if we may trust our ear, it should never be used alone, as he has sometimes used it.

"You task me, *liege*, above my knowledge." — p. 285.
"First view a little entertainment, *liege*." — p. 286.
"They'll rue this gambol. Marked you, *liege*, the flash
Of swords unsheathing?" (p. 290.)

This word, addressed to a monarch, follows the analogy, if we mistake not, of the word *lord* addressed to a noble. "My liege," "my lord," "most mighty liege," "most valiant lord;" these forms are English; but if either word can be used in the vocative, independently of some adjunct, it is the latter, and the expression would, at least, have great abruptness.

Of the three prose Discourses in the second volume, the first, to which we formerly * called the attention of our readers, relates to "Some of the Considerations which should influence an Epic or a Tragic Writer in the Choice of an Era." It is more formal than either of the others, and to us, we own, less satisfactory, both in point of argument and of literary execution. We extract from it the following strain of just and striking remark, which we like not at all the less for being sensible that there is also much that might be forcibly urged on the other side. Men's sources of inspiration, — the impulses, under which what is best within them must be brought out, if at all, — are exceedingly different. Intellect is cosmopolitan; but yet there are better men than McGregor, who, like him, only feel their full strength when their foot is on their native heath. The genius of Burns was essentially a *genius loci;* and that of Scott, if not greatest, was certainly most rich and fertile, on his own soil; not to say, what, indeed, was scarcely within our author's view, that there are forms of composition, which almost owe their being to the influences of country. The lyric is such a form. Independent of Greece and Germany, Pindar and Körner could not have been. The satire is still more obviously another such form.

---

* *North American Review*, Vol. XXIV. pp. 137 *et seq.*

"Let our countrymen pause, ere they adopt an opinion sometimes gravely urged, — that an American must illustrate an American theme, or never hope to be ingrafted into the affections of his country. What! circumscribe within a couple of centuries, and the transactions of a few thinly-peopled colonies, the illimitable flights of the imagination! Compel every species of genius to choose from the same scanty store of recent materials, or deny its inspiration! Philosophy might teach the absurdity of the idea. But is it sanctioned by the practice of other nations? — What real relationship have Spenser's realms of Fairy to the United Kingdom of England, Scotland, and Ireland? What exclusive interest has the British Isle in the loss or recovery of Paradise? Does England rest her dramatic glory on the interlocutory chronicle of Shakspeare, rather than on Othello, Hamlet, and Macbeth? With the exception of Lear, we have comprised in this brief list the crown-jewels of English poesy, the darling boast and pride of British hearts. Not one of them is on an English theme. The French equally idolize their Tragedy; yet not one of Racine's or Corneille's, and but one of Voltaire's six-and-twenty tragedies, is founded on a Gallic subject. Ariosto, Alfieri, and Metastasio looked abroad. Tasso's scene is on foreign and neutral ground, and his heroes are a chivalrous assembly from all the nations of Europe; Dante's grand domain is imaginary, but its dark accompaniments must be confessed to be strictly Italian. These are names of some consideration; but perhaps a more brilliant destiny attended others, who politicly flattered their country with a national theme.—How much has national gratitude done for the Albion's England of Warner, for the Civil War of Daniel, for the Bosworth Field of Beaumont, for the Italia of Trissino, for the Henriade of Voltaire, for Drayton's Poly-Olbion, for Blackmore's Arthur, for Pye's Alfred, for Milman's Samor, for Barlow's Columbiad?

"The great masters of modern times appear, for the most part, not to have found congenial matter in their own annals, and they went fearlessly in search of it wherever the spirit led them. If, just emerging from a martial age, whose splendid poetic capabilities we have attempted to develope, they might choose from the whole visible and invisible universe, how much more may we!" — Vol. II. pp. 92-94.

The Discourse "in Commemoration of the Life and Services of General Lafayette" is an elegant biography of that great man, accompanied by many judicious and striking reflections naturally growing out of the subject. The Discourse "on the Relations of Literature to a Republican Government" is in a yet higher style. It is full of eloquence and wisdom. Though we have already been seduced into multiplying extracts to an altogether unexpected extent, we cannot resist the temptation to lay before our readers the two following fine passages. Speaking of "the policy, as well as duty, of educating in the most finished manner our youth of large expectations, expressly to meet the dangers and fulfil the duties of *men of leisure*," Mr. Hillhouse says;

"The mischievous, and truly American notion, that, to enjoy a respectable position, every man must *traffic*, or *preach*, or *practise*, or *hold an office*, brings to beggary and infamy, many who might have lived, under a juster estimate of things, usefully and happily; and cuts us off from a needful, as well as ornamental, portion of society. The necessity of laboring for sustenance is, indeed, the great safeguard of the world, the *ballast*, without which the wild passions of men would bring communities to speedy wreck. But man will not labor without a *motive;* and successful accumulation, on the part of the parent, deprives the son of this impulse. Instead, then, of vainly contending against laws, as insurmountable as those of physics, and attempting to *drive* their children into lucrative industry, why do not men, who have made themselves opulent, open their eyes, at once, to the glaring fact, that the *cause*, — the cause itself, — which braced their own nerves to the struggle for fortune, does not *exist* for their offspring? *The father* *has taken from the son his motive !* — a motive confessedly important to happiness and virtue, in the present state of things. He is bound, therefore, by every consideration of prudence and humanity, neither to attempt to drag him forward without a cheering, animating principle of action, — nor recklessly to abandon him to his own guidance, — nor to poison him with the love of lucre for itself; but, under new circumstances, — with new prospects, — at a totally different starting-place from his own, — to supply *other motives,* — drawn from our sensibility to reputation, — from our natural desire to know, — from an enlarged view of our capacities and enjoyments, — and a more high and liberal estimate of our relations to society. Fearful, indeed, is the responsibility of leaving youth, without mental resources, to the temptations of splendid idleness ! Men who have not considered this subject, while the objects of their affection yet surround their table, drop no seeds of generous sentiments, animate them with no discourse on the beauty of disinterestedness, the paramount value of the mind, and the dignity of that renown which is the echo of illustrious actions. Absorbed in one pursuit, their morning precept, their mid-day example, and their evening moral, too often conspire to teach a single maxim, and that in direct contradiction of the inculcation, so often and so variously repeated ; 'It is better to get wisdom than gold.' Right views, a careful choice of agents, and the delegation, *betimes*, of strict authority, would insure the object. Only let the parent feel, and the son be early taught, that, with the command of money and leisure, to enter on manhood without having mastered every attainable accomplishment, is more disgraceful than threadbare garments, and we might have the happiness to see in the inheritors of paternal wealth, less frequently, idle, ignorant prodigals and heart-breakers, and more frequently, high-minded, highly educated young men, embellishing, if not called to public trusts, a private station.

"For the consideration of those who confound leisure with *idleness,* we would merely observe, that, in their proper acceptation, the phrases, 'a man of leisure,' and an 'idle man,' are about as nearly synonymous as the terms, Patriot and Politician.

"With such a class ornamenting the circles of our chief cities, we should soon see a modification of claims. The arrogance of simple wealth would stand rebuked, before the double title of those who superadded intellectual distinction. Accomplished minds, finding the air of fashionable assemblies more respirable, would more frequently venture into them. Society might be lively, various, and intelligent ; — an alliance of wit, learning, genius, and fortune, on terms of just appreciation. Meanwhile, the higher standard of public sentiment in relation to intellectual pursuits would thrill along the nerves of literature and the arts, — to thousands, who now act in the belief, that money is the true and only Kalon. With the juster recognition of mental claims, and the increasing honors paid to letters by the *few*, would follow an increase of respect in the *many*. Thence would ensue rectified perceptions as to man's true aims ; a calmer and righter mind ; and a less blind subserviency to our too-besetting passions.

"The People (meaning the mass) have been sharper-sighted to their true interests than the rich. The means of elementary education are scattered everywhere ; munificent funds are established in many of the States, which insure the benefit of common schools to all. Those inferior departments of knowledge, whose utility is more obvious to the multitude, and within their aims, have been provided for. But where are the great foundations of the affluent ? where the evidences of their high appreciation of a noble education ? The sons of the laborer and mechanic are pushing forward; the distance is growing less and less between them and the heirs of the wealthiest citizen : — nay, often, privation and seclusion have done for the heart and the intellect of the one, what the amplest means and opportunity have failed to purchase for the other, — failed because misapplied, or not applied at all. Blindness to the real value of intellectual accomplishment lies at the root of common opinion ; and must first be cured. The possessors of wealth may, then, be disenchanted of the notion, that their sons, if not installed in the counting-room, or distributed among the professions, must be blotted from the roll of useful citizens. They must and *can* be convinced, that our greatest want is the want of an order combining superior means with illuminated minds ; and that the two especial testimonies, required by their country, at the hands of the opulent, are, — building towers of light to preserve rational liberty, amidst the fogs and shallows of democratical fanaticism ; and bequeathing to her their sons equipped, either for public or private life, by a *consummate education.*

"These views, carried out, would soon enrich us with intellectual men of fortune, numerous enough to infuse a nobler flavor into miscellaneous society ; and from whom, as from a springhead, would flow more elevated and just conceptions of the social duties of a freeman and a gentleman, exempted by his patrimony from the task of acquiring property. Their habits, opinions, and attainments would be admired and imitated. We should have a class performing the functions of an Aristocracy, without its intolerable appendages. *Our* ornamental order would resemble one of our own peerless rivers, always present, to diffuse fertility and beauty, but always *changing* its healthful waters." — pp. 125 – 130.

The Discourse concludes in the following beautiful strain ;

"It is impossible to expand the subject further. True-hearted earnestness, concentration, and perseverance would effect a change. The sincere coöperation of the rich alone would put causes in action, that would soon pervade and stimulate the whole community. — But, whatever present disappointment may await hopes like these, literary men ought never to relax their efforts, never to undervalue their noble calling. Overlooked they may be, in the busy world, or beside the political idols of the hour ; but they have sources of cheerfulness, and sustaining dignity, within, which neither fickle fortune, nor fickler party, can take away. Their peace of mind is not laid up in vessels which a demagogue can shatter ; their honors are not transitory as the tenure of office ; their independent thoughts are not tortured to conformity by the machinery of party ; their soul's vital aspiration is not staked on the issue of a canvass ; old age is not, to them, the 'pining atrophy' of worn-out or disappointed statesmen. A living fount of mental gladness sparkles in their bosom. Solitude is not solitude to them : the shadows of the past, the wide-spread, ever-varying Universe, are passing before them, and visions of the future beckon them on. Sometimes, perhaps, amidst the glare and hurry of a great metropolis, struck with the results of her confederated minds, the man of letters may feel useless and alone. Let him reflect, that all usefulness, and all happiness, are a compromise; and that periodical eclipses are the price of habitual enthusiasm. Let him ponder and compare; — but never mistake so widely as to link, even in wish, his immortal part to the drag-rope of the world's affairs. His pursuits refer to higher, though less obvious things; to ideal beauty, — abstract truth, — universal interests, — enduring principles : they bring wealth to the soul, and transport to the mind : they drop seeds which shoot up a growth for perpetuity : they collect radiance for the torch which Faith waves to man, contending with shadows and billows on this world's shore, ere his eye catches that fixed and purer beam, which burns alway on the battlements of his final home." — pp. 141 – 143.

We have no words of common compliment with which to take our leave of Mr. Hillhouse. From one who so well understands the reasonableness, and has found the benefit, of the *nonum prematur in annum*, the public cannot expect to hear often ; but certainly there are very few living writers, from whom the announcement of a new work would give equal pleasure.

Art. XI. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1.—1. *Gesenius' Hebrew Grammar, translated from the Eleventh German Edition*, by T. J. Conant, Professor of Hebrew, and of Biblical Criticism and Interpretation, in the Literary and Theological Institution at Hamilton, N. Y. With a Course of Exercises in Hebrew Grammar, and a Hebrew Chrestomathy, prepared by the Translator. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 8vo. pp. 325 and 60.

2. *Theory of the Hebrew Verb*, by the Rev. W. Yates. (Calcutta.)

3. *Biblical Apparatus, in Four Parts; designed to assist in the Correction of present, and the Preparation of future, Versions of the Sacred Scriptures.* By the Rev. W. Yates. Calcutta: Printed at the Baptist Mission Press, Circular Road. 1837.

Gesenius is so well known by Biblical scholars, as the first Hebraist of the age, that the appearance of his Grammar, for the first time in an English dress, must be regarded with high favor. His name alone is sufficient to stamp it with value and give it currency; and when we add, that Professor Conant has executed the translation with much judgment, and with some valuable additions, in the shape of Grammatical Exercises, it must be evident, that he has established a strong claim on the gratitude of the theological and philological student. The work of Gesenius requires no eulogy from us, nor is this the place to enter into a detailed examination of his theoretical views, or practical expositions of the structure of the language; but we concur with the Translator in considering, that, as a philosophical arrangement and explanation of its grammatical phenomena, it has no equal, and that it is particularly distinguished by a chaste simplicity and attractive clearness of method, — qualities which not only imply a correct taste and a logical understanding, but evince, also, a thorough mastery of the subject.

Our opinion would be less entitled to consideration, if it were indiscriminating; and for the sake, therefore, not of finding fault, but of showing how little there is to be found fault with, we may state, that Gesenius appears to have fallen into a slight mistake, regarding the oriental mode of pronouncing the letter Ayin. Referring to the two sounds of this letter, with and without a diacritical point, he says, "In the mouth of the Arabian, the first often strikes the ear like a soft guttural *r*; the second, as a sort of vowel sound, like *a*." (p. 22.) The former sound, as we have heard it in the mouths of Arabians, both Jews and Mohammedans, is any thing but a *soft* guttural sound. It is the hardest and harshest guttural, that we have ever attempted to master. One grammarian (Lumsden) says, that the sound is "unknown to our language, but may be easily recognised by Scotchmen" (Lumsden himself was from the north of the Tweed) "as a hard and harsh guttural, having a good deal more of the letter G, than the Scotch guttural GH, in the word DAUGHTER, pronounced DOKHTER;" another (Yates) says, that it is pronounced strongly in the throat as in the act of gargling; and a third (Shakespear) compares it to the Northumbrian *r*, — comparisons and explanations which show that the epithet *soft* is strangely misapplied.

Notwithstanding the general excellence of Gesenius's Grammar, we must acknowledge, also, with great diffidence, that we have not felt entire satisfaction with his explanation of the Præter and Future Tenses, Sections 123 – 126. He justly says, that "it is a partial and false view, which regards the so-called Præter and Future, not as *tenses*, but as designed, originally, to express distinctions of *mood* (Indicative and Subjunctive) rather than relations of time." This, however, is the view adopted by Mr. Yates, and defended with great research and acuteness, in his "Theory of the Hebrew Verb," with this difference, that he has substituted the Potential for the Subjunctive mood, and considers, that each of these moods, the Indicative and Potential, contains three tenses, the present, past, and future. But when Mr. Yates has shown, that the so-called Præter is also used in the present and future tenses, and that the so-called Future is also used in the present and past tenses, he has only shown that they are both aorists, indefinite as to time, and no additional idea is gained by calling these aorists moods or modes. Then when he has further shown, that his so-called Indicative and Potential modes, "when employed to describe moral and religious truths, should be rendered in the present tense; when employed to describe historical events which transpired before the time of the writer, in the past tense; and when employed to describe future and prophetic scenes, in the future tense;" — when he has shown this, he has not shown wherein they differ from each other, and what is the distinct and definite use of each, the only points which present any difficulty, but he has in effect shown, that they are identical and undistinguishable, and that one of them, consequently, is redundant and unnecessary. But although Mr. Yates has failed to establish his own theory, he has very successfully shown the inadequacy of the usual explanations of

Hebrew grammarians as well as of those of Dr. Lee, Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge, in England, who has gone out of the beaten track, and contends, that the so-called future is a present tense. It does not appear to us, that Gesenius has removed all the difficulties belonging to this *quæstio vexata*, nor have we found any grammar that does. The subject needs the further investigations of scholars; and it will perhaps be found, that a more thorough comparison than has been yet made of the structure and syntax of the Hebrew and Arabic, may supply the light that is required.

Having been led to refer to Mr. Yates's speculations in Hebrew grammar, we avail ourselves of this opportunity to bring to public notice the extensive work which he has projected under the title of "Biblical Apparatus." The preparation of the work is well advanced, but as yet only specimens, which are now before us, have been published. The work is to consist of four parts. The first part will be a Dictionary of all the Hebrew Roots and Derivatives in the Old Testament, with their meaning in English, Bengali, and Hindustani, together with a list of all the renderings employed to express their signification in the English version. The second part will be a Dictionary of all the Greek words in the New Testament, with their meaning in the same three languages, and a similar list of renderings. The third part will be a Dictionary of all the English words in the Bible, with their correspondent terms in Hebrew, Greek, Bengali, and Hindustani, together with all the Hebrew and Greek words to which they are applied by the English translators. And the fourth part will be the application of the preceding parts, and of other critical resources, to the improvement of different versions of the Sacred Scriptures; showing how greater uniformity may be secured in the rendering of the words, and greater perspicuity in the expression of particular phrases and passages. It is only one accustomed to make labor a pleasure, that would even contemplate such a work ; and it is only the most determined perseverance that will enable him to accomplish it. Mr. Yates, as a translator of the Scriptures, is the worthy successor, in the Baptist Mission to Bengal, of the late Dr. Carey ; and to no one could such a work be assigned with a greater prospect of complete success. It will be a work of the greatest utility in perfecting the numerous versions of the Scriptures into the Oriental languages, and we shall hail its appearance with the greatest pleasure. We earnestly hope, that he will receive from Missionary and Bible Societies, theological institutions, and the general students of language, the support and encouragement that will enable him to devote the requisite time and attention to the accomplishment of his design.

In noticing Mr. Yates's productions, we have been led away from the work of Professor Conant. We are much gratified to observe, that the Professor promises a *Hebrew Phrase-Book and Exercises in Writing Hebrew*, for which he has been some time collecting materials, and which, with the exercises in reading already furnished, must prove of signal use to the Hebrew student. It is with very sincere pleasure, that we regard these efforts made to supply the growing demand for an acquaintance with a department of theological education, hitherto too much neglected.

---

2. — *Voices of the Night.* By H. W. Longfellow. Cambridge: Published by John Owen. 1839. 16mo. pp. 144.

The beautifully printed little volume with the above title, will be an acceptable offering to all lovers of poetry. The "Voices of the Night" constitute properly but a small part of the book ; the rest is made up of the author's early poems, and of translations from the foreign modern languages. The "Voices of the Night" are eight poems, lately written, and most of them printed first in the New York "Knickerbocker." These are among the most remarkable poetical compositions, which have ever appeared in the United States. They are filled with solemn pathos, uttered in the most melodious and picturesque language. For instance, how rare is it to find poetry to compare with this of the "Psalm of Life."

"Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
  Was not spoken of the soul.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
  Find us farther than to-day.

"Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
  And our hearts, though stout and brave,

Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

"Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, — act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

"*Lives of great men all remind us*
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time;

"*Footsteps, that perhaps another,*
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait." —pp. 5-7.

Or that exquisite and tender poem, the "Footsteps of Angels."

"When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

"Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour wall;

"Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more;

"He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife, —
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

"They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore, —

Folded their pale hands so meekly, —
Spake with us on earth no more!

"And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

"With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

"And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

"Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

"O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!" — pp. 14-16.

The poem called "Flowers," is not so much to our taste; it has a tang of mysticism, which some might call transcendentalism. "The Beleaguered City" is a highly imaginative piece, which we should be glad to quote if we had room.

The poetry of Mr. Longfellow is marked by a very vivid imagination, great susceptibility to the impressions of natural scenery, and a ready perception of the analogies between natural objects and the feelings of the human heart. But, besides this, he possesses an extraordinary command over the powers of language, and turns it to any form at will;

"Untwisting all the chains, that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

If we analyze any one of the poems above quoted or referred to, we shall find that each thought, and each illustration, is clothed in the words that precisely fit it; that the author's tact in this respect is most felicitous. And we shall observe the same general fact, which we have pointed out in our remarks upon the style of "Hyperion," namely, a great preponderance of the pithy Saxon words over the Latin element of the English. To this fact, Mr. Longfellow's poetic, as well as prose style, is indebted for much of its descriptive charm.

The earlier pieces, which make the second division of the volume, are already well known to the readers of poetry. They are beautiful compositions, characterized by good taste, a flowing and easy versification, and quiet and gentle feelings ; but they are occasionally rather timid and subdued, and show here and there traces of the influence of the recent schools of English poetry ; an influence perfectly natural, and almost irresistible to a youthful poet's mind. They show the same nicely attuned ear, the same lively susceptibility, the same descriptive powers, though not fully unfolded, that have appeared in his later productions.

The last division consists of a series of translations from various modern languages. The first is the well-known version of the "Coplas de Manrique," from the Spanish ; a poem that has been justly admired, both in the original and in the translation. Mr. Longfellow's version is much superior to Dr. Bowring's, both in elegance and fidelity. The passages translated from Dante keep pace, line for line, and even word for word, with the Italian; and, when we consider the severe grandeur of the stern old poet, the condensation and fire of his expression, the piercing flashes, that break out from single immortal words in his poem, we must confess, that to render him with tolerable spirit and fidelity, is a work of uncommon talent ; but to unite the closest fidelity to the sense and the forms of the original, with an easy movement in English verse, is enough to task the best powers of genius. These fragments are followed by translations from the French, Anglo-Saxon, Danish, and German, all of which are executed with a high degree of skill. We cannot, however, forbear a word of protest against a form of speech, here occasionally used, which is threatening to invade us from Germany ; we mean, the omission of the personal pronoun, as, "*Am* a prince of mighty sway" (p. 138). It is too foreign to the English idiom to be defensible, even in a translation ; and it demands notice so much the more, as translations are notoriously the great corrupters of the purity of a language.

3. — *A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England*, by FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD. London : Edward Churton. 1838. 12mo. pp. 364.

THE poems in this volume are mostly of the kind called fugitive. They are marked by the usual defects of poems of this class, but the defects are compensated by more than the usual merits and beauties found in them. In fact, these hasty productions of our countrywoman show uncommon liveliness of fancy, a ready and flowing style, and very happy descriptive powers. But of her poetical genius, it would be unfair to judge from these specimens. Written as they were, from time to time, for various periodical publications, a critical eye cannot but observe grave defects, which a more elaborate method of composition would have removed. The author occasionally falls into a confusion of metaphors; for instance where she says,

"Farewell, my bark! yet once again
I would my wish might guide thee still,
To clear the pirate critic's den,
Who 'd blight thy tender freight at will."

Perhaps the idea of a critic confused the fair writer's imagination. She personifies her book as a ship, and the critic, naturally enough, as a pirate; but next she would have the ship clear his *den;* was she thinking of a wild beast or a pirate? and would either have a *den* in the ocean on which her ship was launched? Not satisfied with this, she next figures the Proteus of a critic as a *frost,* — we suppose so, at least, — and then, this frost blights, — not the flowers of poesy, but the "freight" of the ship. We do not find fault with the taste of the separate metaphors. We do not insist that a critic is neither a pirate, nor a monster, nor a blighting frost, but a very harmless and Christian-like sort of person. It is the confusion of figures only, to which we object.

These poems abound, also, too much in such splendid and dazzling things as jewels, pearls, golden locks, and flashing eyes. These do well in their places, but ought to be sparingly used, take a whole volume together. One is exceedingly apt to write about such matters in the annuals; — the style is an epidemic, and very catching. All proper preventive measures ought to be taken against it. We should like to draw a *cordon sanitaire* against all British annuals whatever; or, at least, to establish a quarantine for the benefit of our poets and poetesses. There are, besides, certain pet words and phrases constantly recurring in these poems; for instance, "the while" ends, we know not how many lines, — and rarely has any particular meaning, but serves merely to be rhymed with. The author has often been led astray by mere jingle, and uses prettily sounding words and combinations of words, which, when analyzed, add nothing to the sense of the stanza. This is a fault which lively young writers, especially poets, are very liable to fall into. There is no help for it, but careful elaboration ; repeated and severe revision ; for it is an old maxim, that what is easy writing is hard reading. We suppose our author's principles of composition are expressed in the following pretty "Lines on a Poetess, who was advised to write less rapidly."

> "Her muse is like the bird, that roves
> Through Eastern India's fragrant groves;
> His trembling plumage burns in flight, —
> A living rainbow, rare and bright!
> And swifter as those pinions fly,
> More warm the glow, more rich the dye;
> But when, with slow and measured wave,
> They fall upon the balmy air,
> The hues his lightning-motion gave
> Grow dim, and fade unnoticed there.
> And when he furls those changeful wings,
> All wearied with his glorious play,
> Ah! one by one the shining rings
> Of radiant color die away!
> And dark and dull, you ne'er would know
> The wealth of glory lost below;
> That every shadowy plume you see,
> Still wears its own resplendent hue;
> And once again, unfurled and free,
> Would flash its treasure on your view.
> Her muse is like the sun-lit bird, —
> Then bid her not its wanderings stay,
> Lest all the light that flight has stirred, —
> Like his, — in rest should die away." — pp. 239, 240.

Now this is all false philosophy, and a dangerous doctrine to get into a poet's head. No work for immortality was ever yet produced, either in poetry or art, without patient, unwearied toil ; careful and scrutinizing revision ; laborious finishing, like that of a piece of sculpture. A thousand faults escape the sharpest eye in a first draft ; and a work with a thousand faults upon its head will hardly live long enough even to be rejected by posterity. Even Shakspeare, as the late inquiries have shown, worked up the noble passages in his plays with the minutest and most anxious care. But there is no need to multiply authorities. The history of genius in poetry and art affords but one testimony, and whoever neglects its warning voice, will never have a place there.

We have spoken thus, because we are satisfied, that the author of this volume has every requisite for a poet of a very high order ; and such a person ought not to be spoken to in the language of undiscriminating flattery, as we fear has been too generally the case. We are satisfied, that she has all the talent, imagination, and command of language, needful to enable her to confer honor on American literature ; but having, as we suppose she has, adopted wrong principles of composition, we have felt it to be our duty to allude to the defects which naturally spring from such principles and methods as hers.

But the lover of poetry will find in this volume many pieces marked by the utmost tenderness and delicacy. The sentiments of friendship, the love and longing for home in a strange land, and the impressions made on an imaginative mind by works of art, are frequently, in this volume, the themes of harmonious and beautiful strains. And, after all the deductions which we have thought proper to make above, there still remains enough poetry unassailable by criticism to fill a good-sized volume.

---

4. — 1. *Elements of Modern Geography, with an Atlas.* By J. E. Worcester. Improved Edition. Boston : David H. Williams. 1839. 12mo. pp. 257.
  2. *Elements of Ancient Classical and Scripture Geography, with an Atlas.* By J. E. Worcester. Boston: David H. Williams. 12mo. pp. 74.

That a school-book of real merit, free from pretension and quackery, should be popular enough to be stereotyped for the third time, is a phenomenon the more interesting from its rarity. Mr. Worcester's well-known accuracy of research gives a value to his books, which all can understand and appreciate ; he has selected the most useful information, and condensed it into the smallest compass. Were all authors to imitate the excellent example he has set them, our lightened book-shelves would rejoice, though the sellers might repine. In such a literary millennium, the reviewer would be deprived of his favorite employment, and critiques, *proh pudor !* would degenerate into puffs.

In the Mathematical Geography, Mr. Worcester has, with much propriety, confined himself to a mere vocabulary of terms. The first steps of this science would be incomprehensible to the young students, for whose use these works are prepared. Even the simple problems of finding the latitudes and longitudes of places involve the whole science of Nautical Astronomy ; and the theory of the Earth's figure is of such abstruseness and intricacy, as to perplex the profoundest minds. Two of the greatest geometers alive have differed regarding it, and have hardly yet cooled, from one of the fiercest disputes in which the slate and pencil were ever exercised.

The Civil Geography forms the great bulk of the treatise, and needs not a repetition of our remarks in its praise. Why is it, that our popular lecturers have neglected this fertile field for flights of fancy, and one which has been such a favorite resort for the philosophic poet?

The Physical Geography and the Statistical Tables are equally well arranged with the rest of the treatise, and a slight glance at them is sufficient to show, that, like the Civil Geography, they contain materials which an exuberant imagination might readily expand into an interesting and instructive volume; or they might serve the meaner purpose of a stand, upon which some *Sartor* of science, some cutter-out of Lyceum Lectures, might exhibit to great advantage a varied assortment of his fancy articles.

---

5. — *Pebblebrook, and the Harding Family.* Boston: B. H. Greene. 1839. 12mo. pp. 207.

This book shows very considerable powers of thought, description, and delineation of character. It contains many shrewd, and even profound, observations on human life, and breathes very kindly and generous feelings. The character of the dyspeptic gentleman, and the account of his travels, — the adventures he meets with, and the personages who fall in his way, — the slight love passage, which ends with the heroine marrying a different person from the hero — and the courtship of the bachelor uncle and the maiden lady, — are very well given, with here and there a touch of sly humor, that puts the reader into a pleasant state of mind.

But, on the other hand, there is a grave fault, running through the whole book, that interrupts the reader's pleasure very disagreeably. We mean the affectation of the style. It is evident at a glance what school the author has studied in, — to the words of what master he swears. It is Carlyle and his imitators. A worse model he could not well have chosen. The intolerable style, which Carlyle was the first to introduce into English literature, seems to be making some progress. It is impossible that this should extend very far, or last very long. Violations of nature, whether in literature or art, are essentially temporary. The past history of literature, — the literatures of Italy, Spain, and England, — have repeatedly exhibited the same phenomenon. But there is no author, in the whole range of literary history, whose works have been marked throughout by any one of these affectations, — whether the *concetti* of the Italians, the lofty bombast of the Gongora School, or the Euphuism of an early period in England, — without losing the classic character, and failing to secure any permanent hold upon the national mind. Mr. Carlyle will, inevitably, meet with the same fate, if he persists in the whimsical absurdities, which pass among some people for originality.

The writers of this class are constantly complaining of the want of freedom, and nature, and truth, and so forth, in the great mass of literature, and the want of philosophical depth in the thinkers of the age. The charges are vague enough, and may possibly be true ; but these gentlemen have not set an example of either depth or originality. For instance, Mr. Carlyle, — who is considered the most original, — has formed his style, or rather has corrupted his style, (which was excellent some years ago, when he wrote the "Life of Schiller,") in two ways ; first, by imitating Jean Paul Richter, who is an oddity in his native language, though a man of great genius, and by doing just what all imitators have done from time immemorial, namely, exaggerating the faults, not the excellences, of his model. Now this, everybody will confess, is a queer way of being original. Secondly, he has attempted to force upon the English language a great many forms of expression which are idiomatic in German, but are not English. Every one, who has studied German, of course knows, that a vast number of words, in that language and ours, are alike, that is, originally from the same root, but have widely diverged from each other in meaning, the primary meaning being retained, perhaps, in one language, and a derivative one being established in the other. Now, nothing is easier than to make an exchange, — a barter between the two languages ; to introduce from one, those meanings of words which are peculiar to it, into the other, and thus form expressions, which, sounding strange, are readily mistaken for the evidences of original thought. The German word *Wagen*, for example, is the same as our *wagon;* but he who should always translate the one by the other, would do great injustice to both. *Triumph-wagen* is a *triumphal car*, and not a *triumph-wagon ;* but one who should translate it so, does exactly what Mr. Carlyle has done, and what constitutes no small portion of the supposed originality of his style. Now the imitators of Mr. Carlyle are imitating the imitation of a foreign model ; they are imitators raised to the second power, and must share, sooner or later, the fate of their masters and fellow-disciples.

We have merely space to touch upon these points in relation to an interesting literary phenomenon, and to indicate the grounds on which we must condemn the peculiarities of style in "Pebblebrook," and other works of the kind. The subject admits of, and deserves, more copious illustration, as one of the signs of the times, though unquestionably a transient one.

We will give a few examples of what we are sure nobody will mistake for English. "Through many generations the Being of the father had come to him under sternest pressures, and in him had reached the last fortress of humanity," &c. — p. 10. "Did any man, without actual prototype, conceive this Life, (the life of Christ,) and thus word-paint it to the hearts of millions ?" — p. 25 ; and a great deal more *Carlylese* on the same page. "Many new life-threads have mysteriously run into the web of the Visible, and many old ones have broken and fallen out."—p. 42. "Except, indeed, that it may get him some world-wages as Professor of Morality." — p. 70.

But the style of this author is an imitation of Carlyle, not in single expressions merely, but in the general cast and character. We have the same inversions, the same strange comparisons, the same frequent and unnecessary use of the adjective with a definite article as an abstract noun ; and the imitation extends even to the printing. The pages are plentifully garnished with staring capitals, which make, as everybody knows, no small figure in the writings of Carlyle. In short, all the tricks of the master-juggler are copied with considerable ingenuity by the disciple. Now, we ask, in all seriousness, if this is the way to be original, or simple, or graceful, or profound, or any thing that a man of sense ought to be ?

To show that what we have said is correct, we quote a passage of some length.

> "We cannot believe that this world is, as many assert, *full* of evil. The tide of human life is a vast stream flowing onward to Eternal Life. The main current is a stream of good, pouring onward to the All-Good. What is that which we name Evil but the eddy-current near the shores of Time? Is it not in Time a part of Good? Were there no eddies, would not the main current, in its strength, wear away the shores of Time? and then, what were Time? That whirling and boiling which we name awful is indeed so; but action is there, and

that, as we said, is the purifying thing, and all is working together for good. Even the eddies (of evil) where do they go? Are they not by every Headland turned outward from the shores into the main stream? Whence came this tide of life, this stream of good? We see it flowing onward to Eternity; and know also that it came thence. Invisibly, or but dimly seen, in exhalations from that Ocean it arises, and (in clouds) by the upper influences, is wafted Timeward. Bold swimmer in Time, fear not, but strike out for thy life into the living tide of life. Rest thou must on the shores of Time, and dream such dreams as thou callest reflection: but go not near the marshes where are the pools of stagnation. Rest not long, and rest near the Headlands, where thou mayest see the eddies of evil turning into the current of good. Standing there, out-looking on the wide stream, thou mayest see the rocks (of deadly sin) and seeing learn to shun them: but think not to go onward unwounded. There are dangers hidden (by Hypocrisy); how canst thou escape such unhurt? Bold swimmer, be honest, else indeed how canst thou be bold? Show thy stains and wounds to thy fellow-voyagers; and show also, if thou can, what stained, what harmed thee. So shalt thou do good to all men. How shadowy are these figures! but what could we do without them? The things seen are the Time-shadows of the unseen, the Eternal. Dark atheist! seeing the shadows even, how canst thou say; there is no Sun?" — pp. 83, 84.

Is this English or *Carlylese*?

The following passage from "Gil Blas," is as applicable now as it was when first written.

"Nuñez showed me a preface, which he said he meant to prefix to a collection of comedies that he had in press. He asked me then, what I thought of it. 'I am no better satisfied,' I replied, 'with your prose, than with your poetry. Your sonnet is nothing but pompous nonsense; and there are expressions in your preface too far-fetched, words which are not current in popular use, twisted phrases, so to speak. In one word, your style is odd. The works of our old and good authors are not written so.' 'Poor simpleton!' exclaimed Fabricius; 'you do not seem to know, that every prose-writer who aspires at the present day to the reputation of a delicate pen, affects this singularity of style, these out-of-the-way expressions, which shock you. There are five or six of us bold innovators, who have undertaken to change the language from white to black; and, please God, we shall succeed in it, in spite of Lope de Vega, Cervantes, and all the other wits, who find fault with us for our new-fangled modes of speech. We are supported by a number of distinguished partisans; *and we even have in our conspiracy several theologians.*'"

6. — *La Fontaine. A Present for the Young.* From the French. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, & Co. 1839. 18mo. pp. 108.

It is stated in the modest preface to this little volume, that the fables which compose it, "have been selected from a manuscript translation of the entire work of M. de la Fontaine," which will be published, if sufficient encouragement is afforded by the reception of this specimen. The translator truly remarks, that the original work "has been more multiplied than any other in French." It is the favorite reading of the young and old, and of people of all nations. Its lessons of wisdom and experience, expressed in the most terse and idiomatic language, have made it a sort of universal classic. But it is a very difficult work to translate, so as to preserve all the spirit and felicity of the original. The French language, for this kind of composition, is far superior to any other in Europe, on account of its numerous brilliant and pithy idioms, and the elegance and spirit of its conversational style. But we think the author of this little volume has succeeded surprisingly well. Though his translations are not always literal, they are conceived and executed in the spirit of the original, and are, on the whole, a very fair, and even faithful, representative of it. It cannot be doubted, that the whole work will be speedily called for, and that it will be a very popular book, if it is all done with the best exercise of the taste and skill shown in the specimens we have examined. But, as one ought to aim at as great a degree of excellence as possible, and he who has done so well can, with the pains demanded by so high and difficult a task, do very much better, we would recommend it to the translator to subject the work to a very deliberate and thorough revision before it is finally committed to the press; with the special purpose of making the translation correspond *exactly* with the original, in measure, as well as in other things, if it may be.

We give one of the fables in the original, together with the translation.

"LE CORBEAU ET LE RENARD.

"Maître corbeau, sur un arbre perché,
Tenait en son bec un fromage.
Maître renard, par l'odeur alléché,
Lui tint à peu près ce langage:
Hé! bonjour, monsieur du corbeau.
Que vous êtes joli! que vous me semblez beau!
Sans mentir, si votre ramage
Se rapporte à votre plumage,

Vous êtes le phénix des hôtes de ces bois.
A ces mots le corbeau ne se sent pas de joie;
Et, pour montrer sa belle voix,
Il ouvre un large bec, et laisse tomber sa proie.
Le renard s'en saisit, et dit: Mon bon monsieur
Apprenez que tout flatteur
Vit aux dépens de celui qui l'écoute:
Cette leçon vaut bien un fromage, sans doute.
Le corbeau, honteux et confus,
Jura, mais un peu tard, qu'on ne l'y prendrait plus."

"THE RAVEN AND THE FOX.

" Perched on a lofty oak,
Sir Raven held a lunch of cheese;
Sir Fox, who smelt it in the breeze,
Thus to the holder spoke: —
'Ha! how do you do, Sir Raven?
Well, your coat, Sir, is a brave one!
So black and glossy, on my word, Sir,
With voice to match, you were a bird, Sir,
Well fit to be the Phœnix of these days.'
Sir Raven, loth to lose such praise,
Must show how musical his croak, —
Down fell the luncheon from the oak, —
Which grabbing up, Sir Fox thus spoke, —
'*The flatterer, my good Sir,*
Aye liveth on his listener;
Which lesson, if you please,
Is doubtless worth the cheese.'
A bit too late, Sir Raven swore
The rogue should never cheat him more." — pp. 6, 7.

We have taken this entirely at random. The reader will perceive, that the translator feels the spirit, and has caught the turn, of the original. Yet it contains some departures from the French, which, it seems to us, he would do well to look to. For example, "le corbeau ne se sent pas de joie," "the raven is beside himself with joy," is translated "Sir Raven, loth to lose such praise." The ingenious translator would find no insuperable difficulty in making alterations in such passages, so as to render his work more spirited than it is now, and considerably more faithful to the *letter* of the original.

7.—1. *Vollständiges Englisch-Deutsches und Deutsch-Englisches Wörterbuch, enthaltend alle in beyden Sprachen allgemein gebräuchliche Wörter.* In Zwey Theilen.
2. *A Complete Dictionary of the English and German and German and English Languages, containing all the Words in General Use.* In Two Volumes. Vol. I. English and German; by Dr. J. G. Flügel. Vol. II. German and English; by Johann Sporschil. Second Edition, improved and augmented. Leipsic: A. G. Liebeskind. 1838.

Some of us, who are not yet much past the *mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*, can remember the time when a German grammar and dictionary could not be had for love or money. The poets of Germany were as much unknown as the poets of Tartary, if such there be; a German book, with its black paper and blacker text, with its heaps of consonants, and apparently unpronounceable words, was as frightful and repulsive as a shaggy polar bear. *Nous avons changé tout celà.* Within a few years German literature has made great progress in this country. At some of our colleges, particularly Harvard University, almost every student of any pretensions to literary distinction, masters the elements at least of the German language; and the opinions of German philosophers and theologians have already made themselves deeply felt, whether for good or for evil, among the chaos of opinions around us.

Under such circumstances, a good dictionary of the German language becomes an affair of great importance. But a good dictionary of any language is not to be had for the asking; and a good dictionary of a language so copious and varying as the German, can be the result only of long years of patient study, and of much skill and discrimination in the use of materials. There are peculiar difficulties in the way of making a good German-English dictionary. In the first place, there is no standard authority to regulate the usage of words. Every author forms new words to suit himself; and perhaps many words may be found in the works of a single writer, which do not elsewhere occur. The expansive capabilities of the German language seem to be almost infinite; and the whim and caprice of individual writers, unchecked by the controlling influence of a great capital, and intellectual centre, give a motley and whimsical aspect to German style, that we find in no other modern language. Adelung, Heinsius, and Campe have endeavoured, but without success, to do for German what Johnson did for English, and the Academy for the French language. Almost any book in the polite literature of the Germans will be found to contain many words not recorded in the copious lexicons of these able scholars. But while this anarchy in the usage of language makes the task of the lexicographer difficult on the one hand, another fact nearly balances this difficulty on the other. The German is the most homogeneous of all the modern European languages ; and the principle of analogical formation is more completely carried out in it than in any other. The new words introduced from time to time, by the caprices or necessities of authors, are usually made by the combination of elements already existing in the primitive forms of the language itself. Even technical terms have been very sparingly introduced from foreign sources. Etymological analysis must then be extensively applied by the student of German ; and the author of a dictionary should always have this fact in mind. It is not necessary that he should be at the pains of inserting all the words that occur in the classic writers ; but he must insert all the primitive words in the language, and place within the student's reach all the elements out of which the various styles of German authors are composed. His definitions should be so formed, as to give, first the primary, radical meaning of each word, and then the various subsequent meanings in historical sequence. This can be done more satisfactorily in the German, than in any other language except the Greek. Literary monuments of the German language exist in unbroken succession from the earliest periods, when it began to be used in simple annals or in song ; and the language has been very thoroughly explored and illustrated by native writers of the greatest acuteness, industry, and learning. But a mere series of simple words, however strictly and philosophically they may be arranged and defined, will not be sufficient. The principles, which regulate the formation of compound words, are peculiar in each language ; and it by no means follows, that we shall in every case understand a compound word, because we understand its component parts, or even because we understand a similarly compounded word in another language. Two elements mingled together often produce a third different from both, — a *tertium quid*, in which the neutralizing properties of the two furnish a result partaking slightly or not at all of the qualities of either. This is as true of language, as of chemistry.

The first volume of this Dictionary, that is, the English-German part, is the work of Dr. Flügel. This gentleman has enjoyed peculiar advantages for the work he has undertaken and so well performed. He speaks the English language fluently and correctly, having resided ten years in the United States, and has been long engaged as a practical teacher. His labors in other respects towards facilitating a knowledge of the English language to his countrymen are well known and highly appreciated. The results of all his long and varied experience are gathered in this work. He has spared no pains in bringing together whatever is useful in the labors of his predecessors, and adding to this the stores drawn from an extensive study of English literature, from Chaucer down. For the basis of the present work he has taken Johnson as a lexicographer, and Walker as an orthoëpist, though not without departing in some instances from the pronunciation given by the latter. Besides these, he has had recourse to Crabbe's Technological Dictionary, the Law Dictionaries of Jacob, Tomlinson, and Williams, the Commercial Dictionaries of Mortimer and Anderson, Falconer's Marine Dictionary, Moore's Sea Phrases, the Sportsman's Dictionary, Brown's Dictionary of the Bible, Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, Hansard's as well as Johnson's Typographia, Nares's Glossary and his Orthoëpy, Brookes's Geographical Dictionary, Grose's Cant Terms, Jenning's West Country Words, Pickering's Americanisms, besides the German Dictionaries of Adelung, Heinsius, Campe, Röding, Nemnich, &c. He has also examined many technological works, glossaries, and books of travel. By the faithful use of all these resources, Dr. Flügel has certainly made his Dictionary far more copious than any preceding work of the kind; this second edition in particular. The German reader of English literature, especially if he extend his studies to old English poetry and the Drama of Elizabeth's and Charles the Second's ages, will find many words explained, for which he will consult other dictionaries in vain. He will find, moreover, terms of art and science, of natural history, medicine, and botany, and of law, maritime affairs, commerce, &c., very fully explained and illustrated.

And, if he should undertake to master American literature as well as English, he will derive very material assistance from the labors of Dr. Flügel. "The works of the ingenious authors of the new world," says Flügel, "which in our days are read with so much delight, abound in matter new and foreign to the German translators, causing a deficiency which the author has been anxious to supply." To illustrate this remark he states, that *sleigh* has been explained to be a "chariot with wheels," and *pung* or *tompung*, an easy carriage. Turning to the word in his Dictionary, we find a very full definition, with an explanation of the differences between *sleigh*, *sled*, and *sledge*, which shows, that the author's knowledge is not merely theoretical on this subject. But *pung* or *tompung*, he defines *der einspännige Schlitten*, a sled drawn by one horse. Now this is certainly an imperfect definition; for a *pung* is as often drawn by two horses as by one, and it is something more than a sled. It is a sled with a square or oblong box set upon it, generally used by market-men. Dr. Flügel probably enjoyed the pleasure of *sleighing* while in the United States; but we infer, that he never happened to be taken up by a market-man and driven into town in a pung, as we have been; and this may serve to show the importance of practical and personal experience even in making a dictionary. But in general his definitions are remarkable for their accuracy and fulness, and we have no hesitation in recommending the work as decidedly the best and most copious English-German dictionary extant.

He has also taken great pains to mark all those words that are technical, provincial, inelegant, or antiquated; and, so far as our observation upon this point has gone, we think his authority is to be relied upon. His efforts to facilitate the pronunciation of the English language to his countrymen have been indefatigable and surprisingly successful. He has conscientiously consulted all the best authorities on this subject, and made the best use of the information thus obtained. So far as it is possible to convey by letters and marks an idea of so capricious, and varying, and unanalogical a thing as English pronunciation, Dr. Flügel has certainly done it; but one to whom the English is the mother tongue, will readily discover errors in regard to the niceties of pronunciation, inappreciable by a foreign ear.

The second volume is by Sporschil exclusively; and to German students in the United States, the manner in which this is executed is a question of more importance than any thing connected with the first volume. Considerable improvements have been introduced into this volume, since the first edition. The author has endeavoured to keep pace with the progress of literature and science; and has added about eight thousand new words in consequence. We have had occasion to compare the two editions, to a considerable extent; and do not hesitate to declare, that, besides the increased vocabulary, very important improvements have been introduced into the definitions. But the reader of the recent literature of Germany will meet with many words, for which he will look in vain in this dictionary; and perhaps the extent of individual caprice in coining new words, among the German writers, is so great, that no dictionary can fully satisfy the wants of a reader who knows the German language only from books. But this volume is between four and five hundred pages shorter than the first, whereas the comparative copiousness of the two languages would seem to indicate a very different proportion. In fact, though the author deserves great credit for what he has done, he has left a great deal undone. His work is the best that we have access to at present; but a far better work might easily be made by taking this for a basis, and extending it according to certain principles of analogy, which might be easily settled. Though the definitions are generally correct, the author has frequently introduced, without any distinguishing mark, expressions, which no native, educated Englishman or American would think of using in conversation or in writing. Thus a German who should attempt to compose in English, relying on the authority of Sporschil, would be sometimes led into very ludicrous phraseology. Sometimes important meanings of words are wholly omitted, as for instance, *Schonung* is correctly defined *indulgence*, *forbearance*, *connivance*; but it also means, *a preserve* or *enclosure*, and this meaning is not found in Sporschil. It would not be difficult to increase the list of similar omissions, and perhaps those of greater consequence; but it would be unjust to make them a matter of reproach to Sporschil, who has really taken a very important step towards a good German-English Dictionary. But we would recommend, that the labors of Sporschil should be revised by some competent English scholar, who is at the same time familiar with the language and literature of Germany. The great demand for a German-English Dictionary, on account of the increased and increasing attention bestowed on German literature, would justify a publisher in risking its publication. To give the best security for the thorough execution of such a task, it should be intrusted to the joint labors of a native German, and a native English or American scholar. We sincerely hope, both for our own convenience and that of many others, that uch a work will be speedily accomplished.

8. — *Southern Literary Messenger.* Vol. V. No. 12. Richmond: T. W. White. 8vo. pp. 72.

We always promise ourselves no small degree of pleasure from the pages of this well-managed magazine. We are led to refer to it, at the present time, by a judicious and scholarly stricture in the number for last month, upon a work noticed in the last number of our journal, — the recent translation of the "Tusculan Questions" of Cicero. Knowing it to be always our purpose, that our criticisms shall be just and fair, and that, if they err on either side, it shall be on that of indulgence, we are not in the habit of recurring to them for the purpose of defence against complaints, to which, in any quarter, they may have been thought obnoxious. But, in the present instance, some pains have been taken to prosecute in the newspapers an appeal from our judgment, as if it had been unreasonably severe ; and letters have been published, addressed to the translator, on the subject of his work, by no less than four gentlemen of the most unquestionable eminence in our republic of letters. With one exception, however, they were all written before our notice of the book, and are marked by a degree of reserve, upon the question, which we took up, respecting its character as a correct and adequate translation ; and, indeed, how hastily they were prepared, may be guessed from the fact, that one of them, emanating from an authority to whose deliberate *dicta* all deference is due, speaks of the present English version as the first which had been made of the "Tusculan Questions," when, in fact, it had been preceded by at least four, and we believe five.

We spoke of the execution of the work in terms much less severe than have been used by our learned Virginia contemporary ; it is useless now to say, that we should have been far better pleased to commend it, could we have done so in good conscience ; but we own, that, by this time, we should have been greatly dissatisfied with ourselves, had we been *left* to applaud a publication, proceeding from our neighbourhood, which, in another quarter, has been made the subject of strictures, as strong as they are well founded ; nor could we have even made out a good case of self-defence, had we been silent respecting so very unsatisfactory an essay, which, if unchallenged in the critical journals, would have been likely to be taken for a specimen of the scholarship of the country.

A controversy upon its merits would not be very entertaining ; but if it were to be prosecuted, we are full sure, that our materials would not soon give out. For a specimen or two let us begin again with the beginning of the treatise ; for really it does not very much matter where we look for examples. Let us turn to the first section of the first book of the original, and to the corresponding part of the translation. There is a sentence in the former, which may be thus united with the sentence which answers to it in the latter. "Et cum *and since*, ratio *the method*, et disciplina *and discipline*, omnium artium *of all arts*, quæ *which*, ad rectam vivendi viam pertinerent *relate to the right way of living*, contineretur *are contained*, studio sapientiæ *in the study of wisdom*, quæ philosophia dicitur, *called philosophy*, hoc mihi Latinis literis illustrandum putavi, *I have thought it my part to illustrate this in our own language.*"

Doubtless there are those, who have heard something very much like this uttered *vivâ voce*, and, for various good reasons, have found no fault with it ; but in print, there is more time to consider the import of such a version. What, then, is meant by " the method and discipline of all arts " ? For, to many minds, this language must convey no very definite idea. " Ratio " and " disciplina " are undoubtedly the μέϑοδος and σύστημα of the Greeks ; but in rendering " ratio " when connected with another substantive, as in this case, into English, it is often necessary, in order fully to accommodate the language to our idiom, to vary the phraseology. Cicero says, (*De Fin.* III. 20,) " Cynicorum autem rationem atque vitam alii cadere in sapientem dicunt," etc. Here, to translate " rationem atque vitam " literally, "the method and life," would be a very imperfect representation of the matter. The corresponding English is, the " system of morals " or the " principles of action " peculiar to the Cynics. " Ars," in Latin, is of more extensive application, as commonly used, than " art " in English ; and the same is true of the Latin " sapientia " compared with the English word " wisdom." " The study of wisdom," is a phrase, as here used, which suggests rather the idea of the " act of studying," than what Cicero intended. We will now attempt a translation of the passage above quoted, which, it is believed, will be found, on comparison, to be a nearer approach to the sense of the original, than that upon which we are commenting. " And since the fundamental principles of all acquirements connected with a virtuous life are contained in that department of knowledge called philosophy, I have thought," &c.

Cicero himself, in stating his own practice in translating from the Greek, has laid down the law on this subject. " Nec tamen exprimi *verbum e verbo* necesse erit, ut interpretes indiserti solent, cum sit verbum, quod idem declaret, *magis usitatum.* Equidem soleo etiam, quod *uno* Græci, si aliter non possum, idem *pluribus verbis* exponere." (*De Fin.* III. 4.) In the few examples of translation from the Greek, which are found in the works of the great Roman scholar, we discover a rigid adherence to his own precepts. One objection, therefore, to the present translation of the Tusculan Questions is, that the English idiom has not been sufficiently consulted ; and that, in consequence, passages not unfrequently occur, which are partly or wholly unintelligible without a reference to Latin usage. The sentence commented upon above, is an example of what we mean.

But parts of this translation are obscure, not only from want of attention to the difference between the Latin and English idioms, but apparently from an imperfect apprehension of the meaning of the author, or from a very careless use of language. For an illustration, we will not go beyond this same *first section.* Here, then, we read, "For, as with the Greeks, the most ancient of the learned was the race of poets; at least, if Homer and Hesiod existed prior to the foundation of Rome, and Archilochus during the reign of Romulus. The reception of poetry among us was rather backward ; for it was nearly five hundred and ten years," &c. When it is said, "For, as with the Greeks," &c., it would seem, that some comparison is instituted ; yet none is apparent in what follows ; and the whole extract shows a want of connexion and consecutiveness, which we might venture to say, even without examination, does not belong to Cicero. But we will look at the Latin. "Nam, cum apud Græcos antiquissimum e doctis genus sit poëtarum, siquidem Homerus fuit et Hesiodus ante Romam conditam, Archilochus regnante Romulo; serius poëticam nos accepimus." Which may be thus rendered. "For while among the Greeks, the most ancient class of the learned consisted of the poets, if, indeed, Homer and Hesiod lived before the building of Rome, and Archilochus in the reign of Romulus, poetry among us was received in a later age." The translator, by dividing the sentence, and supposing a period after "Romulo," in the Latin, has perplexed the whole passage, if he has not destroyed its import. These two examples may suffice as specimens, each out of a large number of its kind, of imperfect or erroneous rendering in this version.

It will be observed, that we have barely entered the work. It may be useful, however, to look at one or two passages further on in the volume; as they furnish errors of a new species, that is, in historical allusions. On the eighty-first page of the translation, in a part answering to the forty-sixth section of the original, we read as follows. "Much later still will fame desert Curius, Fabricius, Calatinus, the two Scipios, the two Africans, Maximus, Marcellus, Paullus, Cato, Lælius, innumerable others." The mere English reader might be led, from common use in his language, to understand by the "two Africans," two natives of Africa, and naturally enough ask, who they are. In referring to the Latin text, we find, "duo Africanos." But neither of the Scipios, who had the epithet "Africanus" attached to his name, has ever, we believe, been called in English, Scipio "the African," but Scipio "Africanus"; this honorable attributive being left untranslated. In some modern languages, this distinction may not be observed ; in English, it is believed to be abundantly established. It may be remarked, that we have here an example of the necessity of some comment, to render the allusions, which abound in these dialogues, intelligible to all readers. Cicero, in referring to distinguished individuals in the Roman annals, when writing for the use of his own countrymen, would of course adopt the brief designations commonly employed at the time, and universally understood; but which, in another age, and among another people, need some explanation. Thus, though in the Roman story there are many Scipios mentioned, yet the "duo Scipiones" were most generally understood to mean the two brothers Publius and Cneus Scipio, whom Cicero calls "duo fulmina nostri imperii," and whose exploits and fall in Spain are recorded by Livy, with surpassing beauty and force of language. The two Scipios, so celebrated for their wars in Africa, were the "duo Africani."

Another historical passage, which we just notice, is on the eighty-fourth page of the translation, and in the forty-seventh section of the first book of the Latin. Here we read in the former place, "Cleobis and Biton, the sons of the priestess Argia." In the original for the "priestess Argia," we find "Argia sacerdos," that is, "priestess of Argos;" "Argia" being a national appellative. The name of this priestess was Cydippa.

We do not care to follow up these strictures, but if more are wanted to maintain the judgment which we have passed upon the book, we promise that they shall be forthcoming in no stinted measure. Should the translator proceed with the work which he has begun, and give to the public other philosophical treatises of Cicero, which it seems he has in hand, he has our best wishes that he may present in future a more favorable sample of American scholarship. In the prosecution of his undertaking, the hints we have given may do him some good; they certainly can do him no harm. We fully coincide in opinion with the illustrious scholar, whose letter appears in the preface to the volume, that "a good American translation of all Cicero's works would be a jewel of great price."

NOTE

TO ARTICLE II. OF THE PRESENT NUMBER.

Since the above article was written, an iron steamboat has been launched at Pittsburg, which, if the accounts of it that have been published are to be relied upon, may mark a new era in the history of steam navigation in the West. The whole of the hull of this boat, including the decks, being of iron, of course *this part* of the vessel is incombustible, and great additional security is afforded to the *cargo*. She is partitioned off into several water-tight divisions, and consequently is much less liable to sink from collision with a snag or other boat. To compensate for her increased cost, she will outlast some half dozen boats of ordinary construction. And finally, she is said to draw much less water than any other boat of her size, that ever floated.

ERRATUM. *Page* 130, *line* 12, *for* company, *read* occupancy.

QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ANNUALS.

The Juvenile Scrap Book and Youth's Annual. Providence: Geo. P. Daniels. 18mo. pp. 180.

Robert Merry's Annual; for all Seasons. New York: Samuel Colman. 16mo. pp. 200.

The Garland; for 1840. A Christmas, New Year, and Birthday Present. Boston: Julius A. Noble. 16mo. pp. 331.

The Religious Souvenir, for 1840. Edited by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. New York: Scofield & Voorhies. 16mo. pp. 288.

The Pearl; or Affection's Gift, for 1840. A Christmas and New Year's Present. Philadelphia: Henry F. Anners. 18mo. pp. 222.

The Gem; a Christmas and New Year's Present, for 1840. Philadelphia: Henry F. Anners. 18mo. pp. 287.

The Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual. Edited by the Rev. J. A. Clark. 1840. Philadelphia: Wm. Marshall & Co. 12mo. pp. 320.

The Poets of America; illustrated by one of her Painters. Edited by John Keese. New York. Samuel Colman: 12mo. pp. 284.

This very handsome volume has been much and justly commended. Most of the pieces which fill its pages are beautiful specimens of American poetry; and the illustrations, with a few exceptions, are well designed and executed; with some exceptions, we say, for there are two or three which are deplorably out of drawing. The mother and child, for instance, on page 175, which is meant to illustrate Lucretia Davidson's beautiful poem, called "The Smile of Innocence"; but it illustrates more the artist's total ignorance of the proportions of the infantile form.

The volume contains so many of the best pieces of our best poets, that it will not only answer for an elegant Christmas or New Year's present, but will have a permanent value, and much of it will be read with pleasure, long after most of the contents of other splendid annuals of the year are forgotten.

The Annualette; a Christmas and New Year's Gift. Boston: S. G. Simpkins. 18mo.

The American Almanac, and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the Year 1840. Boston: David H. Williams. 12mo. pp. 334.

AGRICULTURE.

The Farmer's Companion, or Essays on the Principles of American Husbandry, with the Address prepared to be delivered before the Agricultural and Horticultural Societies of New Haven County, Conn., and an Appendix, containing Tables and other Matter. By the late Hon. Jesse Buel, Conductor of "The Cultivator." Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon, & Webb. 12mo. pp. 138.

The American Swine-Breeder, a Practical Treatise on the Selection, Rearing, and Fattening of Swine. By Henry W. Ellsworth. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, & Co. 16mo.

Second Report on the Agriculture of Massachusetts. By Henry Colman, Commissioner for the Agricultural Survey of the State. County of Berkshire. 1838. Boston: Dutton & Wentworth. 8vo. pp. 194.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

How to Live; or the Christian Daughter's Manual. A Memoir of Mrs. Catharine W. Watson. By Ray Palmer, Pastor of the Third Congregational Church, Bath, Me. Boston: Whipple & Damrell. 18mo. pp. 243.

Memoir of Mary King; who died in Rochester, Massachusetts, March 3d, 1839. Boston: American Sunday School Union. 18mo. pp. 35.

Memoir of the Rev. Edward D. Griffin, compiled chiefly from his own Writings. By Wm. B. Sprague, D. D., Minister of the Second Presbyterian Congregational Society, Albany. New York: Taylor & Dodd.

The Life and Times of Martin Luther. By the Author of "Three Experiments of Living," &c. &c. Boston: Hilliard, Gray, & Co. 16mo. pp. 324.

The Character of Thomas Jefferson, as exemplified in his own Writings. By Theodore Dwight. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, & Co. 12mo. pp. 371.

EDUCATION.

The Mount Vernon Reader; a Course of Reading Lessons, designed for Senior Classes. By the Messrs. Abbott. Boston: William Crosby & Co. 12mo.

The Student's Manual; designed by Specific Directions to aid in forming and strengthening the Intellectual and Moral Character and Habits of the Student. By Rev. John Todd, Pastor of the Edwards Church, Northampton; Author of "Lectures to Children." Ninth Edition. Northampton: J. H. Butler. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 12mo. pp. 392.

A Pictorial Geography of the World. By S. G. Goodrich. Boston: Otis, Broaders, & Co. No. I. 8vo. pp. 128.

Manual of Political Ethics, designed chiefly for the Use of Colleges and Students at Law. Part II. Political Ethics Proper. By Francis Lieber. Boston: C. C. Little & James Brown. 8vo. pp. 668.

A Grammar of the Idioms of the Greek Language of the New Testament. By Dr. Geo. Benedict Winer, Professor of Theology in the University of Leipsic. Translated by J. H. Agnew and O. G. Ebbeke. Philadelphia.

A Geographical Manual, or Outlines of Modern Geography, being an Arrangement on the Classification System, Adapted to the most approved Atlases now in Use. By L. Franklin Locke. Andover: William Pierce. New York: Gould, Newman, & Saxton. 8vo. pp. 26.

The Principles of English Grammar, with copious Exercises in Parsing and Syntax. Arranged on the Principles of Lennie's Grammar. By Joab Broce, Jr. Boston: Perkins & Marvin. 18mo. pp. 144.

Common Schools and Teachers' Seminaries, by Calvin E. Stowe, D. D., &c. Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon, & Webb. 12mo. pp. 156.

The Young Scholar's Reference Book; being a Collection of Useful Tables, together with such Abbreviations and Phrases as frequently occur in Writings of the Present Day. By a Teacher. Andover: Gould, Newman, & Saxton. 18mo. pp. 51.

Gradations in Algebra, in which the First Principles of Analysis are inductively explained, illustrated by copious Exercises, and made suitable for Primary Schools. By Richard W. Green. A. M., Author of the "Arithmetical Guide," &c. Philadelphia: J. Ashmead & Co.

The Fellenberg Primer, for Children who are beginning to Read. By Catherine E. Beecher. Hartford: Brown & Parsons. 16mo. pp. 80.

The Monitorial Reader, designed for the Use of Academies and Schools, and as a Monitor to Youth; holding up to their view Models whereby to form their own Character. By Daniel Adams, M. D., Author of "Adams's New Arithmetic." Keene, N. H.: J. & W. Prentiss. 1839. 12mo. pp. 288.

A Comprehensive Grammar of the English Language. Introductory Lessons. By Leonard Bliss, Jr., Professor of Belles-Lettres and History in Louisville College, Kentucky. Louisville: Morton and Griswold. 1839. 12mo. pp. 73.

This is a judiciously compiled manual of English Grammar for the use of very young beginners. The plan and arrangement are excellent, and seem to be better suited to give the young learner clear conceptions of the principles of English Grammar, than most works that have fallen under our notice. The author states, that "it is presented to the public as introductory to a more comprehensive and complete treatise on the subject."

An Improved System of Arithmetic, for the Use of Families, Schools, and Academies. By J. Olney, A. M., Author of a "Geography and Atlas," "National Preceptor," "History of the United States," &c. &c. Hartford: Canfield & Robbins. 24mo. pp. 312.

HISTORY.

History of the Christian Church, from the Ascension of Jesus Christ to the Conversion of Constantine. By the Rev. Edward Burton, D. D., Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford. First American Edition, with a Memoir of the Author, occasional Notes, and Questions, adapting it to the use of Schools and Colleges. By the Rev. G. W. Doane, Bishop of the Diocese of New Jersey. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 12mo. pp. 407.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

The Youth's Sketch Book; with beautiful Engravings. Boston: William Crosby & Co. 16mo. pp. 224.

Rollo's Travels. By Jacob Abbott, Author of "Rollo Learning to Read," and "Learning to Talk." Boston: William Crosby & Co. 18mo. pp. 190.

Rollo's Correspondence. By Jacob Abbott. Boston: William Crosby & Co. 18mo. pp. 190.

Peter Parley's Wonders of the Earth, Sea, and Sky. New York: Samuel Colman. 16mo. pp. 208.

My Little Friends, a Selection of Useful Stories in Prose and Verse. By Mrs. Caroline Gilman. New York: Samuel Colman. 16mo. pp. 147.

The Well-Bred Boy, or New School of Good Manners. Boston: William Crosby & Co. 12mo. pp. 94.

Plants and Birds, illustrated with Colored Engravings; for Young Children. By a Lady. New York: Samuel Colman. 16mo. pp. 110.

The Little Haymakers. Boston: Freeman & Bolles. 18mo. pp. 107.

Voyages and Adventures of Jack Halliard in the Arctic Ocean. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor. 16mo. pp. 130.

The Boy's Talisman. A Christmas and New Year's Gift. Boston: B. H. Greene. 18mo. pp. 133.

The Boy's Story Book; or Edward's Holydays with his Cousins. Illustrated with 10 Engravings. Boston: Munroe & Francis. 16mo. pp. 350.

The History of Sandford and Merton. By Thomas Day, Esq. A New Edition; revised throughout, and embellished with very numerous Engravings. New York: Charles S. Francis. Boston: J. H. Francis. 16mo. pp. 380.

The Child's Gem, for 1840. Edited by a Lady. New York: Samuel Colman. 32mo. pp. 143.

LAW.

Treatise on the Lien of Mechanics and Material Men in Pennsylvania, with the Acts of Assembly relating thereto; and various Forms of Claims. By Henry J. Sergeant, Esq. Philadelphia: J. Kay, Jr., & Co. Pittsburg: C. H. Kay & Co. 8vo. pp. 182.

The American Conveyancer, containing a large Variety of Legal Forms and Instruments Adapted to Popular Wants and Professional Use throughout the United States; together with Forms and Directions for Applicants under the Patent Laws of the United States, and the Insolvent Act of Massachusetts. By George T. Curtis, of the Boston Bar. Boston: C. C. Little & James Brown. 12mo. pp. 281.

Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. By Octavius Pickering, Counsellor at Law. Vol. 21. Boston: C. C. Little & James Brown. 8vo. pp. 606.

The most important Parts of Kent's Commentaries, reduced to Questions and Answers. By Asa Kinne. New York: W. E. Dean.

Reports of Cases argued and determined in the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine. 1822–1839. Portland: Colman & Chisholm. 8vo.

A Law Dictionary, adapted to the Constitution and Laws of the United States of America, and of the several States of the Union, with Reference to the Civil and other Systems of Foreign Law. By John Bouvier. In Two Vols. Philadelphia: T. & W. Johnson. 8vo. pp. 559 & 628.

MEDICINE, ANATOMY, AND SURGERY.

Principles of the Theory and Practice of Medicine. By Marshall Hall, M. D., F. R. S., L. & E., &c. &c. First American Edition, revised and much enlarged, by Jacob Bigelow, M. D., &c. &c., and Oliver Wendell Holmes, M. D. &c. &c. Boston: C. C. Little & J. Brown. 8vo. pp. 724.

Anatomical, Pathological, and Therapeutic Researches on the Yellow Fever of Gibraltar, of 1828: by P. Ch. A. Louis, Physician to the Hôtel Dieu, &c. &c. Translated from the Manuscript, by G. C. Shattuck, Jr., M. D., Member of the Society for Medical Observation at Paris, &c. &c. &c. Boston: C. C. Little & J. Brown. 8vo. pp. 374.

Medical and Topographical Observations upon the Mediterranean, and upon Portugal, Spain, and other Countries, with Engravings. Philadelphia: Haswell, Barrington, & Haswell. 8vo. pp. 212.

A Treatise on the Diseases of Infants; founded on recent Clinical Observations and Investigations in Pathological Anatomy, made at the Hospice des Enfans-Trouvés, with a Dissertation on the Viability of the Child, by C. M. Billard, M. D., &c., with Notes by Dr. Oliver of Angers. Translated from the Third French Edition, with an Appendix, by James Stewart, M. D., New York. New York: Geo. Adlard. 8vo. pp. 620.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Essay on the Laws of Trade, in reference to the Works of Internal Improvement in the United States. By Charles Ellet, Jr., Civil Engineer. Richmond: 8vo. pp. 284.

The Young Woman's Guide to Excellence. By Wm. A. Alcott, Author of the "Young Man's Guide," &c., &c. Boston: George W. Light. 16mo. pp. 356.

The Beauties of Henry Clay; to which is added a Biographical and Critical Essay. New York: Edward Walker. 18mo. pp. 235.

The People's Own Book. By F. de la Mennais. Translated from the French by Nathaniel Greene. Boston: C. C. Little & J. Brown. 18mo. pp. 188.

Tea and Coffee, by W. A. Alcott. Author of the "Young Husband," "Young Wife," &c. Boston: Geo. W. Light. 18mo. pp. 174.

The Motley Book; a Series of Tales and Sketches of American Life. By the Author of "Behemoth, a Legend of the Mound-Builders," &c. With Illustrations by Dick, and others. Third Edition, revised. New York: Benjamin G. Trevett. 8vo. pp. 190.

The Beacon. By a Gentleman of Providence. Founded on Fact. Providence: B. T. Albro. 18mo. pp. 36.

Evils and Abuses in the Naval and Merchant Service, Exposed; with Proposals for their Remedy and Redress. By Wm. McNally, formerly of the United States Navy. Boston: Cassady & March. 12mo. pp. 202.

Lectures on Phrenology, by George Combe, Esquire, including its Adaptation to the Present and Prospective Condition of the United States, with Notes, an Introductory Essay, and an Historical Sketch. By Andrew Boardman, Recording Secretary of the Phrenological Society of New York. New York: Samuel Colman. 12mo. pp. 389.

The Portfolio of an Artist. By Rembrandt Peale. Philadelphia: Henry Perkins.

The Canary-Bird Fancier. Philadelphia: Hirst & Dreer.

Wilson's American Ornithology, with Additions, including the Birds described by Audibon, Bonaparte, Nuttall, and Richardson. Boston: Otis, Broaders, & Co. 12mo. pp. 718.

A Letter to Wm. E. Channing, D. D., on the subject of the Abuse of the Flag of the United States in the Island of Cuba, and the Advantage taken of its Protection in promoting the Slave Trade. By R. R. Madden, Author of "Travels in the West Indies," &c. &c. Boston: W. D. Ticknor. 8vo. pp. 32.

The Young Lady's Companion, in a Series of Letters. By Margaret Coxe, Author of "Botany of the Scriptures," "Wonders of the Deep," &c. Columbus: Isaac N. Whiting. 12mo. pp. 342.

Woman's Mission. From the English Edition, with a Preface. By a Clergyman of Boston. Boston: William Crosby & Co. 16mo.

The Liberty Bell. By Friends of Freedom. Boston: Published for the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair. 16mo. pp. 104.

Flora's Lexicon; an Interpretation of the Language and Sentiments of Flowers, with an Outline of Botany, and a Poetical Introduction. By Catharine H. Waterman. Philadelphia: Hooker & Claxton. 12mo. pp. 252.

The Philosophy of Human Life; being an Investigation of the Great Elements of Life; the Power, that Acts; the Will, that directs the Action; and the Accountability, or Sanctions, that influence the Formation of Volitions; together with Reflections, adapted to the Physical, Political, Popular, Moral, and Religious Nature of Man. By Amos Dean, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the Albany Medical College. Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon, & Webb. 1839. 12mo. pp. 300.

Essay on a Congress of Nations, for the Adjustment of International Disputes, and for the Promotion of Universal Peace without Resort to Arms. By John A. Bolles. Boston: Whipple & Damrell. 1839. 8vo. pp. 92.

The Ohio Gazetteer and Traveller's Guide; containing a Description of the several Towns, Townships, and Counties, with their Water Courses, Roads, Improvements, Mineral Productions, &c. &c.; together with an Appendix, or General Register, embracing Tables of Roads and Distances, of Post Offices, their Location and Distance from the Capital of the State, and of the United States; of Works of Internal Improvement; of the several Officers of State, their Residence, &c.; of the Colleges, and their Officers; of Banks, their Officers and Capital, &c., &c. Revised Edition. By Warren Jenkins. Columbus: Isaac N. Whiting. 1839. 12mo. pp. 546.

It is impossible, without minute local information, to answer for the accuracy of a work of this kind. But, as far as we are able to form a judgment of its merit, it seems to us an extremely well composed and valuable manual. It belongs to a class of books deserving of all encouragement.

Picture of Early Life, or Sketches of Youth. By Mrs. Emma C. Embury. Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon, & Webb. 1839. pp. 310.

The little stories, which fill this volume, are told in such a simple and natural style, that we have, while reading them, a strong impression of their being taken from real life. Their tendency is, to inculcate feelings of humanity and principles of virtue; and they present many graphic scenes of the distresses to which the life of man is subjected in all the ranks of society. If we were inclined to find fault with the author for any thing, it would be for indulging too much in tales of sorrow, and thus drawing the picture of life in colors darker than the reality.

The author expressly disclaims all pretensions to literary elegance; still it is but justice to her to remark, that her style is singularly graceful and pure, and that she shows uncommon taste in adapting it precisely to whatever subject she is handling.

Aids to Reflection. By Samuel Taylor Coleridge, with the Author's last Corrections. Edited by Henry Nelson Coleridge, Esq., M. A. To which is prefixed a Preliminary Essay, by John McVickar, D. D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in Columbia College. New York: Swords, Stanford, & Co. 12mo. pp. 324.

MUSIC.

The Vocal School, or Pestalozzian Method of Instruction in the Elements of Music; embracing a Practical and Philosophical Demonstration of the Philosophy of the Scale, &c., &c. By H. W. Day. Boston: Otis, Broaders, & Co. 18mo. pp. 279.

The Sacred Minstrel; a Collection of Psalm Tunes, Chants, Anthems, Sentences, and Select Pieces; Original, and Selected from Approved Authors, Ancient and Modern. By N. D. Gould, Editor of the "National Church Harmony," &c. &c. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln.

NOVELS, TALES, AND ROMANCES.

A New Home; Who 'll follow? or Glimpses of Western Life. By Mrs. Mary Clavers, an Actual Settler. New York: Charles S. Francis. 12mo. pp. 317.

The Damsel of Darien. By the Author of "The Yemassee," &c. &c. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 2 vols. 12mo. pp.

Nix's Mate; an Historical Romance of America. By the Author of "Athenia of Damascus." New York: Samuel Colman. 12mo. 2 vols. pp.

Margaret's Bridal. Founded on Fact. Boston: Whipple & Damrell. 18mo. pp. 56.

Confessions of a Schoolmaster. Andover: Gould, Newman, & Saxton. 18mo. pp. 318.

The Lecturess, or Woman's Sphere. By the Author of "My Cousin Mary." Boston: Whipple & Damrell. 18mo. pp. 124.

Morton's Hope, or the Memoirs of a Provincial. In 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo.

Here is a work altogether unworthy of its author, whoever he may be. It bears abundant marks, on the one hand, of his possessing talent and culture, and, on the other, of his having been at no pains to give the public the fair benefit of his capacities. The notion in his mind seems to have been like nothing more than that of another Vivian Grey; but this he has slurred and burlesqued to the very extreme verge of German license. Many a scene reads as if it had been thrown off at a venture, and sent to the press, because the compositor was waiting. The plot is all as lame and dislocated as need be. About the end of the first quarter of the first volume, for instance, the hero tells of the hopes and disappointment of an early love. "She took a slight ring from her finger, and we broke it between us. She tied my fragment to a tress of her hair, and hung it round my neck. She kissed me fondly, and promised to be mine for ever. That raven braid, — that broken ring, — lie now before my eyes. They are all that remind me of thy plighted love, Mayflower." This is cruelly pathetic, no doubt; but the reader's distress is soothed, when he finds, at the end of the second volume, that, at the time of writing it, the hero was the happy lord of this perfidious Mayflower. It is plain, that the author has been at the German schools, and he appears to have there imbibed an admiration for very bad models, and especially a toleration for the habit of that class of writers, not without credit in some quarters, in these whimsical days, who, when they put pen to paper, *run for luck*, throwing on their readers the responsibility of making a meaning for what is not significant, or reconciling contradictions in what is. The autobiography of Colonel Waldron is in no wise redeemed from being unspeakably tiresome, by its large share of raw-head-and-bloody-bones adventures; and his whole character is a mere monstrosity, yet scarcely more so than those of his son and daughter-in-law. The episode of the hero's intrigue with an actress at Prague, with his essay at a bandit's life, make another most lugubrious piece of business. As to such matters as attention to proprieties of time and place, lizards are made to "shoot to and fro in the patches of sun-light," (Vol. I. p. 25,) in the description of a place within ten miles of Boston, in which region, though it is true the animal has been seen, its shape is about as much known, from actual observation, as that of the rhinoceros. "The Connecticut River" of Vol. I. page 244, is not "the Connecticut" of page 250. It is the Mohawk, if we understand the matter rightly (p. 253.); and along its banks the hero's progress is obstructed by "cane-brakes," (p. 249,) some degrees of latitude north of where any other observer has met with them. It was the laying of "*exorbitant* taxes" by the mother country, that brought on the opposition of the New England people; and, in a description of the "Boston Massacre," that transaction is represented to have taken place at high noon, in opposition to the homely authority of that popular engraving, in which the moon over the old Brick Church makes so conspicuous an object. As to the sketches of foreign manners, we have but to hope, that they are no more correct than they are entertaining. If otherwise, the more is the pity. Yet one thing helps to account for another; and if the German youth are really reared at the universities in such an atmosphere of beer, smoke, and blood, there is less occasion to be surprised at the figure which so many of them make, when, a few years later, they emerge as writers upon matters of theology, philosophy, and art.

After all, no one can read "Morton's Hope," without perceiving it to have been written by a person of uncommon resources of mind and scholarship. But this writing *ad libitum* will never do. It is simply deplorable and vexatious, that one so evidently qualified to do exceedingly good things, should, in this instance, have done a thing so exceedingly poor.

ORATIONS AND ADDRESSES.

An Address to the Literary Societies of Dartmouth College, on the Character and Influence of German Literature; delivered at Hanover, N. H., July 24, 1839. By A. H. Everett. Boston: H. L. Devereux. 8vo. pp. 60.

An Address before the Society for Religious Inquiry in the University of Vermont, August 6th, 1839. By the Rev. Joseph Tracey. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 8vo. pp. 28.

The Wine Question. An Address to the Friends of Temperance in Connecticut. By Nathaniel Hewit, D. D., Pastor of the Bridgeport Congregational Church, and late General Agent of the American Temperance Society.

Discourse on the Integrity of the Legal Character; delivered before the Law Academy of Philadelphia. By Job R. Tyson, Esq., One of the Vice-Provosts. Philadelphia: John C. Clark. 8vo. pp. 36.

Address, delivered before the Vincennes Historical and Antiquarian Society, Feb. 22, 1839. By Judge Law. Louisville, Ky. 8vo. pp. 48.

The Principles and Tendencies of Democracy; an Address, made in Belleville, St. Clair County, Illinois, July 4th, 1839. By J. M. Peck, of Rock Spring, Illinois. Belleville: J. R. Cannon. 1839. 8vo. pp. 11.

An Historical Discourse, delivered at the Celebration of the Second Centennial Anniversary of the First Baptist Church in Providence, Nov. 7th, 1839. By William Hague, Pastor of the Church. Providence: B. Cranston, & Co. 12mo. pp. 192.

An Oration on the Material Growth and Territorial Progress of the United States; delivered at Springfield, Mass., on the 4th of July, 1839. By Caleb Cushing. Springfield: Merriam, Wood, & Co. 8vo. pp. 32.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Poems; by William Thompson Bacon. New Haven: B. & W. Noyes. 8vo. pp. 212.

The Poet; a Metrical Romance of the Seventeenth Century. A Keepsake for 1840. By W. J. Walker. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

The Poet's Tribute. Poems of William B. Tappan. Boston: D. S. King. 16mo. pp. 325.

This volume, in the costly and tasteful style of its mechanical execution, takes rank with the New Year's Gift-Books, though this purpose is not announced. It is chiefly composed of short pieces upon moral and devotional subjects. We certainly cannot undertake to commend them as being in a high style of poetry. But they have an easy flow of versification, and the tone of feeling which pervades them is so excellent, — so sincere, so fervent, delicate, charitable, and modest, — that we have been led on, from page to page, through the greater part of the volume, and have derived from it more pleasure than we have often owed to works of much higher pretension.

Calidore; a Legendary Poem, by William J. Pabodie. Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon, & Webb. 8vo. pp. 48.

THEOLOGY AND SERMONS.

"The Latest Form of Infidelity" Examined. A Letter to Mr. Andrews Norton, occasioned by his "Discourse before the Association of the Alumni of the Cambridge Theological School," on the 19th of July, 1839. By an Alumnus of that School. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 8vo. pp. 160.

Remarks on a Pamphlet, entitled "'The Latest Form of Infidelity' Examined." By Andrews Norton. Cambridge: John Owen. 1839. 8vo. pp. 72.

The Teacher Taught; an Humble Attempt to make the Path of the Sunday School Teacher Straight and Plain. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union. 18mo. pp. 396.

A Wreath for the Tomb; or Extracts from Eminent Writers on Death and Eternity; with an Introductory Essay and Sermon on the Lessons taught by Sickness. By Professor Edward Hitchcock, of Amherst College. Amherst: J. S. & C. Adams. 16mo. pp. 250.

Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons; illustrating the Perfections of God in the Phenomena of the Year. By the Rev. Henry Duncan, D. D., Ruthwell, Scotland. With important Additions, and some Modifications to adapt it to American Readers, by F. W. P. Greenwood. In 4 volumes. Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon, & Webb. 12mo.

The Future Life of the Good. Boston: Joseph Dowe. 12mo. pp. 108.

The Sunday School the Patriot's Hope. By Jason Whitman. Portland: S. H. Colesworthy. 18mo. pp. 90.

The Fruit of the Spirit. By Geo. W. Bethune, D. D., Minister of the Third Reformed Dutch Church, Philadelphia. Second Edition. Philadelphia: J. Whetham. 12mo. pp. 210.

Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, on the Book of the Prophet Isaiah; with a new Translation. By Albert Barnes. In Three Vols. New York: Robinson & Franklin. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 8vo.

Christian Morality; or a Series of Discourses on the Decalogue. By John W. Chickering, Pastor of the High-Street Church, Portland, Me. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 12mo. pp. 257.

The Bible an All-Sufficient Guide. By a Member of the Hampshire Association. Northampton: W. A. Hawley. 32mo. pp. 64.

The Life and Death of a Faithful Minister. A Discourse, delivered May 10th, 1839, at the Interment of the Rev. Sylvester G. Pierce, Pastor of the First Congregational Church in Methuen. By Samuel C. Jackson, Pastor of the West Church in Andover. 8vo. pp. 24.

A Sermon preached at the Request of the Board of Managers of the American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia, May 20th, 1839. By S. S. Schmucker, D. D. 12mo. pp. 32.

Universalism a Modern Invention and not according to Godliness. By Andrew Royce, Acting Pastor of the Congregational Church, Williamstown. Second Edition, with an Examination of certain Reviews. Boston: Whipple & Damrell. 18mo.

The Museum of Religious Knowledge, designed to illustrate Religious Truth. Edited by Marcus E. Cross. Philadelphia: J. Whetham. 12mo. pp. 264.

The Sacred Wreath; or Characters and Scenes of the Holy Scripture, illustrated by distinguished Writers of Great Britain and America. Philadelphia: Orrin Rogers. 18mo.

The Gift; or True and False Charity distinguished. Boston: American Sunday School Union. 18mo. pp. 90.

A Farewell Discourse to the Children in his Society, delivered in Harvard Church, Charlestown, June 23d, 1839. By James Walker. Cambridge: Metcalf, Torrey, & Ballou. 18mo. pp. 24.

A Discourse delivered in Harvard Church, Charlestown, July 14th, 1839, on taking leave of his Society. By James Walker. Published by Request, for the Use of his Society. Cambridge: Metcalf, Torrey, & Ballou. 8vo. pp. 40.

Discourses and Discussions in Explanation and Defence of Unitarianism. By Orville Dewey, Pastor of the Church of the Messiah, in New York. Boston: Joseph Dowe. 12mo. pp. 307.

Letters to an Only Daughter on Confirmation, being a Manual for the Youth of the Protestant Episcopal Church. By the Rev. J. L. Blake, D. D. Philadelphia: Joseph Whetham. 16mo. pp. 216.

A Defence of the Cosmogony of Moses. By J. Horwitz, M. D. Baltimore: Richard J. Maschett. 8vo. pp. 31.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Memoranda of Foreign Travel, containing Notices of France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. By Robert J. Breckenridge. Philadelphia: Joseph Whetham. 12mo. pp. 342.

Glimpses of the Old World; or Excursions on the Continent, and in the Island of Great Britain. By the Rev. John A. Clark, Rector of St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Wm. Marshall & Co. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 479, 471.

Society, Manners, and Politics in the United States; being a Series of Letters on North America. By Michael Chevalier. Translated from the Third Paris Edition, by T. G. Bradford. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, & Co. 1839. pp. 467.

Mr. Bradford has executed his task in a very faithful and able manner. He has translated the valuable work of M. Chevalier into fluent and elegant English, omitting only a few passages, which have no interest in this country. In some cases he has substituted, in the statistical statements, the results of information obtained since Chevalier's book was written, for those that are given in the French, and thus added not a little to its value as an authoritative work in the United States. The manner in which the work has been presented to the public, in respect both to literary and typographical execution, is deserving of the highest praise.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CVII.

APRIL, 1840.

Art. I. — 1. *Proposta di alcune Correzioni ed Aggiunti al Vocabolario della Crusca* [di Vincenzo Monti]. In 3 Volumi. Milano: 1817 - 1824. 8vo.

2. *Storia d'Italia*, di Carlo Botta. In 14 Volumi. 8vo.
3. *Elementi di Filosofia*, di Pasquale Galuppi. In 5 Volumi. 12mo.
4. *Collezione degli Scritti sulla Dottrina della Ragione*, di Grandomenico Romagnosi. In 2 Volumi. 8vo.

The forms of national developement are as various as the features of national character. Essentially the same in their origin and in their progress, they both should be judged by the same laws and studied upon the same principles. The first step is the collection of facts; and, after this preparation, we are at liberty to follow out our conclusions to the utmost extent, that the rules of sober induction will warrant. The action of similar causes upon material objects is necessarily followed by similar results. And if this principle, the source of such sublime discoveries in physical science, has not as yet been applied with equal success to the investigation of intellectual phenomena, the failure must be attributed not to the law itself, but to the peculiar nature of the subject to which our observations are directed. An object seen at a distance, and through the mist and haze of evening, may assume a form different from its own, and give rise to deceptions, which nothing but a nearer approach can remove. But, to dissipate the mists and delusions of the mind ; to bring the eye of intellect close to its own operations ; and then direct it, purified and strengthened by this internal study, to the examination of men and of nations, acting upon a broad field and swayed by every variety of motives, some peculiar to the individual and some to the epoch, is a task, which philosophy, although she has labored for ages, has thus far but imperfectly accomplished.

In part, however, her labors have not been fruitless, and some laws have been discovered of sufficiently sure and general application to warrant the use of them as of fixed and undeniable truths. Among these the first, both in order and in importance, is that far-reaching principle, which, in judging of nations, refers to the state of their intellectual culture as the test and token of their destiny. Other forms of developement are more immediately dependent upon external causes. Agriculture may prosper or languish, according as it is favored or discouraged by the division of the soil and the views of the government. Manufactures and commerce are the products of situation and of circumstances ; and all of these, although they furnish important data for the study of nations, should be considered as effects, rather than as causes. But poetry, philosophy, art, proceed directly and solely from the mind, and afford, if rightly studied, unerring testimonials of the nature of their source. Circumstances may favor their growth, but cannot create them. Their source lies deep below the surface ; and, whether it pour forth a broad and sweeping stream, or glide in silence through the retired vale and unfrequented recesses of life, the springing flower and verdant bank reveal the secrets of its course.

If the application of this principle be as extensive as we have supposed, it necessarily follows, that in those countries, which are politically dependent, the state and tendency of intellectual pursuits is almost the only standard by which their character and their hopes can be estimated. Of all that they possess, their literature is the only treasure that they can truly call their own. Here alone the mind is free to follow its own impulses. Here the poet may utter laments which all others must suppress, and the philosopher nearly forget the miseries of the present as he weaves with his own hand a brighter wreath into the inevitable destinies of his country.

It is with a firm conviction of the soundness of the principle which we have advanced, that we venture to invite the attention of our readers, to a general view of the state and direction of studies in Italy, during the first thirty-eight years of the present century. And, if we should succeed in placing this subject in a clearer light, and one more honorable to the Italians, than it is generally represented in, we shall feel better entitled to call upon our countrymen to pause and weigh their judgment of a country which receives them with marked partiality ; which breathes its reviving air into the very hearts of their sick and their wearied ; which stores their memories with ennobling recollections ; and which only asks of them in return, that they should not judge her in haste or in prejudice, or that at least they should draw a veil over her errors, and drop a tear at the tale of her misfortunes.

There are many facts in general as well as in individual history, which derive much of their importance from the circumstances under which they occur. Even trifles become interesting when they serve as indications of character. What can seem more ridiculous than a Demosthenes in his vault, his head half shorn, and wasting day and night in the servile copying of the writings of another ? or on the seashore, straining his voice until it became audible amidst the dash and roar of the waves ? But what more sublime than the same Demosthenes in the presence of the multitude, guiding at will the impetuous torrent of human passion, and calling into life, by the force of his eloquence, feelings long lost in sloth and in corruption ? And, to bring the comparison more directly to the subject before us, what can appear more trivial, than that grave men should have passed the most precious years of life in the study of words and phrases, carefully sifting idiom from idiom, and apparently with no higher aim than correctness of diction ? But if it be true, that the loss of national idiom is the lowest point of degradation to which a people can sink ; that, when every other tie has been dissolved, language forms a bond of union even for the coldest and most insensible ; and that there is something so peculiar in the character of every tongue as to preserve a cast of nationality even amid all the diversities of individual style ; this study of words becomes the most powerful expression of the love of country.

It is difficult to fix with precision, the epoch, in which the Italian language had reached the lowest state of corruption to which it has ever fallen, or to name, indeed, any period, in which the study of it in its purity has not been pursued with a certain share of success. Even during the last century we find writers, who, for force, grace, and purity of expression, are deservedly ranked with the first names of her literature ; and, what is of still more importance for the light in which we are viewing the subject, men not less distinguished for the intrinsic value than for the elegance of their productions.

But the example of a few individuals, however eminent, was not sufficient to put a full stop to the progress of corruption. The multitude continued to speak and to write as if a mere change of words were a change of language. A society of lively and ingenious philosophers, the celebrated authors of the *Caffè*, undertook to defend their principles with the weapons of wit, of satire, and of philosophy. Even they who tried hardest and wrote with most care, could not always avoid those foreign infusions of thought and manner which tinctured the productions of their contemporaries ; and, that nothing might be wanting to make the triumph complete, the art of corruption was reduced to general laws, and the student taught how far, and according to what rules, he might take the formation of his language into his own hands. The defence of their antagonists was often feeble, always dry ; and what, indeed, could they reply to the odious appellation of *purist* and *pedant* ; that logic of general terms, which so happily comprises in one sweeping appellation whatever you choose to attribute to your adversary of ludicrous or of vile. This controversy was continued with unabated bitterness through the first twenty years of the present century ; nor, during any portion of that period, would it have been possible to say, on which side the balance would eventually turn. A fortunate union of rare and diversified talent has at length brought it to a point, which, if it does not amount to a positive decision, has at least placed it in its true light, and leaves but little to apprehend for the future.

It is not so much with a view to the order of merit, as to that of time, that we place first in our catalogue the name of

Antonio Cesari. This indefatigable philologist was born in Verona, on the 18th of January, 1760. An early propensity to retirement called him to the cloister, and at the age of eighteen he assumed the robe of the congregation of the Oratorio. If the life of a man of letters be proverbially monotonous, what can be expected of one who, to the quiet of the study, added the still deeper seclusion of the convent? The shocks and turmoil of an age of revolutions produced but a transient change in the pursuits of Cesari. He was absorbed in the study of his beloved *trecentisti*. To renew that golden period of the Italian language, he labored night and day through the whole of a protracted life. He composed, he compiled, he translated, he edited. And when, at the close of his career, he looked around upon what he had proposed and upon what he had accomplished, we would venture to say, that he died contented; for his task was done, and his harvest was white for the reaper. He died on the 1st of October, 1828.

Contemporary with Cesari, at times his friend and at others his foe, but still concurring with him, although upon different principles, in the same undertaking, was the celebrated Vincenzo Monti. Poet, critic, philologist, impetuous in his feelings, and no less so in the expression of them; with an imagination which seemed to glow by its own spontaneous action, and a richness of language and of imagery which, notwithstanding the severity of his taste, sometimes degenerated into exuberance; nothing was wanting to the success of Monti, but that he should have been born in an epoch less rigid in its requirements, and more disposed to pardon the sins of the imagination. He began his studies with what he always considered as the fountain head of Italian eloquence, the study of Latin; and it was thus that he laid the foundation of that pure taste, which, in an age of almost universal corruption, led him back to the classics of his native tongue. Some juvenile compositions, already distinguished by their departure from the prevailing style of the period, won him the favor and protection of Cardinal Borghese, by whose invitation and under whose auspices he removed to Rome. It was at this period, and before he had completed his nineteenth year, that his poetical career may be said to have had its beginning; and his reputation, supported by various productions, one, at least, of which may still be classed among the most beautiful of his poems, went on rapidly increasing, until the publication of the "Aristodem" and the "Bassvilliana" placed him among the first poets of his age.

Although he had been the eulogist of Pius the Sixth, and had branded, in the indignant verses of the "Bassvilliana," the wild excesses of the French revolution, Monti, young, enthusiastic, and fresh from the study of the ancients, was easily led astray by those brilliant hopes, which, if they had deceived the cool, the calculating, and the philosophic, could hardly fail to dazzle one who had no other guide than his imagination and his heart. After the fall of the Cisalpine Republic he was constrained to seek a refuge in Savoy; and one who was a sharer in them has described to us the horrors of that exile. It was in a beautiful grove near Chamberry, that he composed the greater part of the "Mascheroniana" and the "Cajo Gracco"; works which breathe a stern and masculine eloquence and a tone of elevated thought to which he never afterwards attained. Restored once more to his native land by the battle of Marengo, he passed through various offices, all of them literary. He was professor at Pavia; connected with the ministry of the interior, for the direction of literature and the arts; and finally, poet-laureate and royal historiographer. During this last period he completed the translation of the "Iliad." Upon the fall of Napoleon, he was again compelled to tune his lyre in unison with the new order of things; nor did he do it with all that dignity and reserve, which the world requires in so great a man. It was shortly after the return of the Austrians, that he began the "Proposta"; a work arid and fatiguing from its subject, but which the magic of his style and the profoundness of his philosophy render attractive even to those, who have but little taste for the questions which it treats. The controversies to which this work gave rise, must have embittered the last years of his life, although on no occasion had the triumph of his genius been more complete. But the heaviest blow that he received, since it was one for which he could find no compensation in his literary fame, was the loss of his son-in-law and fellow-laborer, the Count Giulio Perticari. Towards the close of his days, he resumed a work which he had planned many years before, and in which he had undertaken to celebrate the labors of Pius the Sixth in the Pontine Marshes. An apoplectic fit, with which he was seized in the month of April, 1826, found him near the termination of his poem; but, although he continued to live until October of 1838, it was rather as a long farewell to life, than life itself.

The Count Giulio Perticari was born at Savignano, on the 15th of August, 1779, and died on the 26th of June, 1822. He filled several offices, municipal as well as literary, but the greater part of his brief career was devoted to letters. His connexion with Monti, whose daughter he had married, was probably the immediate cause of the active part he took in the great philological dispute of his age ; and the two treatises, which fill parts of the first and second volumes of the "Proposta," are his best claim to the thanks of posterity.

We have thus grouped together the three principal promoters of the reform of the Italian language. Strict justice would require the mention of several others who bore an almost equal part in the same noble enterprise ; Botta, whose example has done what could never have been accomplished by precept alone ; Giordani, Colombo, Grassi, Niccolini, Costa, to say nothing of the mere grammarians and an infinity of others, who wrote in the controversy of the "Proposta." This long contest, unlike most literary disputes, must be judged by its results ; and to those who, considering it from this point of view, compare the actual state of the Italian language with the degradation and the corruption into which it had fallen during the last two centuries, it will be evident, that there has been a general return to purity of idiom, and, through this, to purity of taste, which can be attributed to no other cause. No Italian would venture at the present day to hazard such opinions as degrade many of the pages of the *Caffè*, and few, if any, now dare to present themselves to the public, without having studied long and deeply in the classics of their native tongue. How far this study, how far the meditation of Dante, of Machiavelli, of Guicciardini, of Galileo, and the others of that bright constellation of immortals who have enriched the world with the purest models of thought and of expression, will contribute towards the formation of a pure Italian and national tone of thinking and of language, is a question too easily solved to require any illustration of ours.

The study of history is the second branch to which we should refer, as indicative of the actual state of letters in Italy ; and here, again, we shall select a few names, though at the hazard of passing over many almost equally deserving of mention.

And in the first rank we shall place a work which, while it serves as a proof of the general correctness of our position, serves at the same time as a striking confirmation of what we had occasion to advance in a former paper, concerning the nature of the love which an Italian bears for literature.* We mean to speak of the "Documenti di Storia Italiana," of Giuseppe Molini. Such of our readers as have visited Florence will probably remember the bookstore of this gentleman. Some of them, perhaps, may remember Molini himself, his open, strongly-marked countenance, his rare intelligence, and the prompt delight with which he unfolds the treasures of his bibliographical lore for the guidance and instruction of every inquirer. But few know him as a scholar of merit, and as a judicious and patient collector of the historical records of his country. Such, however, he has proved himself in the two volumes to which we refer, and as such, he deserves to be classed among the lasting benefactors of Italian history.

The two volumes which compose the collection of Molini, contain four hundred and fifty-eight documents, all of which he copied with his own hand from the originals, which lie scattered through the immense libraries of Paris. They consist of letters both public and private, despatches, treaties, and general and special instructions, extending from 1404 to 1572, one of the most eventful epochs of modern story. This important accession to the materials of Italian history has become doubly valuable, through the labors of the Marquis Gino Capponi, of Florence. The exact and luminous annotations, which he has affixed to each document, can be duly estimated by those alone who have been engaged in similar investigations ; but no one can read them, and more particularly the magnificent dissertation upon Andrea Doria, and the causes and the effects of his emancipation of Genoa, without being convinced, that, should the health of the noble author be spared, we shall ere long be able to add one more name, and that of the highest order, to the imperishable roll of Italian historians.

---

* *North American Review*, Vol. XLVI. pp. 337, *et seq.*

Another work, singularly illustrative of the zeal with which the Italians of the present age have devoted themselves to the study of history in its sources, is the history of the celebrated families of Italy, by the Count Pomponio Litta ; a work still in the course of publication, and which, from the immensity of the field over which it spreads, the profound and perplexing researches upon which it is based, and the completeness and accuracy of its execution, would seem beyond the compass of any single life.

Yet these works are but the materials of history, which philosophy, power of narration, and skill in portraying character, can alone render pleasing and instructive to the general reader. And in this department no age of Italian literature stands higher than the present. This portion of our subject is one of peculiar interest, and requires more ample illustration.

Carlo Giuseppe Guglielmo Botta was born at San Giorgio Canavese, in Piedmont, on the 6th of November, 1766. His father was Ignatius Botta ; the family name of his mother was Boggio. He received the first rudiments of his education in his native village, and under the eye of his parents ; discovering at a very early period a decided taste for study, and a singular facility in learning languages. The dialects spoken in Piedmont, are, as our readers are doubtless aware, among the most corrupt of all Italy, so that the necessity of studying as a foreign tongue, the only language in which they can hope to earn distinction as writers, is, with the Piedmontese, superadded to the ordinary difficulties of elementary studies.* Fortunately for Botta, the class books then in use in the royal schools of Piedmont, were enriched with many judicious selections from the purest Tuscan authors, well suited to catch the attention of a child of quick parts ; so that, with his natural propensity to the study of language, he could hardly fail to imbibe that fondness for purity of diction, which it is so difficult to acquire in any but the earlier periods of life. In him this taste was confirmed by the lessons of Tenivelli, his master in rhetoric, to whose memory he has consecrated one of the most touching episodes in his history of Italy. Having completed his course of rhetoric, he entered the class of philosophy in Turin, where he continued two years, until his admission into the provincial college of that capital. He there devoted himself to the study of medicine, a science which might almost be called hereditary in his family, for it had been the profession of his ancestors for three successive generations. Of all the subsidiary branches of medical science, that which most attracted his attention was botany ; a partiality, which he in a great measure attributed to the lessons of Ignazio Molineri, at that time director of the botanical garden of Turin. His progress in it also would seem to have been more than ordinary, as far, at least, as can be judged from the descriptions in his " History of Corfu," the only work in which he was led by the nature of his subject to scientific investigations. But other cares and studies of a very different order engaged his maturer years ; and though, towards the close of his life, he still spoke of it with fondness, and as the source of many youthful pleasures, as a science he had nearly forgotten it.

---

* The same observation applies to almost every other part of Italy, except Tuscany and Rome.

Nor did he allow himself to be induced, by the gravity of his professional pursuits, to neglect the cultivation of his taste in writing, and the study of the Italian classics. Redi, himself a physician as well as a profound naturalist, and who has embellished even his driest researches with the charms of a graceful and lively style, became an especial favorite with Botta, who, although he never attempted to imitate the sprightliness and vivacity of that charming writer, drew from the constant meditation of his works a propriety of terms and elegance of expression in treating of common topics, of which he could nowhere have found a more perfect model. The higher qualities of eloquence, variety, and richness of diction, skill in the modulation of his periods, the power of adapting his manner to the subject, of bending language to the workings of his own feelings, and thus of acting, through this most flexible yet most difficult of materials, upon the feelings of others, he studied in Boccacio and in Machiavelli ; though all who have read him will acknowledge, that the characteristic attributes of his style, as of that of all great writers, were derived from those of his own mind. His method of reading was peculiar, and shows his fixed determination to obtain command of all the riches of his native tongue. His copies of Machiavelli, of Boccacio, and, in short, of all his favorite authors, were carefully underlined. Not a word, not a phrase that he thought worthy of remark, was allowed to escape him. This system was carried out into all his reading, and by means of this he succeeded, in spite of the numerous disadvantages under which he labored, in making himself master of so great a variety of forms, that he could always render, in new and striking language, even his slightest shades of thought. The "Commentari Bibliografici," a literary journal, which was then publishing at Turin, and to which he contributed, afforded him the first opportunities of trying his strength as a writer; and that he succeeded, at least to the satisfaction of his companions, may be fairly assumed from the fact of his having been chosen to compose in their name, the letter, which, in a moment of youthful enthusiasm, they addressed to the celebrated Paesiello upon his opera of "Nina."

At the age of twenty he took his degrees in medicine, and three years afterwards was chosen member of the medical college. Happy could he have continued the peaceful exercise of a profession that he loved. But the stormy period of the French revolution was at hand. Placed on the very verge of the precipice, the Piedmontese government stood trembling and terror-struck, yet unable to avoid the fall. An empty treasury, and discontented subjects, are but poor resources on the eve of a revolution. The principles which were receiving so terrific a developement in France, worked their way into Piedmont, in spite of the zealous precautions of power. But with them came the evils of all similar epochs, jealousy, suspicion, spies, and false accusations. Poor Botta was one of the first to feel their effects. He was accused of republicanism, arrested, and held in close confinement in the public prison. Cut off in the spring of life, not only from the society of his friends, but from the hopes of youth, subjected to long and perplexing examinations, where a false step, a single mistake, might bring him to the scaffold; condemned to drag on day after day, in the cold, gloomy, heart-sickening solitude of a dungeon, had his mind been cast in a common mould, it would have sunk under the pressure of such accumulated misfortunes. As it was, the iron entered deep into his soul, and, even at the distance of forty years, it was but seldom, and with evident pain, that he reverted to those days of trial. The companions of his solitude, and his sole consolation, were a copy of Guicciardini, a treatise of mathematics, and Tristram Shandy. It was to this epoch, and to the assiduous study of the great Florentine, that he ever afterwards attributed the origin of his passion for history. Meanwhile the exertions of his friends were unremitted. No means were left untried, whether of influence or of entreaty. But all was unavailing. They could not even obtain the privilege of visiting him; and the doubts and uncertainty, in which he was left to languish, were not among the least of his misfortunes. There was one being, however, whose feelings neither bars nor chains could repress, nor the damps of a dungeon chill. Even the turnkey, hardened by long experience to every variety of woe, was won by her generous devotion, and twice during his captivity was Botta consoled by the visits of his intrepid friend. They alone, who know what Europe then was, can appreciate such an instance of devoted affection.

At length, after a rigorous confinement of eighteen months, his innocence was satisfactorily established, and he was set at liberty. His accuser, one of his former fellow-students and companions, fully convicted of false accusation, was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. Yet, though his innocence had been recognised, Turin was no longer a safe residence for one on whom the jealous eye of government had once been fixed; and, in the struggle which was rapidly approaching, what hopes could there be for a young man but just escaped from the scaffold, and dependent upon his profession for support? By the advice of his friends he retired into France, and was almost immediately employed as a physician to the army of the Alps.

Here, while actively engaged in the duties of his office, his mind began to yield more sensibly to the bias it had received from the study of Guicciardini. A great question was in agitation before and around him; and, whatever might be the final decision, it could not but be fraught with important lessons to humanity. It was in the camp, surrounded by the rough and fearless soldiers of the revolution, sharing in the perils of their marches, in the hardships and fatigues of their encampments, that he first studied the scenes and the events, which he afterwards reproduced with such thrilling reality in his history of his own times. When the army of the Alps had forced its way into Italy, under the guidance of Bonaparte, Botta revisited his native land, and there, in the intervals of professional engagements, and in the classic retreat of Pavia, he composed his first work, a plan for the government of Lombardy; a work remarkable for the same independence of spirit, and attachment to the positive and the possible, which distinguished all his subsequent productions. Ardent as was his imagination, he never was a slave to it; and, whatever judgment be passed upon the substance of his opinions, every one must confess, that they were purely his own, and always announced with the frank confidence of sincere conviction. We have had the opportunity, and, well or ill, have availed ourselves of it, of comparing many of the opinions which he uttered at this epoch in the freedom of familiar correspondence, with those which he has recorded in his maturer productions. We have found many changes in his judgments of individuals, some in his hopes of the future, but none in his firm belief in the holiness of those principles around whose banner so large a portion of Europe seemed to have rallied, with a firm resolution to work out their triumph at every hazard.

Towards the close of 1796 he was sent with a division of the army to the Venetian Islands of the Levant, where he wrote his "Storia Naturalè e Medica dell' Isola di Corfù." In 1798, the government of Piedmont was overthrown, and the royal family driven into exile. Joubert, to whom the execution of this disgraceful act had been confided by the Directory, and whose virtues certainly deserved a nobler recompense, did all that he could to favor the interests of the country intrusted to his care. It was in this view that he formed a provisional government, composed of native Italians, of which Botta, who was at that time with the army in Valtelhia, and was not personally known to the general, was made a member. But that was not the moment, in which a lover of his country, however profound his knowledge, or however ardent his zeal, would have asked to serve her. The aims of the French government were directed to the acquisition, not to the emancipation, of Piedmont; and the only reward of those, whose services it saw fit to employ as a disguise for its real designs, was that of all who act with sincerity where deceit is wished for and expected, the loss of the esteem of their fellow-citizens, and of the confidence of their masters. A series of new revolutions ensued. The provisional government gave place to the government of the *reunion.* Then came the Austro-Russian invasion, — the oppression of royalists succeeding to the oppression and peculation of pretended republicans. New armies poured down the Alps to sustain the tottering cause of French independence. Battle followed battle in rapid succession. Meanwhile the plains of Piedmont, a prey to successive devastations, her population thinned by the sword, and her fertile places made desolate, presented on every side one unvaried aspect of haggard want.

Botta, like all those who had been connected either by opinion or by act with the late government, was compelled once more to seek safety under a foreign sky ; and it was at this period, that he first met the poet Monti during his exile at Chamberry. We have not space to enter into the details of this epoch, or paint the sad communion, the solitary walks of the two exiles, whose names were to adorn so bright a page in the history of their country. Fortunately for Botta, his former services had not been forgotten, and Bernadotte, then minister of war, restored him to his post of physician to the army of the Alps.

At length the banners of France again appeared in Italy, under the guidance of their youthful leader, and the battle of Marengo decided for fourteen years the destinies of the fairest portion of Europe. Upon the reëstablishment of the French power in Piedmont, Botta was called to take an active part in the new government, first as member of the "Consulta," then of the "Executive Committee," and finally of the "Board for the general Administration of Piedmont." We shall mention but one act of this portion of his public life. Among the prisoners still languishing in the dungeons of Turin, was the former friend of Botta, he whose false accusation had been the original cause of all his misfortunes. Botta, president in 1801 of the Executive Committee, restored his enemy to freedom, and signed with his own hand the decree for his liberation. In 1803, upon the final union of Piedmont to France, he was sent as a member of the deputation, chosen to thank the French government for the act of union, and from that period he seems to have looked upon Paris as his home. Shortly after his arrival there, he published his "Précis Historique de la Maison de Savoie et du Piémont."

We hasten to bring to a close this brief abstract of his public life. On the 10th of August, 1804, he was chosen member of the legislature for the department of the Doria; and on the 28th of October, 1809, was made Vice-President, and again reëlected to the same office in the following year. In December he became a candidate for the questorship; but, having indulged in some expressions upon the course of government, which were disagreeable to the Emperor, was set aside by express command. On the 3d of January of the next year, he was sent by the Academy of Turin as a member of the deputation chosen to present to Napoleon, in their name, the two last volumes of their memoirs.

The duties of these situations, as is well known to every one acquainted with the history of those days, were merely nominal. This period was dedicated by Botta to those pursuits, which, hitherto, he had only been able to cultivate in moments snatched from graver and less genial occupations. He was already known as an author, and that advantageously, but had not as yet found a subject suited to the display of his wonderful powers of description and narration, and of those stores of practical philosophy, which he had drawn from his brief but rough experience of life.

The first idea of his history of the American Revolution was suggested by a conversation that took place in the house of Madame Manzoni, or as the Italians, out of reverence to the memory of her father, called her, Madama Beccaria. The choicest society in Paris met in the rooms of this lady, and it may readily be supposed that Botta was of the number. One evening the conversation chanced to fall upon the great events of modern history, and their adaptation to epic poetry. The discussion was long and animated, and scarce an event but found its advocate; but it was at last unanimously decided in favor of our Revolution, as furnishing, of all others, the characters and the incidents most worthy of the sublimity of the epic. Botta returned homewards absorbed in the consideration of the evening's debate. His way led him through that square in the rear of the Tuileries, the name of which is so closely associated with the most horrid excesses of the French Revolution. "Why," said he to himself, "if it be a fit subject for a poem, should it not be fitter still for a history?" He was pausing unawares near the spot, which a few years before had been wet with the blood of a king, a queen, and the long line of victims of the reign of terror. "It is," said he; "and I will write it." From that moment he devoted himself, with enthusiastic ardor, to the collection of documents, of maps, of books, of private remarks and journals, of whatever, in short, could illustrate the event and give interest and authenticity to his narrative; and in 1809 his work was presented to the public in four volumes, octavo. The concluding pages of the last book, in which he had undertaken to examine the causes which gave to our Revolution an issue so different from that of similar attempts in other countries, were suppressed by the Imperial censor, and have never been published.

This work attracted from its first appearance universal attention, and was immediately reprinted in Italy. The charm of a narrative sustained with unabated vigor through four entire volumes, the poetic warmth of the descriptions, the glowing eloquence of the whole composition, were universally felt and admired. But the language and the style, rigorously formed on the classic models of Italian literature, those models against whose authority the endeavours of so large a portion of the writers of that period were constantly directed, could not meet with the same undivided approbation. The controversy which ensued was long and bitter, though less so, perhaps, than that of the "Proposta." The result was equally favorable to the cause of the reform of the Italian language. Botta himself took but a slight part in it, yet a decided one. His opinions had been recorded in his work, and that in a manner too striking to be misunderstood. The corrections which he made in subsequent editions, amount to nothing more than a few notes written in the margin of his own copy; and as for the rest, he quietly awaited the decision of time.

Had he now been at liberty to indulge his own inclinations, he would probably have entered at once upon his "History of Italy." But how could he hope to tell, during the reign of Napoleon, the whole story of her wrongs, of her sufferings, and of her betrayal? Anxious, however, to write of Italy, and unable to do it in any other form, he turned his attention to verse, and composed his poem of "Camillo."

With the fall of Napoleon his trials began anew. The separation of Piedmont from France necessarily deprived him of his rank as representative. His small patrimony was insufficient for the support of his family; and where, in that moment of revolutions, could he look for new resources? To crown all, his wife, the cherished companion of his studies and of his recreations, was slowly sinking under a mortal disease, and fading, day by day, before him. It was then, that, to procure the means of obtaining for her the privilege of breathing once more her native air, he sold to an apothecary, at the price of waste paper, the last six hundred copies of his "History of the American War." Vain effort of self-deluding love! they never met again.

During the hundred days, he was appointed rector of the Academy of Nancy, an office which he lost upon the return of the Bourbons. In 1817, he received a similar appointment at the Academy of Rouen, which he held for nearly five years. During his residence in this city, he arranged the materials which he had long been engaged in collecting for the history of Italy from 1789 to 1814, — an interval which might be called the history of his own times. Upon his return to Paris, he carried with him the manuscript of this work. But who would venture to publish it? He could not, for want of means. A rigid censorship guarded the presses of Italy; and the publishers of Paris saw but little to tempt them in a long history, written in a foreign language. But for the generosity of a private friend, Poggi of Parma, it might still, perhaps, have lain in manuscript and unknown. This gentleman, with a liberality which should never be forgotten by the admirer of Italian literature, printed it at his own expense, in four magnificent quartos. A French translation, and nearly a dozen successive editions, which immediately appeared in almost every part of Italy, and in every variety of form, were sufficient proofs of its success.

But, in the mean while, the author was languishing in Paris from actual want. The loss of his office had left him nearly destitute; and his writings, so productive to others, with the exception of the prize of the Crusca, and the gift of a certain number of copies from Rosini of Pisa, and a set of his own editions by Molini of Florence, by whom his History had been republished, had produced nothing to him. The booksellers afforded a small resource. Several articles for the "Biographie Universelle," and the "History of the People of Italy," a work in three volumes, which was written in as many months, procured him a temporary relief. We hasten to avert our eyes from this page of misery. In January, 1826, proposals were issued to raise a sum of money sufficient to support Botta during the time that he might require in order to compose a second History of Italy, uniting the work of Guicciardini with his own, and to defray the expenses of the publication. In April of the same year he commenced writing, and, before the close of 1830, the work was completed.

It was while he was employed upon this work, that we first became acquainted with him. He was living in a remote quarter of Paris, in humble lodgings, and attended by a single domestic. We found him in the little room which served him both for parlour and study, engaged in correcting the proofs of the second volume. The bust of Sarpi stood upon the table where he wrote, and on the wall hung the portrait of her, whose name is associated with the most interesting moments of his existence. It may have been fact, or it may have been prepossession, but it appeared to us, that there was a commanding dignity in his simple address, which went directly to the heart. His countenance was strongly-marked ; and the deep lines of his brow, and the furrows of his cheek, seemed to tell both of study and of age, but perhaps more of sorrow than of either. His forehead was high, and remarkably full ; his eye clear, and at times sparkling ; the whole cast of his features pleasing, and his aspect generally mild, although there was an expression of singular firmness and decision about his nostrils, which we do not remember to have seen in an equal degree in any other face. Of himself and his works he spoke freely, but with unaffected modesty ; the same of his contemporaries ; nor had he the least appearance of talking for effect. Every now and then, he startled you with one of those pithy sayings, which he has introduced with so much effect into particular portions of his writings ; but they dropped from him so naturally, that it was impossible to suppose them premeditated. He was especially fond of anecdote, and his inexhaustible memory supplied him with a ready store for every topic. Perhaps the graceful and idiomatic language, in which he always clothed them, would have reminded you of the author, but that there was something so natural in his manner of uttering it, as to take away all appearance of study or of effort.

Not long afterward he paid his last visit to Piedmont. His reception was all that he could have wished, far more than he could ever have hoped for. A liberal pension was settled upon him, and every inducement offered, which seemed likely to win him back to his native land. But there were too many bitter remembrances there, too much uncertainty in the future, for him to think of such a change; and the few years that might yet be granted him, he wished to spend in quiet and in repose. Such, however, was not his destiny; and life, which had already poured forth to him so largely from her cup of sorrow, had still its dregs in store to embitter the cold, brief evening of his days. One of the most painful of all diseases fastened upon him. His nights became sleepless, his days agonizing. He was deprived of exercise and air, unless a short walk, which he could never venture to extend far from his own door, could be called such. Nor had he even the consolation of the society of his children, called in the exercise of their professions to different and distant parts of the world. Still he preserved his cheerfulness and equanimity to the very last; and his letters and his conversation were filled with the same spirit which had animated his happier moments. His Virgil and his Boccacio were constantly by him; nor shall we ever forget the look with which he one day brought to us, in his little study, the music of the "Nina" of Paesiello, and laid it upon a chair with his flute, the companion of long years of ever-varying fortune, his repose in weariness, his solace in trouble, and which even then, as it lay mute before him, seemed to diffuse around a momentary calm, and call up the shadows of departed joys. Towards the close of 1836 his disease increased, and was attended by frequent fevers, that confined him to his bed. In the beginning of the following year his debility became excessive. We have before us letters written from his bed but a few months previous to his decease, and with a hand so feeble as to be hardly legible. In this state he lingered on through the summer of 1837, and finally expired in the month of September. His remains were interred in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, amid the poets, the warriors, the statesmen of modern story. But there is no tomb in that boundless city of the dead, whether decked with the choicest expressions of sculptured grief, or eloquent from the mere memory of the dust that moulders in its bosom, by which the American should tread with deeper devotion than by the tomb of Botta. And there, too, when the passions and the prejudices of the present shall have passed away, shall the pilgrim from his own sunny clime come to offer up the homage of his tears. As for us who knew and who loved him, this brief tribute, though feeble and unadorned, may not, perhaps, pass unregarded ; for it is the expression of feelings formed in the freedom of familiar intercourse, a lingering of memory around days that she would fain recall, and which, from the dim regions of the inexorable past, have left behind them the consoling assurance, that our cares were not all unavailing, and that he felt and appreciated the efforts that we made to smooth away some part of the ruggedness of his pathway to the grave.

We have allowed our pen to run on so freely in the preceding sketch, that we find ourselves constrained to curtail the remarks which we intended to offer upon the literary merits of Botta. The same causes which concurred in giving him so decided a taste for the best writers of his native tongue, led him to view with particular fondness the school in which they had been formed. His profound knowledge of Latin favored the cultivation of this partiality, and enabled him to study at the very sources of classic eloquence. Hence, when he took up his pen for the composition of history, it was with a mind warm from the meditation of Livy, of Tacitus, and of those who, by treading closely in their footsteps, have formed the most durable school of modern history. Thus the form of his works, naturally, — we had almost said, necessarily, — became classic. His narrative is arranged and conducted with consummate art. Sketches, portraits, and full descriptions are disposed at proper intervals, according to the nature and importance of the incident or of the person. If there be an important question to weigh, he puts it into the form of a debate, and makes you a listener to the discussions of the actual heroes of the scene. It is thus that he brings you to the grave deliberations of the Venetian senate, or placing you, as it were, in some hidden recess, discloses to you the midnight councils of a band of conspirators. And often, so powerful is the charm of his eloquence, you feel excited, chilled, terror-struck, — moved, in short, by turns, with all the feelings that such a scene is calculated to awaken.

His narrations, if compared with those of the great historians of antiquity, will be found to possess two of the highest qualities of which this kind of writing is susceptible; clearness, and animation. He never wrote until he had completed his study of the event; and then, by the assistance of a most exact and retentive memory, he wrote it out just in the order in which it arranged itself in his head. He was thus enabled to give his narrative that appearance of unity of conception, which it is impossible to communicate, unless where the mind has, from the very first, embraced the subject in its full extent. The glow of composition, moreover, was never interrupted, and he was free to enter with the full force of his feelings into the spirit of the scenes he was describing. Hence many who deny him others of the higher qualities of an historian, allow him to be one of the most fascinating of narrators.

His descriptions have more of the warmth of poetry in them, than those of any other modern historian with whose works we are acquainted. Here, indeed, he seems to be upon his own ground; and, whether he describe a battle-field, a midnight assault, a sack, the siege or the storming of a city or of a fortress, — the convulsions, in short, of man or of nature herself, — he is everywhere equally master of his subject. His eye seems to take in the whole at a glance, and seize instinctively upon those points which are best calculated to characterize the scene. If he leaves less to the imagination than Tacitus or Sallust, the incidents that he introduces are so well chosen, that they seize forcibly upon the imagination, and never fail to produce their full effect. His description of the flight of the French exiles from Savoy, of the passages of the Alps by Bonaparte and by Macdonald, of the sack of Pavia, of the siege of Famagosta, and of the earthquake in Calabria, may be cited as equal to any thing that ever was written. Read the taking of Siena by Cosimo the First. You are moved as if you were on the spot, and were witnessing with your own eyes that scene of horror. You can see the band of exiles worn down, emaciated, by watching and by want. The whole story of the past is graved upon their deathlike countenances. As the melancholy train moves slowly onward, sighs, tears, ill suppressed groans, force their way. They touch even the hearts of the victors. Every hand is stretched out to succour and to console. But grief and hardship have done their work. Their files were thin, when they passed for the last time the gate of their beloved home ; but, ere they reach the banks of the Arbia, many a form has sunk exhausted and death-struck by the way. And, to complete the picture, he adds one little touch, which we give in the original, for the force of the transposition would be lost in English. "Sapevano bene di aver perduto una patria, ma se un' altra ne avrebbero trovato, nol sapevano."

The portraits of Botta are not equal to the other parts of his writings. No writer ever described character by action better than he ; but, in the uniting of those separate traits which constitute individual character, and those slight and delicate shades which diversify it, he often fails. The same may be said of his views of the general progress of civilization. He never, indeed, loses sight of this capital point ; and some of his sketches, such for example as the whole first book of his "History of Italy from 1789," are admirable ; but the developement of the individual and of society, and their mutual and reciprocal action, are not kept so constantly in view, and made to march on with the body of the narrative, with all that distinctness and precision, which we have a right to expect from so great a writer.

The moral bearing of every event, and of every character, is, on the contrary, always placed in full relief. Here his judgment is never at fault ; and the high and the low, the distant and the near, are alike brought with stern impartiality to answer for their deeds at the tribunal of historical morality. "O sì," he cries, addressing himself, after the relation of one of the most horrid acts ever perpetrated, to those who flatter themselves with the hope, that their greatness will always prove a sufficient screen from the infamy that they deserve, "infamativi pure co' fatti, che la storia vi infamerà co' detti." And nowhere is the goodness of his own heart more apparent, than in the delight with which he dwells upon those few happy days, which sometimes break in like an unexpected gleam of sunshine upon the monotonous gloom of history ; entering into all the minuter details, and setting off the event and its hero, by some well-chosen anecdote or apposite reflection.

Of his style we have, perhaps, already said enough. Purity of diction, richness, variety, and an almost intuitive adaptation of construction and of language to the changes of the subject, are its leading characteristics. The variety of his terms is wonderful; and no one, who has not read him with attention, can form a correct idea of the power and inexhaustible resources of the Italian. A simple narrator, an exciting orator, soft, winning, stern, satirical at will, consummate master of all the secrets of art, he seems to us to have carried many parts of historical composition to a very high pitch of perfection; and, if in some he appear less satisfactory, it is because he falls below the standard that we have formed from his own writings, rather than any that we have derived from those of others.

The "History of the Kingdom of Naples," by Pietro Colletta, was published at Capolago, in 1834, in two volumes, octavo. This work comprises the space of nearly one hundred years, from 1734 to 1825. Colletta, like Botta, was an eye-witness and an actor in many of the scenes that he describes. His youth, also, was passed in the turbulence of revolution, was equally checkered with the vicissitude of prosperous and of adverse fortune, and his days closed in poverty and in exile. Happier in one thing than Botta, that the spot of his exile was less distant from that of his nativity, and his last years were passed under the sky of Italy; but still his home was Naples, —

"e chi vi nacque
Sotto qual cielo non senti l' esiglio?"

The life of Colletta has been written by his friend and editor, and with so much eloquence, both of philosophy and of feeling, that none would venture to abridge, few to translate it. Referring our readers to that exquisite sketch, we shall confine our remarks to his literary character.

The "History of Naples" by Giannone, one of the most remarkable productions ever published, since it accomplished fully the purpose for which it was composed, terminates with the death of Charles the Second, in 1700. Colletta, after a rapid sketch of the events of the first thirty-three years of the eighteenth century, enters upon a full narration, with the conquest of the kingdom of Naples and Sicily by Charles Bourbon. This period in the history of Naples was full of momentous changes. The passage from the government of a viceroy to that of a resident sovereign ; reforms in the laws, in the usages, in the whole civil state, of the nation, and hence a new and more enlarged system of foreign intercourse ; a remarkable developement of individual genius ; a constant struggle, in short, between two adverse forms of civilization ; together with the convulsions, the public and private desolation, of five revolutions ; such is the theme which he has treated in the two volumes of his "History of Naples." To say that he has done it well, that he has studied it profoundly and in detail, that he has entered deeply into the spirit of the events and of the men, would be but meagre praise. He brought to his undertaking the highest qualifications that an historian can possess ; — a mind formed in the school of experience and of adversity ; an indomitable will ; a clear perception of causes and of general principles ; patience and assiduity in the search of truth, and a heart to kindle and to glow in the narration of it.

His narrative is distinct and animated, but not flowing nor always easy. His descriptions, on the contrary, are always animated and natural. His military descriptions, in particular, are written with the feeling of a soldier and the science of a profound tactician. He paints to the life, and, in all his delineations of individual character, you see the quick eye of a man long skilled in reading the secret workings of the heart. But the strongest portions of his work are the admirable passages which he has devoted to a minute description of the wants and reforms of the state. No historian ever felt more deeply the importance of interweaving the history of civilization with the whole course of his narration, and thus giving at one view the results as well as the march of history. In the writings of Colletta, you not only see what men were, but why they were so ; not the naked act, but its cause and its consequences. Thus, every science connected with history (and which of the moral and political sciences has not its sources there ?) will find both principles and illustrations in this wonderful work. His style is pure, and remarkable for its terseness and its energy. Peculiarly his own, formed upon no model, nor formed, indeed, until the necessity of writing compelled him to turn his attention to the study of language, it bears the impress of his mind, and reveals in every sentence the stern, prompt energy and commanding dignity of his character.

We are compelled to pass over many other historical works belonging to the same period ; — the "Commentaries" of Papi on the French Revolution, in which the great events of modern story are narrated with impartiality, and with no ordinary share of feeling and of philosophy ; the "History of Liguria," by Serra ; the same subject treated by Varese ; and an infinity of other civil and military histories, to say nothing of the histories of literature and of the arts, of sculpture by Cicognara, of Italian painting by Lanzi, of Italian literature by Corniani and Ugoni, and numerous other productions of different degrees of merit, but of which the catalogue alone shows to what extent the study of history has flourished in Italy during the epoch of which we have undertaken to speak.

The state of philosophical studies in Italy is another branch of our subject, which, whether it be considered as a token of the present, or as an earnest of the future, is deserving of profound attention. Much misrepresentation prevails in foreign countries with regard to the state of letters in Italy ; but upon no department of study have grosser errors been promulgated than upon this. Some writers of the modern French school claim for themselves the merit of having introduced into the Peninsula the doctrines which prevail there ; and, by a gross anachronism, attribute to the works of Cousin the honor of having given rise to a school, some of whose best productions had been published five years before that eloquent professor made the first exposition of his doctrines from his chair in the University of Paris ; and Cousin himself, with a haste, excusable, perhaps, in so successful a teacher, represents the future philosophy of Italy as wholly dependent upon the direction it may receive from France. The circulation of such opinions, bearing with them the sanction of a name of so much pretension in the philosophical world, will be a sufficient excuse for the minuteness of some portions of the following remarks.

The study of philosophy in Italy, during the first fifteen years of the present century, was for the most part limited to the school of Condillac. The ideology of De Tracy, so remarkable for its distinctness and simplicity, and so attractive from the apparent facility with which it solves the most important questions, was considered as the best exposition of the principles of the school to which he belonged, and very generally studied. In the schools, Soave continued to hold his place, and scarce any ventured beyond a bare analysis of ideas. But this order of things could not last long. A nation so acute and so profound, could not fail to bring their principles to the test, both by carrying them out to their remote consequences, and by considering them in their connexion with other sciences. The old school of their native philosophers had left its traces too deeply impressed on all the greatest productions of their literature, to admit of their long forgetting a method so just, and principles so comprehensive and so sublime. As early as 1803, the theories of the schools of Locke and of Kant were attacked by Tamburini, so far as they relate to the fundamental doctrines of moral philosophy ; and, in a work published in 1823, the same author has touched with rare judgment upon the great question of the possible perfection of the human race, which is so warmly agitated at this moment.

But the full revival of philosophical studies in Italy dates from 1815, and received its first impulse, though not its doctrines, from abroad, and more particularly from the efforts made in France to overthrow the school of Condillac. From that period, its progress has been constant and rapid, and it already counts numerous productions of a very high order, and which, while belonging to different schools, have too many of the characteristic attributes of the Italian mind about them, to be confounded with those of any other people. We hardly need observe, to those who are at all conversant with philosophical disquisition, that it will be impossible to compress within the limits of a few pages, even a succinct analysis of the principles of these different schools. The utmost that we can offer will be a sort of bibliographical catalogue of the principal leaders, with here and there a hasty sketch of their doctrines. A somewhat clearer idea may be given by following the classification of Poli, whose admirable work we are happy to cite as giving authenticity to this difficult portion of our subject.*

The first class is that of *positive* and *negative eclectics*, or *empirical rationalists ;* to which belong Tamburini, Galuppi, Poli, and many others, who, however much they may differ in the details of their systems, agree in the fundamental principles of eclecticism. The most distinguished writer of the school is the Baron Pasquale Galuppi, a native of Tropea, in

---

* Baldassare Poli, *Supplementi al Manuale di Tenneman.*

Calabria, now professor in the Royal University of Naples. The works of Galuppi are numerous and extensive, but all written with one view, the discussion of the most important questions of philosophy. His first publication was the "Saggio filosofico sulla Critica della Conoscenza," in which he has entered into a full examination of the two fundamental questions of philosophy; the possibility and the nature of our knowledge. In reply to the first query, he demonstrates the possibility of our knowledge, confuting at length the sophistry of the skeptical school, and proving that this knowledge is acquired by means of the intellectual faculties, which are the source of our ideas, and that the mind arrives at the truth, when it assents to or denies any thing by force of a deciding motive.

He gives a full analysis of the intellectual phenomena, deducing from it as a general result the reality of our knowledge, and the consequent falseness of skepticism. Having established this point, he goes on to show how we pass, in the acquisition of knowledge, from the world of thought to that of positive existence. As a connecting point between them he admits the existence of *universal ideas*, neither purely empirical nor to be deduced from the principles *à priori* of Kant, but from the subjectiveness of the mind, and as classed among its original laws; how we form, by means of these, analytical judgments or principles, without the necessity of calling in the aid of innate ideas; and in opposition to the theory of *synthetical judgments à priori* of Kant; and how they may all be reduced to two orders of knowledge or of truth; the one of existence, the other of reason. The first class presupposes the application of rational truths to the data of experience; the second serves as a basis for truths acquired by induction. He thus differs, both from the empirical school, which entirely separates reason from existence; and from the ideal, which draws a dividing line between the ideal and the sensible. He shows, that, though all our judgments are identical, they serve to enlarge the sphere of our knowledge; that by the application of the principle of causality to an existence which is purely experimental, we obtain the knowledge of others that are real; that there are two species of sensibility; the one internal, perceptive of the *ego* and its modifications; the other external and perceptive of external objects; whence to say, "I feel, but do not feel any thing," is an evident contradiction.

In the second part, he attempts to define the limits of human knowledge ; showing that we are ignorant of the essence of things ; that we can never know how efficient causes act ; can never know the nature of the Divinity ; nor how beings produce in themselves or in others certain given modifications.

The "Elements of Philosophy" contain the same principles, though differently expressed. They are divided into Logic, Psychology, Ideology, Ethics, and Natural Theology. In his "Logic" he first shows, that every process of reasoning is composed of judgments ; that these are either empirical or metaphysical ; the first, requiring an exact examination of particular cases ; the second, based upon a comparison of our own ideas. Hence a division of reasoning into pure, empirical, or mixed ; empirical reasoning being reducible to the last head ; and, consequently, a division of logic, the science of reasoning, into pure, or the logic of ideas, and mixed, or the logic of facts. But, as the second of these requires a previous study of the manner in which the mind acquires its knowledge of facts, or in other words, passes from the world of thought to the world of existence, it can only be treated after metaphysics, the science in which the mode and the nature of that passage is explained ; the first, being confined to a simple comparison of pure ideas, may be studied without the aid of metaphysics. He then passes to some further observations upon the nature of reasoning ; explains axioms ; shows that they are all founded upon the principle of contradiction ; refutes the *synthesis à priori* of Kant ; treats of definitions, and gives the genesis of universals. He next enters into a full analysis of the process of reasoning ; and, after proving that it always consists of three judgments, and is subject to one general law, requiring that there be one idea in common to the premises and to the conclusion, and a judgment affirming the identity, either partial or perfect, of the other two ideas, he shows how a process of reasoning is instructive ; 1st, inasmuch as it serves to arrange and classify our knowledge ; 2dly, as it leads to some kinds of knowledge which could not be acquired without it ; and 3dly, that, although it be founded upon the principle of identity, it becomes a source of knowledge, by leading to the discovery of those relations between our ideas, which could not be ascertained except through the medium of such a process. The last three chapters are devoted to an explanation of the different forms of reasoning, and to a luminous discussion of method.

Logic, as he has treated it, becomes a stepping-stone to psychology, in which he developes at length his system of the faculties of the mind. These are sensibility, consciousness, imagination, analysis, synthesis, desire, and will. The first three supply the subjects of thought; analysis and synthesis are the faculties by means of which the mind acts upon these subjects; will stimulated by desire serves as the guide and director of this action. Each branch of these subjects is treated with great clearness and detail; and the whole is interspersed with important practical observations upon attention, the association of ideas, the different forms of synthesis, memory, and the acquired habits of the mind. In the chapter upon sleep and dreaming he proves, in opposition to Stewart, that the exercise of the will is suspended during sleep. He adds, also, some interesting remarks upon dreams and somnambulism. In the last chapter he subjects to a rigorous examination the doctrines of Condillac upon the intellectual powers.

From psychology he passes to ideology, or the doctrine of the origin and generation of our ideas, analyzes the ideas of mind, of body, of unity, of number, of a whole, of identity, of diversity, of substance, of accident, of cause, of effect, of time, of space, of the universe, and of God; he points out some leading errors in the current systems of ontology, and, in an admirable chapter upon the influence of words in the formation of our ideas, establishes the principles of general grammar.

In the fourth part of his course he treats of mixed logic, showing first the reality of our knowledge; explaining at length the nature of mixed reasoning; and solving the principal questions connected with it. He distinguishes primitive from secondary experience, and points out the foundation of moral certainty, taking occasion, at the same time, to treat some of the most interesting questions of the philosophy of signs. He discourses with great fulness and distinctness upon the origin of error; and, after treating of the doctrines of probabilities and hypotheses, explains and discusses the system of Kant. A treatise upon moral philosophy, and one on natural theology, in which he demonstrates the truth of Christianity, conclude the course; the whole of which is written with clearness, warmth, and unaffected simplicity. Besides a full statement and discussion of his own principles, he has interwoven admirable sketches of the doctrines of other philosophers, thus treating all the questions of philosophy upon the broadest scale.* The "Lettere Filosofiche" display a profound knowledge of the writings of the great philosophers of modern times. The work is perhaps, as far as it goes, the most perfect specimen of philosophical history ever written.

Of the other writers of this class we have not space to speak in detail. The most distinguished is probably Baldassare Poli, who, besides various other important productions, has added a supplement to the manual of Tenneman, in which he has filled, with singular profundity of research, and clearness of exposition, the numerous *lacunes* of the German historian.

In passing to the school of empirics, our sketch necessarily becomes more hasty and general.

Giandomenico Romagnosi, who held during a long life the first rank among the thinkers of Italy, and left behind him a school of enthusiastic disciples, was born in the village of Salso Maggiore, on the night of the 13th of December, 1761. His father, having himself filled with brilliant success several important public situations, resolved to prepare him from his childhood for the same career. Accordingly, as soon as he was judged capable of entering upon the usual routine of the schools, he was put to his Latin grammar, and, that he might accustom himself betimes to close application, made to study eight hours a day. The highest praise that can be given to the natural vigor of his intellect may be drawn from this circumstance; for neither his mind nor his spirits were broken by this harsh initiation into the mysteries of science. At the age of fourteen, he was admitted to the Alberoni college of Piacenza, where a fortunate casualty threw in his way a work, that seemed to give an instantaneous developement to all his intellectual faculties, and decide at once his whole future career. This was the analytical essay of Bonnet upon the faculties of the mind. Romagnosi devoted himself to the study of this volume with all the fervor of youthful enthusiasm. A new world seemed to have opened upon him. He read and he meditated. He compared the observations of his author with the suggestions of his own experience; he studied, in short, as the young student studies, when he meets, for the first time, a work that embodies and gives form and expression to his own indefinite but eager fancies. It would be long to repeat the wonders, that are told of his subsequent application and progress ; of his passion for the natural sciences ; of his astonishing feats of memory, and the still more astonishing efforts of reason which he made, until the publication, at the age of thirty, of his "Genesi del Diritto Penale" placed him in the rank which he ever afterwards continued to hold among the most vigorous and exact reasoners of the age. Neither shall we attempt to follow the vicissitudes of his fortunes, through all the various offices that he filled. The history of his life, to be written satisfactorily, should be accompanied by an analysis of his works, in the order in which they were written; for it is little else than the history of his mind.

---

* It may be necessary to observe, that we have employed, in preparing this hasty analysis, the last edition of the elements; which differs from all others in several particulars, the most important of which is the addition of the treatise of Natural Religion.

For our immediate purpose, it will be sufficient to say, that his time, until about the period of the suppression of the kingdom of Italy, was divided between private study and the performance of public duties. He filled chairs at Parma, at Pavia, and at Milan, as public professor ; presided at the formation of the penal code for the kingdom of Italy ; was called to aid the reforms of government in several of the most interesting conjunctures ; and finally closed his laborious career at Milan, in poverty and in retirement, in the month of June, 1835. His death-bed was surrounded by the children of his intellect, his devoted disciples ; and the last words, that were audible in the agony of his death-struggle, were, "Smith — *buona dottrina.*"

The chief claim of Romagnosi to a place among the great intellects of his age, is founded upon his merits as a civil and political philosopher. His "Genesi del Diritto Penale," his "Introduzione allo Studio del Diritto Publico Universale," his treatise "Dell' Indole e de' Fattori dell' Incivilimento," are imperishable monuments of the vigor of his intellect, and of the depth of his learning. It was only towards the close of his life that he began to write upon the philosophy of the mind, and his contributions to this department of human knowledge bear in number no proportion to his other writings. But the depth of his views, the closeness of his reasoning, the positive, practical turn of his thought, give to these few productions a degree of importance which is often wanting to the voluminous and fanciful theories of modern philosophers.

Melchiorre Gioja, who was born at Piacenza in 1767, and died at Milan in 1829, imbibed, like Romagnosi, his taste for philosophy, from the essay of Bonnet. The habits of close observation, and of patient thinking, which he thus acquired, influenced the composition of all his works, and were at once the consequence and the cause of his rigid adhesion to the experimental method. But, although he has written at length upon several branches of intellectual philosophy, it is mainly as an economist that he claims the attention of posterity. In this department his merit is of the highest order ; and the literature of no nation can boast a work so daring in its design, so exact and so complete in its execution, as his "Prospetto delle Scienze Economiche."

The Cavalier Pasquale Borrelli, better known by the assumed name of Lallebasque, deserves also to be classed among the most successful of those who have engaged, under the standard of the experimental method, in the boundless field of philosophy, inquiry, and discussion. His doctrines are contained in his "Introduzione alla Filosofia Naturale del Pensiero," and his "Principj della Genealogia del Pensiero," in which he has undertaken to trace the action of reasoning, and assign the principles upon which it is founded. Another important work of this author is his treatise on Etymology, in which he reduces the principles of this difficult art to the clearness and order of a science. He divides languages into radical and productive ; seeks the primitive origin of words in the causes of their changes, and passage from one language to another (which causes he reduces to four, *imitation*, *necessity*, *convenience*, and *arbitrary will*) ; and points out two methods for the investigation of radicals ; one *direct*, consisting in an historical research of the people that held communication with those whose language we propose to study ; the other *inverse*, which consists in seeking, in the derived language itself, a knowledge of those which have concurred in its formation.

The treatise of the Count Mamiani della Rovere, entitled "Del Rinnovamento dell' Antica Filosofia Italiana," was composed for one of the noblest purposes that can guide the researches of a philosopher ; that is, to show the possibility of arriving at positive conclusions in the science of mind and the consequent certainty of the foundations on which our belief and our dearest hopes repose. He attributes the prevalence of so many discordant opinions in philosophy, not to the science itself, but to the methods employed in the investigation of it ; and proposes to the discussion of philosophers, as the first and most important problem in the present state of the science, "to deduce, from a profound examination of the subject and aim of philosophy, the special modifications and proper uses to which the common doctrines of the natural method should be subjected." In tracing the characteristic attributes of this method, he shows that it originated in Italy ; and that, consequently, a renewal of the ancient Italian philosophy would be the first step towards its establishment. From the exposition and history of this method he passes to the application of it, proving first the reality of the objects of human knowledge, each taken by itself ; and their reality as connected and referring one to another.

The most distinguished writer of the school of rationalists or idealists is the Abbé Rosmini, author of the "Nuovo Saggio sull' Origine delle Idee." According to Rosmini, all our conceptions are formed by means of one universal predicate, from which all others derive their efficacy. This predicate is the idea of being (*dell' ente*) ; an idea anterior to any act of thought, and which refers solely to the possibility of particular existences. His theory is based upon two theorems ; 1st. That the act of thought requires the idea of existence (*dell' essere*) ; 2d. That the idea of being (*dell' ente*) is not derived either from the senses, or from consciousness, or from reflection (in the sense in which it is used by Locke), neither can it originate with the act of perception ; consequently it must be innate. The first part of the essay of Rosmini is devoted to a discussion and examination of the philosophical theories that preceded his own, and is important as a record of what the great men of different ages and different countries have thought and said upon this interesting science. The whole is replete with new and striking ideas.

The supernatural school has likewise found followers in Italy, and boasts some names of well-earned celebrity ; but thus far its influence has been slight, and the number of its proselytes small.

The history of the application of these methods of philosophical investigation to some of the principal questions of art and of science would furnish materials scarcely less ample than those which we have compressed into the pages of the present review. The theories of pleasure, of beauty, the leading questions of taste, have been treated with more or less acuteness and profoundness, and with sufficient success to demonstrate the importance of these subtile but ennobling researches. The science of history, has of all others, been the most successful ; and the country of Vico has found among her own children the best expositor of the abstruse doctrines of this Homer of philosophy, and the minds worthiest of treading in the path which he had opened. Nor in the science of education, the most important of all, since it not only characterizes the present but decides for the future, have the principles of a profound philosophy been less successfully applied. Were there no other name beside that of Lambruschini, this alone would deserve to be loved and revered as far as the influence of his pure and elevated philanthropy extends.

Hasty and superficial as the preceding sketches are,* they contain, at least, enough to prove the correctness of our original position, and show how much error must necessarily enter into the judgments of those who study nations in the deceptive mirror of artificial life. Could we have carried out our inquiries into every branch in which the innate activity of Italian intellect has exerted itself; could we have spoken of science in the age of La Grange, of Cagnoli, of Piazzi, of Galvani, of Volta ; of archealogy, where the dust of Visconti and Sestini is still warm with the recent pulsations of life ; of poetry, with the works of a Monti, a Pindemonti, a Foscolo, a Niccolini, a Manzoni before us ; of that indomitable energy and pure thirst after knowledge, which supported a Belzoni and a Rosellini in their daring and painful quest of the mysteries of Egyptian lore ; of music, of a Rosini, a Bellini, a Donizzetti ; of art, of a Canova, a Tennerani, a Bartolini ; what force and what evidence might we not have given to our estimate of the Italian mind ? And yet this is the land which has been painted as the home of bandits and of beggars ; a corpse, decked indeed with flowers, and preserving still some traces of its former loveliness, but exhaling from every pore the loathsome testimonials of crumbling mortality. How easily do we forget what is due to the past ! The contributions of science, the embellishments of art, all that conduces to the security or to the elegance of life, is sought after and jealously preserved. But, contented with the momentary fruition, we take no account of the toils and sacrifices of those to whom we are indebted for the gift. Forgetful of Galvani or of Volta, the chemist pursues the daily application of their sublime discoveries ; and how few of those, who gaze upon the pale orb of Ceres, can tell whose eye first detected its march amid the glittering train, that waits upon its silent revolutions ?

---

* There are two omissions in this essay which will be particularly noticed. We have undertaken to give a sketch, rapid and concise it is true, but nevertheless a sketch, of the real state and apparent direction of studies in Italy during the first thirty-eight years of the present century, and yet we have said nothing of poetry, or of the natural sciences, and have hurried over the works of Romagnosi, Gioja, and several others, from the analysis of whose productions a better idea of the reach of the Italian mind might be derived than from almost any other source. The name of Jannelli is not even mentioned, and Balbi, one of the best geographical and statistical writers of the age, is treated with the same neglect. What shall we say of the periodical literature of Italy, of the "Corografia Italiana," — in short. of all our omissions? We can only say, that in our choice, both of subjects and of names, we have been guided by the best judgment we could form after long and mature reflection; and that we have omitted much that it was originally our intention to introduce, from the impossibility of doing justice to so many names, without trespassing too far beyond the bounds of a single article. For the same reason, we have avoided citing authorities, and should have cut short our biographical sketches, had we not thought, that a knowledge of the obstacles against which a writer has to contend, is one of the best guides to a correct judgment of his works.

Were we to attempt to paint Italy as we ourselves have found it, — and in speaking of a subject like this, where individual testimony is made the standard of judgment, the reader will excuse us if we attempt to throw our own experience into the scale, — we would lead the traveller, not merely through the highways and cities of the Peninsula, but through its remote districts and paths seldom trodden by the stranger. We would ask him to loiter with us by the wayside, while we listened to the conversation or replied to the queries of the peasantry ; to seat himself at their humble board and share their meal with the relish, which a sincere and heartfelt welcome gives it. We would have him mingle with the different classes of society until he had acquired enough of their tone of thought and of feeling, to find his way into their more retired circles, and see the examples of affection, of sincerity, of stern conscientiousness, which abound there. We would then ask him to turn with us to the dark record, which contains the last four centuries of Italian history. We would show him on one side, a country parcelled out into petty states, some of them a prey to domestic oppression, some to the avidity of foreign dominion ; the spirit of liberty, and all that could contribute to its developement, cautiously suppressed ; local jealousies nourished, until that very division, which had once been among the greatest stimulants to the general developement of mind, had been converted into one of the most powerful instruments for its oppression ; and, when he had considered well this state of things and weighed for himself its influence and its necessary consequences, we would withdraw the veil from the other side of the picture. He should there see art, literature, science, springing into life from the very bosom of death. He should see mind, circumscribed or cut off from one sphere of action, turning with irrepressible energy to another ; the brightest beams of science irradiating the darkness of a dungeon ; the boldest flights of poetry and of philosophy winged from a garret or from a cottage ; the fondest hopes of life, and life itself, offered up a willing sacrifice at the shrine of scientific truth or of historical sincerity ; and then would we close our volume, and leave the decision to his own conscience.

Art. II. — *An Historical Memoir of the Colony of New Plymouth.* Vol. II. Parts II. III. IV. By Francis Baylies. Boston : Hilliard, Gray, Little, & Wilkins. 1833. 8vo. pp. 286, 193, 170.

We are happy to infer, from various signs, that a new interest is awakened in the study of the early history of these now United States. The brilliant events of the Revolution, and the exciting topics, which had their origin in the formation of a new government, subsequent to the establishment of independence, seemed for a number of years to absorb almost the whole of public attention, and to cast a shadow over the equally important events, which led to the establishment of our institutions, and prepared the way for our national existence. In our admiration of our successful government, we hardly thought of going beyond the Revolution to discover its origin. We had almost forgotten what trials were endured, and sacrifices made, at an earlier day. Nor did we sufficiently remember how much we were indebted to those who were the pioneers of civilization in the western world, and who laid the foundation of free institutions upon the broad basis of learning and religion. The frequent publication of local histories, and the celebration of historical eras, which have taken place in all the chief towns of the north, within a few years, have given a new direction to public attention ; and we are now beginning to regard our whole history, from the settlement of the country to the present time, as but one chain of events, each and every link of which is equally important and equally necessary to the consummation of its grand design.

Among the local histories, which the prolific press has sent forth within a few years, there is none of greater interest than that of the colony of New Plymouth, by Mr. Baylies. The subject itself has the strongest claim upon attention, and the author has collected and arranged his materials with most praiseworthy research and good judgment. We owe to him the first entire history of the colony, which has been published. Other writers have given faithful and minute delineations of detached portions of the subject, but no one before Mr. Baylies has attempted to bring these detached portions together, and to present us with a full account of the fortunes of the colony during its whole existence. A work upon a theme so important, executed with such ability and care, deserves to be greeted as a valuable public service.

But our purpose is not to review the history of Mr. Baylies, so much as it is to give some account of the colony itself. It is the oldest of the New England colonies, and to its early success may be traced the origin of all the others. It is the place where civilization and Christianity were first introduced into New England. It has been the scene of many a trial, and of the fulfilment of many a high and holy resolve. It was here that government, based on the will of the governed, was first established on the American continent, and the great principle, that all should obey such laws as a majority of the people should make, distinctly acknowledged. To this colony, we trace the first practical recognition of those political principles, which now form the basis of all the institutions of the United States. Independently of the remarkable circumstances under which the settlement was made, its history, after a government went into regular operation, and especially the history of its legislation, are entitled to more attention than we suppose them to have commonly received.

The history of this colony extends through a period of only seventy-one years; namely, from 1620 to 1691, when it was united to Massachusetts, becoming a part of the Province of Massachusetts Bay.

Its territory, comprising most of the present counties of Plymouth, Barnstable, and Bristol, together with a small tract of land on its southerly side, now included within the limits of Rhode Island, contained about eleven hundred square miles, or about one seventh of the present territory of this Commonwealth. It is described in the charter to William Bradford and his associates, as bounded on the north by Cohasset river, on the south by the Narragansett river, on the east by the western ocean, and on the west by the utmost limits of the "Pahoninutt country."

During the existence of the colony, this territory was divided into three counties, whose names are still retained, and into twenty townships and districts, containing, as is supposed, at the union in 1691, a population of about nine thousand. The same territory is now divided into upwards of fifty townships, and contains a population of about one hundred and forty thousand.

The origin of this colony is too well known to require recapitulation. It is enough to say, that it owed its existence to persecution for religion's sake. As early as 1602, a number of persons in England, feeling themselves aggrieved, began to converse upon the subject of removing from that country; but they took no measures for that purpose till 1610, when a small company of Puritans, with the distinguished Robinson for a pastor, settled at Leyden, in Holland. Here they were well received, and protected in the enjoyment of their religion. During their whole stay in that country, it appears they were on the most friendly terms with its inhabitants. But still they were not satisfied. They were among a people, whose language they did not understand, and whose morals were far below the elevated standard which they had prescribed for themselves. Nor did they find there such means of education as they desired for their children; but, on the other hand, had reason to fear that they would suffer from evil example, and that, by joining the Hollanders, either as soldiers or sailors, the identity of their little community would be lost, and its members be dispersed. They never had a cordial sympathy with the people of that country, but felt that they were strangers and sojourners, and that here was not their home. After about nine years' residence they began seriously to think of a second removal, but they knew not where to go. They still had attachments for England, but her partial and rigid laws would not protect them in the enjoyment of their rights. They desired to retain for their children their language as well as their religion, and for this reason they preferred a residence in a wilderness to an alliance of their fortunes with a foreign nation. It was at length determined to make America their place of refuge; and, soon after, negotiations for settlement were entered into with the merchant adventurers, and with them a hard bargain for the Puritans was concluded.

Various accidents and difficulties detained them in Holland till July, 1620. They then commenced their adventurous voyage. They first sailed to Southampton in England, where they remained till the 5th of August. Soon after, one of their vessels becoming leaky, they put into Dartmouth to repair her. These repairs having proved insufficient, they were again compelled to put into Plymouth, where they were detained till the 6th of September. They then left, most of them for ever, their native country; and, after a perilous voyage of about two months, made land at Cape Cod. It was about six weeks after this, before they made the first permanent settlement at Plymouth, on the 22d of December.

It is well known, that their original destination was near Hudson's river, and within the limits of the Virginia Company, with which they had made a contract for settlement, and that, by bribery (as is supposed), the master of the vessel was induced to land them on the barren shores of New Plymouth. On their arrival they found themselves without government, and without any constituted authority by which the members of their little community could be restrained, and its affairs managed. They still acknowledged themselves subjects of the king of England, and knew they were within his dominions. Yet they were too insignificant, as well as too remote, to feel or fear his authority, or to expect any protection. They were literally free from all political restraints, and as favorably situated as any people ever were to begin the world anew, and to establish well such a government and institutions as were suited to their new condition.

From the peculiar character and situation of the Pilgrims, we might naturally expect a political organization different from any the world had before seen. No people had so fully appreciated the value of the rights of each member of the state ; none had felt so deeply the great cause of humanity, or entertained such cheering hopes of human improvement. They regarded the forms and institutions of society then existing in the old world as wholly unfit for the advancement of the true objects, for which society was formed, and civil governments instituted. They had fled from a government which they believed to be tyrannical, and it is not strange, that they should have used every precaution to resist, in their new situation, the evils from which they had escaped. The remark of Burke is as true of them as of their descendants, — that "they judged of an evil in government, not by the pressure of the grievance, but by the badness of the principle. They augured misgovernment at a distance, and snuffed the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze." In their new situation they were free from all political restraints, and could make, in the establishment of their government and institutions, a practical recognition of those political principles upon which they believed the well-being and happiness of society rested. In this respect they had an advantage over most of the other American colonies, for which governments were formed previous to their settlement by means of charters from the King.

The government of the colony dates its origin from November 11th, 1620, when the Pilgrim fathers met in convention for the purpose of forming a social compact. This is the first meeting of the kind, of which the history of the world gives us any information ; and, if we may judge of the wisdom of its deliberations by their results, it has never been surpassed. The experience of more than two hundred years has hardly suggested any improvement in the principles discussed and adopted by this infant colony, congregated in the dark and crowded cabin of the *Mayflower*, as she lay at anchor by the shore of the new world.

After declaring themselves the loyal subjects of King James, and that their undertaking was for the advancement of the Christian faith, and for the honor of their king and country, they say, that "they solemnly and mutually, in presence of God and one another, consort and combine into a civil body politic, for their better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue thereof do enact, constitute, and frame such equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most convenient for the general good of the colony." To this compact they all promised submission and obedience, thereby investing a majority with the whole political power, and recognising to its fullest extent the right of such a majority to govern. Unlike the constitutions of the United States and the several States, it made no division of political power, contained no checks, imposed no restraints upon the government, but left the whole to the rule and decision of a bare majority. It did not even prescribe what officers should be chosen, or point out their duties and powers, but left the whole to be determined as circumstances should from time to time require. Of all the governments which ever existed, none has been more democratic than this, and perhaps none was ever better suited to the condition and wants of the people that established it.

During the whole existence of the colony, this form of polity was continued; and though, at a subsequent period, there was some division of political power, and some restrictions were imposed upon the government, yet this was all done by mere acts of legislation, which could at any moment be annulled by the legislative power. This compact may properly be considered the only valid constitution which the colony ever had, and to it they clung with the greatest tenacity. Among themselves this was their strong bond of union, and, had they not had fears of the government at home, it would have been the only authority for legislation which they would have ever sought. But they were not then in a situation to act with entire independence, and it became necessary to submit, at least nominally, to a higher authority, and to attain some assurance from that authority, that their rights should be protected.

On the 3d of November, and while the Pilgrims were coasting along Cape Cod, the King granted to the "Council at Plymouth in the County of Devon, for the planting, ruling, ordering, and governing of New England in America, all the American territory between 40 and 48 degrees of north latitude, and extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific;" including, of course, all the territory comprised in the colony of New Plymouth. This company had authority to sell and convey any portion of their territory, and, before the surrender of their charter in 1635, did in fact dispose of several large tracts of land, conveying the same right to the soil, waters, and fisheries, which the company itself had. It was soon ascertained by the Plymouth colonists, that this company were claimants to all the territory occupied by them, and that they claimed it under the King, who was then admitted to have authority to dispose of a continent, to which he had no other claim than that some of his subjects, a century before, had sailed along its coasts. To avoid molestation, it therefore became necessary to purchase the rights of this company, which, after a long negotiation, was accomplished in 1629, when the charter from the Council at Plymouth was granted to William Bradford and his associates, of all the territory comprised within the colony of New Plymouth. This charter can be regarded in no other light than as a common deed of conveyance, giving them a right to the soil, but no authority to establish a new government, or to exercise jurisdiction over it. It was no more a charter of government than the hundred conveyances from the natives, and so the colonists always considered it, — for they spared no efforts to obtain the sanction of the King to it; being aware that, without this, they had no assurance that he would do them the favor to let them alone. These efforts, however, were unavailing. The King never gave his sanction; and, from the beginning of the colony to its end, its government can properly be considered as resting on no other basis than the will of the colonists themselves. For this reason we see, that in every period of their history, they exhibited a constant solicitude, not only as to the validity of their government, but as to the extent of the powers, which they might exercise under it. It was early a grave question, whether they could inflict capital punishment in case of murder, and regarded as of so much importance that they sought the advice of the governor of Massachusetts upon it. He told them they had such authority, not on the ground, however, of any chartered rights, but "that the land should be purged from blood." The result proved, that this charter was regarded with the same respect as the other New England charters, and with them it suffered a common ruin under the arbitrary reign of James the Second.

For the first sixteen years we have but a meagre account of the legislation of the colony. During this period, the population was small, and probably at no time exceeded four hundred. And though such a community would require many rules and regulations to preserve its harmony, and secure to each member his rights, yet, since such rules and regulations were adopted in general assembly, they were known to all, and were commonly of so temporary a character, that they were scarcely thought worthy of committing to public record. The colonists during this period hardly considered themselves as permanently settled. They were looking for a more propitious soil, and at one time came nigh leaving their frail and temporary habitations at Plymouth, and removing to the fertile valley of the Connecticut. Besides, they lived rather as a social than a political community, bound together as one family, by common interests and objects, and enduring common sufferings and privations. And it is not strange that, under such circumstances, they should have left us a record of so few of their public acts. Our surprise should rather be, that so many of them have come down to us, affording us, at the end of two centuries, the best evidence both of the purity and wisdom of their framers.

The records of the colony begin in 1623, and there is still standing at their head a law providing, "that all criminall acts, and also all matters of trespasses and debts betweene man and man, should be tried by the verdict of twelve honest men, to be impannelled by authority in forme of a jury upon their oath." The other laws, adopted during this period, relate principally to the estates of deceased persons, the division of lands, the defence of the colony, and the security of its trade and fisheries. In 1627, it was enacted, that no dwelling-house should be covered with any kind of thatch, as straw, reeds, &c. The immediate occasion of this act was a destructive fire, which the colony had just suffered, by reason of their buildings having been covered with such combustible materials.

In 1636, a new era occurred in its legislation. The colony had increased considerably in population, which was spread over a portion of the territory of Plymouth, Duxbury, and Scituate. The system which answered their purpose while all lived in sight of the Plymouth Rock, or within the hearing of the voice of their valiant chieftain, was no longer suited to their condition. They had long waited, but in vain, for a confirmation of their charter by the King. They now found it necessary to create new officers, define their powers, establish fixed laws, and declare more fully the authority under which they acted. For this purpose a General Court was called in October, at which a committee of fourteen persons was appointed, with full authority to revise the laws, and to report their proceedings to the next General Court. The duties of this committee were performed with great despatch ; for within five weeks a new code was prepared, reported, and adopted. It does not appear to have created much discussion, nor have we any evidence that it met with serious opposition ; for it appears by the records to have been all adopted in a single day, and perhaps in a single hour.

This code first gave form to the government of the colony, and invested it with its most distinctive features. Its preamble recites the authority of the colonists to make laws, and declares, that, as freeborn subjects of England, they were possessed of all the rights of Englishmen ; and that, as such, no law, imposition, or ordinance should be made or imposed on them but by their consent ; the very doctrine maintained by their descendants a century and a half afterward, in the declaration of American independence. It further provided, that an election should be held on the first Tuesday of March annually, at which all their officers should be chosen, namely, a Governor, seven Assistants, a Clerk, Treasurer, Coroner, Messenger, and Constables.

The duties and powers of these officers were to a considerable extent defined. The Governor had authority to summon and dissolve the General Court, and was made a conservator of the public peace ; but in other respects he had little more authority than any of the other magistrates, except that he could cast a double vote in the General Court. The Assistants composed his Council, and both together were invested with extensive judicial powers. An oath of office was prescribed for each of the public officers, as well as for the freemen, by which it appears, that they were all required to swear allegiance, not only to the king of England, but to the government of the colony of New Plymouth. The Messenger was the chief executive officer of the General Court, and performed duties very similar to those of a sheriff at the present day. His name was retained till within three or four years by an officer of the General Court of Massachusetts, who still possesses some of his powers, and performs most of his duties, but is now known by the foreign name of *sergeant-at-arms*.

All the freemen in General Court took part in enacting the laws, till 1639, and it was regarded by them not as a privilege merely, which they might exercise or not as they pleased, but as a duty which, under a penalty, they bound themselves to exercise. It was enacted, that a person who did not attend the Court should be subject to a penalty of ten shillings sterling. The privilege of suffrage was regarded by them, as it always will be by all men who value free institutions, as one that should never be neglected, and in which the public, as well as the individual, have an interest. This system was continued till the population had become so extended that it became extremely burdensome to such of the freemen as lived in Duxbury and Scituate. To remedy the evils arising from this cause, the General Court in September, 1638, enacted, that each town in the colony, except Plymouth, should choose two persons, and Plymouth four, who, with the Governor and Assistants, should "make all good and wholesome laws as would be for the benefit of the colony," provided, that all the laws so made should be proposed at one General Court, and remain to be considered at the next. It was also further provided, that, if any law so enacted should be found prejudicial, all the freemen assembled at the court of election might repeal it. These deputies were at first called Committees, and were paid by the towns that sent them. And, since all the inhabitants were bound to bear a portion of the expense, it was provided, that not only freemen, but all the inhabitants, who had taken the oath of fidelity and were heads of families, should have a voice in their election. This was the beginning of the representative system of the colony, and from this time to its union with Massachusetts most of the laws were made by the Governor, Assistants, and Deputies, composing a single body ; though at all times the freemen claimed, and not unfrequently exercised, the right of assembling, and enacting or repealing laws for themselves. The election of Deputies was regarded as a matter of convenience, and not as precluding them from the rights of legislating for themselves. In all cases of great importance, where the representatives did not wish to take the responsibility, the freemen were called together, or their wishes were otherwise ascertained. The representatives were strictly the servants of the people, and their whole power could be taken from them, even while they remained in office.

In 1646, a law was made fixing the time of meeting of the General Court, which shows, that a great change in the business habits of our legislators, as in every thing else, has taken place since the days of the Pilgrim fathers. By this law, that body was required to meet in the summer at seven o'clock in the morning, and in the winter at eight o'clock ; and to remain in session till half past eleven ; when an adjournment took place for dinner. After dinner they were required to hold another session, till such hour in the evening as the Governor thought proper. And, in order to ensure punctuality and constant attendance, each member was liable to a fine of a sixpence for tardiness, and also for each hour's absence during the session.

Before 1658, no measures were adopted for the publication of the laws. They were kept by the Secretary, who had but a single copy, and who kept them, not in a volume by themselves, but in connexion with all the other records he was required to make. In the same manuscript volume we find the general laws, the judicial proceedings of the court of Assistants, the records of deeds, wills, births, marriages, deaths, coroners' inquests, and accounts of special providences ; — all mixed together, and all apparently regarded as of equal importance. On one page we find the treaty with Massassoit ; on another, an inventory of the valuable library of Elder Brewster; while on a third appears an account of the belligerent proceedings of the colony against the Dutch. Then comes the record of a general law requiring every householder to keep a ladder, which would reach to the top of his house, or providing that every town shall have a cage for the accommodation of offenders. In this way, the records had grown to be so voluminous, that it became necessary to adopt some new measures to determine what laws were actually in force. This difficulty was still further increased by the process of repealing and amending laws then in use; which was to erase or expunge, and this was generally done much more thoroughly than by the drawing of black lines around the obnoxious law. During the first twenty or thirty years most of the laws were repealed and amended in this manner, and oftentimes without giving the date when the expunging process took place. The oaths of office underwent this process, — first, by erasing the words of allegiance to king Charles and his successor, and interlining "the government of England as it now stands," and afterwards by having the interlineation erased, and the original phraseology restored.

At a General Court held in 1658, a committee was appointed "to peruse the laws, and reduce them to better order." They made a selection from the whole body of laws, suggested such amendments as they thought proper, and arranged them in alphabetical order, in one manuscript volume. This volume was then submitted to the General Court and formally enacted. At the same time the General Court published an address to the people, explaining their views in the enactment of laws. In this they say, "We have had an eye primarily and principally unto the Jewish platform, and unto the right improvement of the liberties granted unto us by our superiors, the state of England at the first beginning of this infant plantation, which was to enact such laws as should most befit a state in the nonage thereof, not rejecting, or omitting to observe, such of the laws of our native country, as would conduce unto the good and growth of so weak a beginning as ours in this wilderness." The Secretary was directed to prepare a manuscript volume of these laws for each of the towns in the colony, in whose meetings they were to be read at least once a year. The towns were required to furnish the Secretary with paper, and, in case of their neglect, he was authorized to purchase it on their account. Nathaniel Morton was then Secretary, and he discharged his duty with great care and fidelity. It is believed that some of his copies of the laws are still extant. There was one, which belonged to the town of Taunton in a good state of preservation, but which was unfortunately destroyed with most of the records of the town in the great fire, which occurred in that place two years ago.

No other revision of the laws took place till 1671, when a digest of them was prepared and enacted, and then they were for the first time printed. At the same time the colonies of Massachusetts and Connecticut digested their laws, and also had them printed. In all improvements of this kind, the New England colonies went together. Their legislation was nearly the same, embracing in substance the same principles, and securing the same rights; and it is not unusual to find the same law, nearly word for word, adopted in all the colonies at about the same time. Another revision was made in 1685, and they were again printed. No other edition of the Plymouth Colony laws was published till 1836, when they were again printed by order of the Legislature of Massachusetts as matters of early history, important to be preserved.

The judicial system of the colony was simple and efficient. They adopted so much of the common law of England as was suited to their new condition, taking full liberty to amend or change it as they saw fit. Trial by jury was adopted, as has been seen, in 1623. Before this, all trials were had before the assembled colony, and the accused was acquitted or convicted by the popular voice. Leister and Doty, the first duellists in New England, were convicted by this public tribunal; and the penalty inflicted by tying together the culprits hand and foot, and keeping them for a reasonable time in a state of fasting, shows that it possessed a good share of wisdom, and was guided by a proper sense of justice. For a number of years, the General Court exercised a large portion of the judicial powers, and, during the whole existence of the colony, never entirely divested itself of them. This, in fact, was the supreme judicial tribunal. Next to it was the court of assistants, which in process of time became the principal judicial tribunal. In 1685, county courts were established, having original jurisdiction in most of the cases before determined by the court of Assistants, except in those of a capital nature. All smaller matters were determined by a single magistrate, or by the selectmen of towns, who were invested with judicial authority for that purpose.

How far our ancestors adopted the common law of England, has often been made a question, and is still a matter of dispute. In the colony of New Plymouth there is abundant evidence, that they had the strongest attachment to it, and intended to adopt it so far as it suited their new condition. It is true, that they incorporated into their system much of the Jewish code; but it was that portion, chiefly, which related to crimes and punishments. Their civil rights as members of the community, so far as related to the tenure and transfer of property, and the remedial processes for the protection and recovery of rights, were all based on the common law of England. This they claimed as their birthright, and they always regarded it as the wisest means of protection. The colonists were not lawyers, nor were they much skilled in the science and technicalities of the law; yet they knew enough of its general principles, and of the free spirit which it breathed, properly to estimate its value. It is not strange, that persons thus situated should have made great encroachments upon the system of jurisprudence adopted in the mother country. Our surprise should rather be, that they were able to follow it so closely, and to retain every thing in it that was valuable. Without skill and learning in the law, and without a distinct class of men devoted to its practice and determination, it became necessary, and in that state of society perfectly proper, that every process should be simple, and that every case should be decided by such considerations of equity as should be applicable to it, rather than by those general principles, which become necessary in a more complicated state of society. The informal proceedings, which they so frequently adopted, did not affect the great principles which they maintained, but only the manner of carrying those principles into effect. An indictment for the highest crime might be contained in a single line; yet even this could not be found without the assent of the general inquest, and the accused still had a right of trial by jury.

The general good of the colony formed the great rule of action adopted by the General Court. In one sense, it was, like the Parliament of England, omnipotent. From the beginning it exercised a constant supervision, not only over the business and employments of the people, but over their habits and morals. In 1626, the exportation of corn, beans, and peas, was prohibited, and the employment of mechanics regulated. In 1636, the Governor and Assistants were authorized to punish the drunkard at their own discretion, and, from that time to the union with Massachusetts, exercised the power of punishing all persons who drew "strong waters" without a license. In 1635, it was enacted, that none should become housekeepers, or build cottages, without the consent of the Governor and Assistants. The same authority was afterwards granted to selectmen of towns, who were by no means remiss in its exercise. They were further empowered, in 1669, to forbid any person to live by himself, or to board in a family which they did not approve. In 1638, laborers' wages were fixed at twelve pence per day with board, and eighteen pence per day without it. In 1639, every householder was required to sow at least one square rod of hemp or flax each year; and in 1669, the constables were ordered to look after all persons who slept in church, and report their names to the General Court. And so we might enumerate a hundred other laws, which restrained or directly affected the industry and habits of the people. To us many of these laws appear very absurd; yet we should recollect, that they were designed to meet the wants of the people at that time, and, so long as they did so, we have no right to say they were not salutary. To them the rights of the individual were nothing compared with the general good of the colony, which they supposed could best be promoted by bringing all to the standard which a majority prescribed.

In its criminal law, the colony was comparatively mild and humane. This may be regarded as its general character, though some crimes were punished with an undue degree of severity. All punishments were left to the discretion of the court till 1636. The capital crimes at this time were only eight. The number was afterwards increased, and in 1671 there were sixteen; of which one was witchcraft, or, as expressed by the act, "the solemn consortion or conversing with the Divell by the way of witchcraft, conjoration, or the like"; another, blasphemy; and a third, cursing or smiting father or mother. The last offence was justifiable, if the child could show that his education had been neglected, or that he had been improperly provoked ; and, to the honor of the colony, no execution for witchcraft ever took place within its limits. Most of the smaller offences were punished by fine, setting in the stocks, imprisonment in the town cage or colony prison, or by whipping and branding. The burglar was branded for his first offence with the letter B on his right hand, and, for his second, with the same letter on his left. If the offence was committed on Sunday, the brand was set on the forehead. Other offences were punished by requiring the culprit to wear for a limited time large letters upon his clothing, signifying the crime he had committed. In all of these punishments, the court possessed a large discretionary power, which was exercised according to the nature and character of the offence.

The legislation of the colony bears traces of increasing hostility to the use of tobacco, and of the ineffectual attempts to suppress it. As early as 1641, its importation for home consumption was prohibited. Three years earlier, the General Court declared, that, "whereas there is great abuse in taking tobacco in a very uncivil manner, openly in the town streets, and as men pass upon the highways, to the great reproach of government, it is enacted, if any one is found or seen taking tobacco in the streets, or in any building or field within a mile of a dwelling-house, he shall be fined twelve pence. And, if he be a boy or a servant, without money to pay his fine, he shall be put in the stocks or whipped." In 1650, it was provided, that every juror, who used tobacco, should be fined five shillings. In 1669, it was enacted, "that every person found smoking in the streets on the Lord's day, going to or returning from meeting within two miles of the meetinghouse, should be fined twelve pence." All of these provisions of law, without any material alterations, remained in force till the end of the colony ; and probably had no other effect than to make the smokers and chewers of tobacco a little more cautious, and at the same time to increase their attachment for their favorite but persecuted weed.

The great reluctance of the people of the colony to the holding of public offices forms one of their most striking peculiarities. Among them there were no office-seekers, — no lovers of the spoils. They had other and different views in taking the high and responsible offices of government. For a long time this reluctance was so strong, that it became necessary to compel men under a penalty to accept the highest and most honorable offices in the colony. In 1632, it was enacted, that, if "any one were elected to the office of Governor, and would not stand to the election, nor hold his office for one year, he should be assessed £ 20 sterling," with a proviso, that no one should be required to serve two years in succession. It was also enacted, "that if a person was elected Assistant, he should be liable to a fine of £ 10 sterling, if he did not stand to the election." In 1637, Thomas Prince was elected Governor. He was then resident at Duxbury, and a law of the colony required the Governor to reside at Plymouth. At first he declined the office ; but, after much solicitation, he agreed to accept it on two conditions ; namely, that Governor Bradford, who was then in office, should continue to discharge its duties, till he was ready to assume them, and that he might be permitted to reside at Duxbury. These conditions were acceded to by the General Court, and at the same time it was enacted, that the old officers should continue in office till Governor Prince was ready to discharge the duties of his office, and that they should act under their former oaths.

The colony made no provision for the support of the clergy till 1655. Previously to this, the strong and almost universal attachment of the colonists to their religious institutions insured for their clergy an adequate support. But, in process of time, a party grew up which was opposed to the present faith and the established church discipline. It was about this time that the Quakers began to make their appearance, and to sow strife and contention, not only in the church, but in the commonwealth. Opposition to the clergy became more open, and a neglect to make the proper contributions more apparent. At length it became necessary for the General Court to give their attention to it. They appear to have approached the subject with great caution, and to have hesitated to adopt at once a compulsory process. They said, "If there appears to be a real defect in the hearers of the ministers complaining, the magistrate shall use all gentle means to persuade them to do their duty. And, if any one of them shall not thereby be reclaimed, but shall persist through plain obstinacy against the ordinance of God, then it shall be in the power of the magistrates to use such means as may put them upon their duty." This provision of law was found insufficient. Two years afterward, the General Court, having declared that all were bound to aid in the support of the ministry, and that there was great neglect in this respect, enjoined that each town should choose four men to assess the inhabitants according to their several estates, leaving it to the ministers to collect these assessments, if they could. Some paid them, others refused; and, since there was no legal means of enforcing payment, the law soon became a dead letter, and the whole matter was actually left where it was before, — to voluntary contributions. In 1662, a resolve was passed recommending it to the several towns in the colony to appropriate a portion of the proceeds of all whales cast on shore, for the support of the ministry, which at that time was the source of a considerable income, it being, if we can judge from the constant legislation upon the subject, of very frequent occurrence. In 1669, the General Court took measures to enforce the payment of taxes for the support of public worship, authorizing any magistrate or selectman to compel any delinquent to pay double the amount of his tax. Still the collection of the taxes was left to the clergy. But the system soon became so odious, that, in the following year, the General Court, after declaring that its tendency was to create prejudice against the clergy, provided that each town should choose two collectors of these taxes, and pay the same to the ministers. They further declared their intention to support public worship in all the towns in the colony, and their right to impose any tax for that purpose; and, as a practical illustration of that right, it was enacted, that fifteen pounds should be raised in the town of Dartmouth. No material change was made in the laws for the support of public worship after this time till the union. They still remain as evidence, not only of the great solicitude of a large majority of the colonists to support public worship, but of the indifference in relation to it, which then existed among another portion of the people.

No measures were adopted for the support of public schools till 1663, and then the subject was merely recommended to the towns for their consideration. In 1674, the profits of the fishery at Cape Cod were appropriated to that purpose; and it appears from the act, that it was for the support of a single school at Plymouth, which was attended by only eight or ten scholars. The first act, requiring all the inhabitants to support public schools by a tax, was passed in 1677, when every town having fifty families was required to raise at least £ 12 per annum for the support of a grammar school. About ten years after, when the colony was divided into counties, each county town was required to support a Latin school, in which young men could be fitted for college. It must not, however, be supposed, from these small efforts of the General Court in the support of public schools, that they were indifferent to this subject. Education was an object ever dear to the Puritans, and they were always solicitous that the whole people should enjoy its benefits. That they neglected so long to make legal provision for the support of schools, is no proof of indifference; it rather shows, that such a provision was not then necessary. The colonists were poor, and were all about equally poor; yet there is abundant evidence of the deep solicitude they felt, and the great exertions they made, to give all their children the benefits of such an education as could then be had. Nor were their efforts confined to that colony alone. On the contrary, when applied to by President Dunster, of Harvard College, to do something for that institution, then in its infancy, and borne down with poverty, they, like all the rest of New England, generously contributed from their scanty means. It is true, their contributions were small, oftentimes consisting of nothing more than a peck or half peck of corn or beans. Yet this was all they had to give.

Like the other New England colonies, Plymouth was compelled to submit to the arbitrary rule of Sir Edmund Andros, in 1686; and, during the three succeeding years, she, like them, suffered one continued series of wrongs. Her General Court was abolished; town meetings were forbidden; land titles were disputed; taxes illegally and arbitrarily imposed; her citizens imprisoned without cause; and, in short, every thing was done, which would characterize a tyrant. It was to them a period of darkness and trial, and for a time it seemed that every thing most valued was lost. But the day of retribution and of deliverance soon came; and the people here, immediately on hearing of the revolution in England, like their neighbours in Massachusetts, threw off the Governor's authority ; resumed their former government, recalled their old officers, and declared their allegiance to the Protestant sovereigns of England.

After this revolution, new efforts were made by this, as well as by several other American colonies, to procure a charter. They were strongly attached to their old government, and desired a distinct colonial existence. They were aware, that efforts were making to annex them to some other colony, than which they imagined no greater calamity. It became necessary, in order to prevent this, to adopt the most vigorous measures ; and, accordingly, Sir Henry Ashurst, the Reverend Ichabod Wiswell of Duxbury, and the Reverend Increase Mather of Boston, were appointed agents in behalf of the colony, to obtain a charter. Mather was then in England, having escaped from Boston in the night, during the administration of Andros, for the purpose of laying the complaints of the Massachusetts colony before the King. He was known to have influence at court, and it was supposed that he might exert this for the benefit of the colony. Of his influence there is no doubt ; but the results of the negotiation led to the suspicion, that he regarded the interests of Massachusetts rather than of Plymouth. Such was the opinion of Wiswell, who, in a letter to Governor Hinckley, speaks in no very complimentary terms of this distinguished negotiator. He says, "All the frame of heaven moves on one axis, and the whole of New England's interest seems designed to be loaden on one bottom, and her particular motions to concentrate to the Massachusetts tropic. You know who were wont to trot after the *bay* horse. Your distance is your advantage, by which you may observe their motions. I do believe, that Plymouth's silence, Hampshire's neglect, and the rashness and impudence of one, at least, who fled from New England in disguise by night, hath not a little contributed to our general disappointment." Mather, however, always pretended to have acted in good faith, and claimed the honor of having Plymouth annexed to Massachusetts instead of New York, in whose charter it was, at first, included. A separate colonial existence could not then have been obtained ; and, since a union with some other colony was necessary, there is no doubt that such a union with Massachusetts would best promote the interests of the people of Plymouth, and was in accordance with their wishes. There is no evidence of the bad faith of Mather; and the letter of his associate was probably written under feelings of extreme disappointment. The union, at first, was bitter to the people of Plymouth. They felt, that they had lost their distinctive political character, and that, as the immediate descendants of the Pilgrims, their rights had not been sufficiently respected. These feelings did not entirely subside for a number of years; but at length a common origin and common interest made the people of the two colonies one in feeling, as they were one in their political organization; and they now claim protection from the same free constitution of the Commonwealth, and feel a common pride and satisfaction in the heroic deeds, liberal views, and generous philanthropy of their fathers.

There was a distinction between the early settlers of the two colonies. Those of Plymouth were almost entirely English; and there is probably no portion of North America, which has at the present day a population of so purely English descent as that. They, however, had not the wealth, rank, or learning of many of the early settlers of Massachusetts. They were men of strong minds, and made a proper estimate of the value of their political and religious principles. They placed but little value on wealth or rank. They acted from higher motives than these afford, and regarded the promotion of the good and happiness of the whole as the great object of government. They had, however, among them some men of preëminent talents and character. As a civil magistrate, Bradford, the father of the colony, (for Carver, who, chosen to set his name first to the charter, must be taken for "the noblest Roman of them all," died the first winter,) and for twenty-one years its governor, would, by his sound good sense and elevated patriotism, have done honor to any age. To his wisdom and discretion the colony owed much of its prosperity, and undoubtedly its prolonged political existence. Of the services of Brewster, we can hardly make too high an estimate. For twenty-four years he was the spiritual father and guide of the colony. He came with the Pilgrims, and with them he was willing to endure and suffer. Of the intrepid and courageous Standish, the leader in all military enterprises, whether against the Indians, the followers of Morton at Merry Mount, or their Dutch neighbours, it was as true as of the Trojan, that success was never to be despaired of, when he led the way. So the Winslows, Allerton, Alden, Hatherly, Prince, and Hinckley were all good men and true, who, in all their efforts and sacrifices, had no other object in view than their country's good, and the progress of truth and righteousness.

This colony was small and its duration short ; but its influence on the character and condition of this people, and ultimately of the human race, was destined to be most important. Never was there a more successful experiment of popular government, combining all the strength and vigor of a monarchy with all the freedom and security of a republic. During the whole seventy-one years of the colony's existence, there were but six governors ; and two of these were in office during thirty-nine years of this period, — a period, too, not of repose and quiet, but of peril and excitement. In their intercourse with the Indians, the people of the colony present a bright example of humanity, and the same sense of justice is here witnessed, that pervaded all their public and private acts. Not a foot of the soil was taken from the natives without their consent, nor without the payment of an equivalent. The treaty with Massassoit for a half century was most scrupulously observed ; and it was not their fault, or the fault of that faithful sachem, but of his treacherous son, that it was at last violated. In their conduct towards the Quakers they were comparatively mild and humane, preferring to let their errors be promulgated, and die unobserved, rather than make them martyrs by the prison or the gallows. Their loyalty was firm, yet it was a loyalty to their own government and principles rather than to any foreign power. It was a love of liberty, and an adherence to the rights of Englishmen.

None of the passengers of the *Mayflower* survived the colony. Most of them died within thirty or thirty-five years after their arrival. The last survivor was John Alden, who lived till 1686.

Art. III. — *Exhibition of Pictures painted by Washington Allston at Harding's Gallery, School Street.* Boston: 1839. pp. 8.

The recent exhibition of Mr. Allston's paintings invites us to offer a few thoughts upon the works of the artist and the art which he adorns. In doing so, we stand in the same relation to the subject of our remarks which we should hold with regard to an author still living and writing in the midst of us; being restrained in some degree from the license of eulogy, and withheld from the freedom allowed in speaking of those who have passed from the scene of their labors. Yet is this delicacy due rather to the reader and to ourselves, than to the artist. The mind of one who has for many years been following his own serene course, passing from land to land, and from school to school, but always true to himself, and leaving traces of his history from time to time in gentle images and harmonious colors, must of necessity look with slight emotion upon the opinions of the unjust, the incompetent, the over inquisitive, and even the over idolatrous.

The undisputed claim of Mr. Allston to the first place in the roll of American artists, without reference to any higher pretensions which may be asserted for him, is too barren a laurel to be worn with much sense of glory. When his name shall belong to the past, who then will wear it? Yet doubtless there are many, who think the whole debt of glory cancelled by the little word *first*, and criticism discharged of all her duties, when she has stamped it with her approval. We must speak more freely than only to echo the vote of the majority. One living man among us, and one only, has any right to be named in the highest walk of his art, as holding the pencil of a master. If we would learn how far his excellence extends, we must go elsewhere for our terms of comparison.

There can be no offence in these remarks; for the time has not come for art to have accumulated its treasures and formed the public taste among us. For all the declamation about the sources of inspiration to be found in the grandeur of nature in our Western world, and the influences to be exerted by our free institutions, they have hitherto impressed a tendency to the useful, rather than the beautiful, upon the national mind. The mountains and cataracts, which were to have made poets and painters, have been mined for anthracite and dammed for water powers. It is probable, that much more will depend on the yet undetermined character of the race, which will by and by assume one or more distinct national types under the influence of the material and social peculiarities of existence in the new world, than upon the terms of our constitution or the magnificence of our landscapes. The national character may be Attic or Bœotian, of Spartan vigor or Athenian elegance ; but it is safer to remember what we have accomplished than to predict what we shall do, while as yet we know so little of the direction to be given by circumstances to the mind and character of a new people, sprung from the mingling of as many races, as the first generation that grew up in Rome after the invasion of Alaric. Hitherto our masters in all the nobler paths of intellectual culture have been sought for in the old world ; and it is there we must look for the scale by which to measure any degree of excellence, that passes our ordinary standard of judgment.

If the subject of these remarks had any thing to fear from such sources, he might hold in dread two classes of critics. There are some who admire all pictures, especially if they are in richly ornamented frames. The strong primitive instinct for rich colors attracts them alike to the studio and the carpet warehouse, to the camera obscura and the kaleidoscope. In a great painting they are enraptured with some of those effects which belong to it in common with the most inferior work ; nay, if it have any extravagance of coloring or conception, they will be most apt to fix on this very point as chiefly to be admired. Their remarks, whether in speech or print, are worse than valueless, for they persuade others that, as soon as they have learned to see with a superficial critic's eye, they have studied out, — *approfondi*, as the Frenchmen say, — all that the artist has in him. There are many civil and pleasant creatures of this kind dangling about all picture galleries, as capable of judging of the nobler productions of genius, as they would be of criticizing the observations of Herschel, did they honor the firmament with a glance through their quizzing-glasses.

The other class of critics has been already described by Sir Joshua Reynolds. It consists of those, who, "not knowing what can or cannot be done, are very liberal of absurd praises in their descriptions of favorite works. They always find in them what they are resolved to find. They praise excellences that can hardly exist together; and, above all things, are fond of describing with great exactness the expression of a mixed passion, which more particularly appears to me out of the reach of our art."

Such are the two orders of umpires, that distribute fame among us with abundant liberality and sparing judgment. The reason of it is not difficult to discover. In this country we have but limited means of educating the eye and the taste to the just appreciation of the beautiful in art, as it has made itself familiar to all the cultivated classes in lands where centuries have been garnering up the tributes of generation upon generation. The great works of the great artists of the past may be said to be unknown among us. We educate ourselves upon what we find, and our standard becomes of course imperfect. The commonplace observer is readily pleased with a little glare and effect, and never acquires a relish for better qualities. The more enthusiastic and contemplative single out some master of loftier capacities, and break over him all their alabaster-boxes of sentiment and idealism. They remind us of the homely proverb, signifying that the bells ring in the tune that unwise heads are thinking of, — of the lady and the curate, one of whom saw whispering lovers, and the other cathedral spires, in the moon, — of Lord Peter, whose loaf of bread had in it the quintessence of roast beef, plum puddings, pies, and custards, — and all this because, as good Sir Joshua said, "they describe their own imaginations."

It is not invidiously, or with any assumption of superiority, that we make these remarks. It is because the standard of general taste must be considered, before we can truly feel how lonely is the summit that genius toils so long to gain. The eyes of many follow its course so long as it moves lightly up the flowery slopes, and turn away when it reaches the steep and difficult ascents; a few are ever peering with telescopes of doubtful transparency to see it reach some castle which they fancy in the clouds; but fewer are they, who mark every step of its progress, and can measure its height when it has reached the extreme limit of its efforts. With all the honors and praises which have been bestowed upon Mr. Allston while among us, his final appeal for judgment cannot be considered as yet fully answered. It must be left, not, we hope, to "foreign nations," but to "his own countrymen when some time is passed over." There are, indeed, some few among us fitted by nature and trained by long study to speak with authority upon our artists and their works. It is by their silence, rather than by any forwardness upon our part, that we have been led to venture upon a task we should have gladly seen committed to other and abler hands.

The sketches of his own life given by Mr. Allston, and to be found in Mr. Dunlap's entertaining volumes, delineate his real history more vividly than many long biographies have done for their subjects. He mentions his early tendency to the imitative arts, but without attaching too much importance to so common a trait. From his fantastic images and miniature landscape-making he passed to drawing from prints, and then to original compositions of the scenes in romance that interested his boyhood. Becoming acquainted with the famous miniature painter, Malbone, he made some attempts in this branch, but, in his own words, "could make no hand of it." He succeeded better in oils about the same time (this was early in his college life), and even at this period painted a landscape with figures, which was afterwards exhibited at Somerset House. An old landscape, by an uncertain hand, at a friend's house in Cambridge, the pictures of Pine in the Columbian Museum, and Smibert's copy of the head of Cardinal Bentivoglio after Vandyke, in the College Library, were his models. It strikes us as a little singular, that our painter of love, and peace, and purity, and solemn story, should have shown an early fondness for comic scenes and banditti combats. A few years later, and Mr. Allston turned his attention to Scripture subjects, and produced two heads of Apostles, having thus run through in a natural order the various departments of painting, as yet wandering with little instruction and little apparent certainty of aim.

At the age of twenty-two Mr. Allston embarked for England, where he studied his art for three years. This was the first time he had fairly found instruction, and it may not be idle to glance at the condition of the English school of painting at that period. Sir Joshua Reynolds had now been dead about ten years, and his distinguished contemporaries, Wilson and Gainsborough, some years longer. From them the rise of painting in England may fairly date its origin. The first by his magnificent portraits, full of individuality and spirit, and glowing with rich coloring, had elevated this branch of painting almost to historic dignity. His clear and noble views of art as taught in his lectures, his dignified and amiable character, had reflected new lustre upon his name as an artist. It seemed at times as if, to the less ambitious department in which he shone unrivalled, he might have added equal triumphs in the loftier department. The "Tragic Muse" in the National Gallery, although a portrait of the great actress of his time, is invested with a kind of abstract grandeur, that idealizes the real lineaments and outlines. Mr. Allston himself speaks of two of his pictures, which we have never seen, as showing what he "might have done in history." If the "Holy Family," which we have seen in the National Gallery, is an exhibition of his powers in this department, he sinks immeasurably below the purer standards; and, unhappily for his glory, at the side of this very painting, is the Venus instructing Cupid, of Correggio, to shame with grace and sweetness the wholly unpoetical representation of so much more holy a subject. But we suppose posterity has decided, that Sir Joshua was the Vandyke rather than the Raphael of rising art in England.

Of the two eminent landscape painters we have mentioned, Wilson, beyond question, was of the higher order. He sought in foreign lands for the subjects of his pencil, and, following in the steps of Claude and Poussin, endeavoured to find in the skies and scenery of Italy the same source of inspiration. But the nobility of his country wished for pictures of their country seats; and guineas were more indispensable than glory, and what he got hardly, he spent wrongly; so that Wilson, the first of English landscape painters, left no school behind him but that of his own masters.

Gainsborough was a thorough Englishman, who painted from nature, and nature in her simple aspects; aiming at no great effects of composition, but content with a hill, a cottage, a clump of trees, a market-cart, a peasant girl, and such familiar objects. His legacy to his countrymen was the same nature from which he painted, and little beyond this.

Such were those whose fame still rested over the land where the young pilgrim was to be initiated in the first mysteries of his calling. They left behind them an improved state of art, but they had not created any thing like a standard, to which the student could look for models in the loftiest range of his profession. If the "English School," which Sir Joshua supposed might gradually form itself, and of which he thought Gainsborough would be remembered as one of the most eminent founders, had followed in the steps of the three artists we have mentioned, it would have aspired only to moderate triumphs. It was destined to grasp at a higher dominion under the reign of their most distinguished successor, one of our own countrymen.

When Mr. Allston arrived in England, Benjamin West, the successor of Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy, and the first painter in the country, must have been at the height of his glory. His welcome to his young countryman was marked with all the kindness that belonged to his amiable character. Of his excellent personal qualities, Mr. Allston has spoken warmly, but we do not know that he has publicly expressed his opinion of his merits as a painter. To West, at least, belongs the credit of having nobly dared, if not of having greatly accomplished, all that art can compass. A competent critic, Sir George Beaumont, has said; "When we consider the determined perseverance he showed to persist in the high walk he had at first chosen, though there was not a grain of taste for it in the country at that time, it does him the highest honor, and I am ashamed of the recent ungrateful neglect of my countrymen." He was too ambitious in his aim, and too successful in his career, not to have made bitter enemies; he ventured into the field which long ages had filled with genius, and was measured by the side of their colossal champions. Prolific almost beyond modern example, crowding his vast canvass with every image of human passion and superhuman majesty, his very failures were redeemed by the grandeur of his efforts. His deficiencies in some of the accessories, especially in color, are familiar to those who have studied his works.

But beyond this, so far as our opinion may be hazarded, there lies a deeper and more fatal cause for the neglect which his works have suffered. The spirit of the portrait painters, the same spirit which made Reynolds represent his Madonna with the aspect of an English farm girl, and carried Copley away from his courtly sitters to paint the House of Lords, with its peers and periwigs, and flamed out in the scarlet regimentals and crimson faces of Trumbull's heroes, — was still to be seen in the classic and sacred compositions of West, under the Roman's wreath, under the martyr's circlet, under the Magdalen's veil ; reducing all alike to the common national likeness of the living London model. In this he led the way for feebler successors, who still worked over the same material, patching and mending from year to year, until at length, when the last spark of expression had expired upon the pencil of Westall, the English artists returned to more congenial pursuits, and the public smiled once more for Wilkie, and Turner, and Lawrence. If Raphael, in the midst of Italian beauty, complained of the deficiency of the "belle donne," and was forced to look inwardly for what he did not find about him, how much more must this necessity be felt in the midst of the less glowing and expressive types after which the English people have been fashioned. It is not enough to equal nature *as we see it* habitually. The great Italian painters knew this well, and they went to crypts and ruins to trace the lineaments, which, in broken and faded colors, had outlived the race that wore them. The Flemish masters thought otherwise, and therefore, with all their wonderful powers, they have given us for angels and cherubs the plethoric wives and pursy children of their worthy burgomasters. The ancient order has been often reversed ; seven fair women were moulded into one fairer image of old, but it has been oftener true in modern times, that one tolerable model has been multiplied into twenty intolerable pictures.

We have but imperfect means of determining what was the direction of Mr. Allston's studies during the three years he spent in England. He began by drawing from plaster, the usual discipline, we suppose, of the Academy, and appears to have been a ready scholar. We see no evidence of his having made any attempts in the higher branch of his art during this period. A *comic* picture, and a Rocky Coast with his old favorites the banditti, and another landscape which he had painted in college, were his contributions to the annual exhibition at Somerset House. His comic picture found a purchaser, and he painted another for the owner to match it. In what other labors these years were passed we know not ; whether he imitated or avoided the example of the leader of the English school, or, taking from him only the ambition of hereafter excelling in the historical department, confined himself to academic studies and efforts of the humbler kind we have mentioned. Originality is never so absolute as many are fond of supposing, and our artist himself has rebuked the arrogance of *self-taught* genius and its worshippers with too much earnestness to let us suppose he could be sensitive in hearing it mentioned, that he had imitated one or another master during his progress to the fullness of his own powers. When a youth, we have said that he caught the passion for miniature painting from Malbone. In a few of his early sketches of the comic kind which we have seen, it is not hard to trace the influence of Hogarth, and we are as little disposed to regret that he relinquished the one as the other. We have not seen any attempt of this kind by Mr. Allston, which carries the mark of the pencil which his maturity has wielded.

It seems to us an exceedingly interesting circumstance, that, during his first residence in England, he should have given no more decisive evidence of the path he was to follow. Whether it were diffidence, or wisdom, or good counsel, that taught him to reserve his powers until he had broken from the world of English art, and sought the original fountains whence it first flowed, the fact is certain, that he escaped to a wonderful degree the effects which might have been anticipated from the example of his celebrated countryman, to whom, as an American, and as a kind friend, he must naturally have been strongly attracted. Now, although West himself was a man of great powers, and the best painter of his time in England, it would be hard to point out any very eminent example of success in those who have followed in his footsteps. The master who filled acres of canvass with so rapid a hand was of all models the most dangerous, the qualities in which he excelled, conception and general design of his subject, tending much more to lead the student into an ambition beyond his capacities, than to give him thorough habits of doing well whatever might be within his reach.

From nearly all influence of this kind, we say that Mr. Allston seems to have escaped. There is nothing in his pictures to remind us, that they were painted in smoky London ; — no fog of Newman Street rests over his Egypt or Judea. Whatever effect his long and doubtless diligent studies in England may have produced upon his progress, they were happily employed in giving academic precision to the groundwork of his future excellence, rather than any sudden maturity of style, which would have left him to the fate of the mannerists he will outlive. The English historical school, — if West and his scholars could claim this title, — has often fallen into the local peculiarites of the life which they saw about them. It may have been pardonable in the earlier artists to have introduced cowls and mitres among the apostles, but we cannot now forgive the transplantation of familiar features and costumes into the representations of sacred story. Faces which are pleasant to look upon as they smile over the tea-table are not therefore in keeping with the solemn scenes of Scripture. Not to leave this fault without an illustration, we may refer to one among many such examples we could easily find ; and we take one that all may verify. In the picture of "Christ healing the Sick," of which a tolerable engraving may be found in the work called "The National Gallery," one of the prominent figures, a mother with a child in her arms, is marked by a trifling peculiarity of costume, which, strange to say, has been repeated in many paintings where it has equally destroyed the ideal at which the painters aimed. Because the milliners of Mrs. Siddons's time thought it becoming to dress ladies with *a bandage round their faces*, as if they had the toothache, and because Mrs. Siddons thought fit to be so painted, (as everybody may see in the Stage Edition of Shakspeare,) was there any reason why West should enrich the daughters of Palestine with the graces of Pimlico ? We have preferred a trivial illustration to a mere peremptory accusation.

To have utterly avoided faults like those of which we have spoken, would seem almost a miracle in the history of a young artist, whose earliest instruction was given by those who had become the masters of their time in spite of these faults. But it is plain, that the genius of Mr. Allston never expanded to its fair proportions until it was touched by another wand than the pencils of the English academicians. We doubt whether there are many critics living, who would venture a conjecture as to the country of our artist's birth, or where he passed his earlier time of study, from any thing to be detected in his paintings. And this brings us to the period at which his steps were turned to the true school where he learned and displayed his powers.

Mr. Allston left England for the continent in the year 1804. At that period, half the collections of Europe had been deprived of their choicest works, to enrich the Imperial gallery of the Louvre. An opportunity never again to be enjoyed was presented to the artist, of embracing in one glance, and enjoying in a single hour, the brightest treasures which three centuries had accumulated. Of the impressions which they produced upon the artist's mind, we have only one partial record; and, although we can, perhaps, reconcile it with the course of his subsequent studies, and the acknowledged superiority which resulted from them, this record is hardly what we might have anticipated. The objects which he has commemorated as having "absolutely enchanted" him, — as having "taken away all sense of the subject," — were the paintings, not of the Roman or Lombard masters, but of the Venetian, — of Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese. And, as if conscious that we should wonder that the aspect of perfection in one of the secondary qualities of the art, namely, that of color, should have entranced the mind of one we should have thought most susceptible to the great poetical qualities, — the creative powers which call out scenes and characters, — Mr. Allston justifies himself by some ingenious remarks in which the state of mind produced by the *gorgeous concert of colors* is compared to that arising under the influence of music. The idea contained in these remarks is, that color, like music, has the power of setting the imagination at work, and indirectly suggesting a thousand ideas and feelings it does not immediately supply. A passion for this source of excitement, and a susceptibility to it, are, we should think, infinitely more rare than nicety of musical ear. The eye being the great intellectual organ, may possibly lose its *instinctive* delicacy more easily than the ear, which is less constantly in relation with the judgment. A passion for color may exist with or without other attributes of a great artist. West, to whom we have so often referred, was deficient in perception of color ; another artist, well known among us, who never ventured upon grave historical subjects, — Stuart Newton, — was conspicuous for his exquisite taste in this respect.

After a residence of some months in Paris, Mr. Allston went to Italy, where he remained four years, — a long life to a busy mind in the midst of every incitement to study, and surrounded by all the varieties of perfection as its models. Most of this time, as we learn, he resided in Rome. Here his character as a painter was formed, but of the exact course of his studies we have no information. It is from a hint or two scattered here and there, and from the testimony which his works themselves furnish, that we may put together a kind of mosaic representation of that course of study which he has left apparently to be made up from these fragments. It is enough for us, that, after his long residence in Italy, he returned to England a master in his art, — his very first effort being a complete triumph, and his subject no less a miracle than that which Michael Angelo and Sebastian del Piombo had chosen for their united powers, with the hope of rivalling the " Transfiguration " of Raphael.

Before hazarding some remarks upon the various characteristics of Mr. Allston's style, we cannot but advert to a circumstance of great interest in his history. We allude to the long intimacy with Mr. Coleridge, which commenced during their residence in Rome. In the artist's words, to no other man did he owe so much *intellectually*. We have sometimes wondered, when we have thought of "Christabel," the sweet Unfinished, and " Belshazzar, " the great Unseen, if the fastidiousness, not to say caprice of the poet, may not have unconsciously mingled with the instruction for which the painter is so grateful. How easily a poetical mind acquires an influence over the painter, we may see in the works of Irving and Leslie, — where the same succession of scenes and characters that sparkles on the page of the one, glows on the canvass of the other. To those who remember the " Genevieve " of Coleridge, and have seen the " Rosalie " of Allston, although in one love is conscious, and in the other slumbering, the same soul of purity, of trustful tenderness, of thoughtfulness, not mournful but akin to melancholy, will make the two seem as sisters.

> "Few sorrows hath she of her own,
> My hope, my joy, my Genevieve;
> She loves me best whene'er I sing
> The songs that make her grieve."

> —"No, never came from aught below
> This melody of woe,
> That makes my heart to overflow,
> As from a thousand gushing springs."
>
> —"O, nothing sure the stars beneath
> Can mould a sadness like to this,
> So like angelic bliss."
>
> —"So thought the gentle Rosalie,
> As on her maiden reverie
> First fell the strain of him who stole
> In music to her soul."

We have followed the steps of Mr. Allston up to the period at which he gave to the public the first great work, which was to be the evidence of the powers that had been so long in training. "The Dead Man revived by touching Elisha's Bones," was the first picture undertaken by Mr. Allston upon his return to England in 1811. From that period to the present time, whatever changes may have occurred in his style, his subjects and his mode of treating them have been uniformly marked with the daring and firmness of maturity; and, considering his character as a painter from this time as formed, we can pass over more lightly the influences to which he was afterwards subjected, and, leaving the details which may hereafter belong to his biographer, look at the life of the artist as distinct from that of the individual.

No common painter would have dared to make his *début* in the full blaze of English criticism, by attempting a subject like that of the miracle of the awakening of the Dead. It must have been a boldness which was acquired beneath the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, — it must have been the habit of modelling from the Torso and the Laocoön, which prompted this rash and giddy effort. All the difficulties of drawing and grouping, all the subtilties of expression, were to be mastered in the same composition, which seemed as if chosen, by the aspiring candidate for fame, in defiance of every circumstance that multiplied its dangers. Mr. Allston has recorded his unbounded admiration for Michael Angelo, in describing the impressions he first received from the works of the great Italian painters. In the first two pictures on the Catalogue of the late Exhibition, he has recorded the same feeling, with no doubtful hand, upon his canvass. To us, the magnificent picture of "The Dead Man restored to Life," seems not in all respects unexceptionable. The face expressing *unqualified terror*, though of wonderful truth, is too haggard and frightful to be brought into the very front ground of the picture. When Raphael once dared, — in the cartoon of "The Apostles healing the Sick," — to introduce the hideous forms and faces of two wretched cripples, he relieved the effect their prominence could not but produce, by the angelic graces with which Saint John is clothed as with a divinity. When, in "The Transfiguration," he drew the convulsed epileptic in all the struggles and contortions of his terrible disease, he disposed around him three figures whose expression is all tenderness and loveliness ; and one, the most prominent of all, said to have been drawn from her whom he loved but too fondly, is fair and graceful enough to draw our eyes and thoughts away from the painful contemplation of the agonizing youth beside her. In Mr. Allston's picture, the fearful miracle which seems to be working even before our eyes, and the various expressions of astonishment and fear which the scene produces upon those around the figure thus miraculously restored to life, produce an effect which startles rather than attracts us. The tenderer passions, depicted in the other characters of the picture, are comparatively lost sight of in the midst of these terrible images of struggling death and life, of overwhelming astonishment and terror. Nothing but the most perfect delineation of the gentler feelings, in the most beautiful forms, could have neutralized, so to speak, the effect of their violent attitudes and expressions upon our feelings. Yet, as instances of anatomical truth, and of the bold drawing which follows from thorough familiarity with the structure of the whole frame, and of energy of expression, the prominent figures of this painting are worthy of the school from which they came ; that of the great sculptor, the force of whose chisel no other hand could equal, and whose paintings, like his marbles, were but too severe in their matchless truth and majesty.

It has been doubted how appropriately the light was represented as emanating from the skull of the prophet. We are not disposed to discuss the point ; it might be thought, indeed, to convey the chemical idea of phosphorescence, rather than that of divine efflux ; but this could only be to those who have less imagination than philosophy. We have not now the advantage, as we could wish, of carefully examining this picture in various lights, which doubtless should be done to acquire a just perception of all its details. That it received the highest honors of the British Institution at its Annual Exhibition is of comparatively little consequence ; for there was no historical painter in England at that time, to our knowledge (with the exception, if the reader chooses, of West), who ever conceived of laboring after merit such as this painting possesses. But that the artist, in his first great effort, should have so nobly trusted to his own powers, that he should have so triumphantly vindicated the seeming audacity of his venture, and, grappling with every human passion, and with the mysterious presence of superhuman power, should have chained them in this living and terrible group, — this is indeed an evidence of exalted powers and ambition.

To those who are fond of tracing resemblances we would mention the central group of Raphael's cartoon of "The Death of Ananias," as being possibly in our artist's recollection when this painting was conceived. The miracle is reversed, — the struggle is from life to death, and not from death to life ; the figure at the head of the dying man shows little more than astonishment, — that at his feet, on the other hand, recoils in unmingled terror.

The same daring spirit is shown in the subject of some other pictures painted not long after the one just mentioned, and still remaining in England. The first is, "The Angel liberating St. Peter from prison," painted for Sir George Beaumont, and now in a church at Ashby de la Zouch. The subject is similar to that of a fresco of Raphael's in the Vatican. Of the second picture, "Jacob's Dream," belonging to the Earl of Egremont, Mr. Allston says, "It has often been painted before, but I have treated it in a very different way from any picture I have ever seen ; for, instead of two or three angels, I have introduced a vast multitude ; and, instead of a ladder, or narrow steps, I have endeavoured to give the idea of unmeasurable flights of steps, with platform above platform, rising and extending into space immeasurable. Whether this conception will please the matter-of-fact critics I doubt ; nay, I am certain that men without imagination will call it stuff! But, if I succeed at all, it will be with those whom it will be an honor to please." It is impossible that the reader should not be reminded by this description of the manner of treating his subjects adopted by Martin. Immensity of space, startling effects of perspective, innumerable multitudes melting together in dark myriads, and only illuminated at the point where the principal action is passing, vast masses of gorgeous architecture piled over each other, and spreading away until they are lost in the vague distance, — such are the elements with which this artist at first astonished, and at last satiated his admirers. It was scene-painting of an elevated order, a gigantic machinery of appliances, in the midst of which the actors were reduced to puppets, and the uncounted multitudes dwarfed away into bundles of pinheads. It was a brilliant paradox, impressive at first sight, but soon losing its effect. Heaven and hell had been carved in a nutshell before the days of Martin, but they had never been painted in the compass of a square yard. Ships had been wrought of ivory, with all their ropes and sails, that might have floated in a tea-cup ; but the deluged world, with all its inhabitants, had never been crowded into the circumference of a napkin. Whether Martin's original hint came from the picture of "Jacob's Dream," we have no means of determining ; but, if it were so, it would not have been the only instance in which he has borrowed from Mr. Allston. Of one thing we are certain, that our artist would never have sacrificed the great points of individual character and expression, for the sake of imposing effects obtained by theatrical artifice and extravagance.

"Elijah in the Desert," we have heard spoken of as being one of Mr. Allston's best pictures. This he brought with him to America, where it was purchased by an English gentleman. The painting of "Uriel in the Sun" belongs to the Marquis of Stafford. The grandeur of the subject is in this picture of surpassing elevation, — to paint in all his effulgence the Angel of the Apocalypse, after the description of Milton.

> "He soon
> Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,
> The same whom John saw also in the sun:
> His back was turned, but not his brightness hid;
> Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
> Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
> Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings
> Lay waving round; on some great charge employed
> He seemed, or fixed in cogitation deep."
>
> "The Archangel Uriel, one of the seven
> Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
> Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
> That run through all the Heavens, or down to the earth
> Bear his swift errands."

A colossal figure, on the scale of fourteen feet in height, but foreshortened to nine feet, seen in the full blaze of the sunbeams, must have called forth all the painter's powers, and tasked them to the utmost. This painting too was honored with a liberal token of approbation from the directors of the British Institution. It must, therefore, be a great picture, because *not to fail* in delineating such a vision of glory was in itself a triumph of genius.

These are the most important of Mr. Allston's paintings while in England, his other works being of less pretension, and of various nature, so far as we can judge of them by the scanty record he has given us. Of these great pictures, one only was in the late exhibition. But there was still enough in this collection to illustrate the compass of the artist's powers, and, on a careful analysis, to afford an insight into the character of his various excellences, and the models he had proposed to himself for imitation.

The great picture of "The Raising of the Dead Man," was one of the chief ornaments of the exhibition. The remarks we have already made respecting this composition may perhaps explain the fact, that it was less the favorite of the crowd than some of the other paintings, although it was, from its position as well as its nature, the first to arrest attention.

One other painting, "Jeremiah dictating his Prophecy to

Baruch," may be traced also to the school of Michael Angelo, so far as the character of the subject, the colossal scale of its execution, and the severe simplicity which distinguishes it may justify this opinion. The face and head of the Prophet are full of grandeur and majesty. The drapery is, if possible, too simple ; but the painter has chosen to throw the whole force of his effort into the figure itself, and neglect all the accessories which might have recommended a less exalted subject.

On passing in review the series of historical pictures we have mentioned, we at once perceive that Mr. Allston has aimed to reach the loftiest sublimity in the conception of his great works. If we may judge those we have not, by those which we have, seen, he has treated his subjects with the dignity of conscious power, and, choosing the drapery of his art, as the fitting garment of noble thoughts, has thrown it, without one idle fringe or fold, over the pure and holy images that rose before his imagination. It remains for the future to decide upon the success of his greatest effort, — Belshazzar's Feast, — in expectation of which we have been fasting some few years, with only a cabinet picture from time to time to sustain us in endurance. We are disposed to admire the constancy with which Mr. Allston has resisted all the busy suggestions of curious and forward people, and waited for his own time and followed his own will. Because our artificers, the layers of brick and mortar, the wood-hewers and water-drawers, work on all days alike, and must be always true to their stipulated hour, is that any reason that we should subject the highest intellectual power, the creative imagination, to the same laws that govern the lowest, the least capricious and the least fatiguing of our faculties ? The factory wheels run day and night, and summer and winter ; but there are tranquil waters and silent souls, which an angel visits only "at a certain season."

It will be remembered, that the subject chosen by Mr. Allston for his greatest work has been already treated by Martin, in his usual style. It appears from one of Martin's letters, given by Mr. Dunlap, that he undertook this painting in consequence of an argument with Mr. Allston, who had mentioned his own intention, and the mode in which he meant to treat the subject. We remember hearing it said, but we know not on how good authority, that the idea of making the principal light come from the miraculous letters on the wall, was borrowed from the American by the English artist. However this may be, the conception does not strike us as unlikely to occur to more than one mind at the same time, for it is only a modification of an idea long familiar to the poets and painters of the supernatural. In the famous "Notte" of Correggio, and in the "Adoration of the Shepherds" of Rembrandt, the infant Saviour is represented as the source of the light that shines upon the group around his cradle. The heads of saints in many of the ancient pictures, are surrounded with luminous halos, and Mr. Allston has extended the same attribute to the skull of the buried Prophet. Virgil had recourse to the same appearance in showing the presence of the divinity around Iulus. It is not so much in the thought of making the characters luminous, which seems obvious enough, that the merit of such a painting as "Belshazzar's Feast" could consist, nor in great architectural pomp, and the display of a gorgeous banqueting-table, but in the just management of all these secondary objects of interest, and, infinitely more, in the truth and feeling with which the character and passions of human beings, under the influence of the sudden appearance of the Divinity, in the portentous warning that crossed their hour of revelry, should be displayed.

If any of our readers will glance at the Catalogue of the late Exhibition, they will see next upon the list "The Triumphal Song of Miriam on the Destruction of Pharaoh and his Host in the Red Sea." This painting forms the connecting point between the two series of our artist's works. The first series comprehends the pictures we have already mentioned ; the second embraces the various representations of tranquil female beauty, of which "Beatrice" or "Rosalie" may be taken as the type. We have always considered "Miriam" as the happiest effort of Mr. Allston we have seen. It has, to be sure, the advantage of *action* to arrest the attention, while in others of his female figures he trusts wholly to expression. But we can give better reasons for our preference. "Miriam" has all the dignity of an historical painting ; it is a scene in which there is only one actor, but a terrible tale is told by her triumphant lips, and the yet heaving ocean is rolling sullenly in upon the beach the wrecks that prove its truth. The painting has all the individuality too of a portrait, and thus gains the advantage of producing one clear and instant impression, without the analysis the mind must go through in contemplating a varied composition. Besides this, the style of coloring adopted in this picture, so far as we may be allowed to judge, (and this is one of the mysteries of art, of which we ought to speak diffidently,) is superior to that of almost any of the artist's productions. In fact, the whole painting recalls Titian to our minds with singular force; the same robust and gorgeous mould of vigorous beauty, and the same transparent flesh, the same dark, rich drapery, which have made so many ages wonder, and despair to learn by what alchemy he changed his colors into molten jewels as they flowed upon the canvass.

We cannot speak in the same terms of "The Witch of Endor raising the Spirit of Samuel before Saul." In regard to this picture, we feel almost compelled to retract one of our previous remarks. We do think that we see the scholar of West in these faces and attitudes, and we do feel compelled to own, that we find a little something in common between this picture and the works of that most prolific illustrator of Bibles and prayer-books, some twenty years since, who, having three or four stereotyped faces and forms, applied them like the Nuremberg Chronicle, to all the characters of sacred and profane history in succession. Sure at least we are, that the impression produced on us by this picture reminds us of Westall; but it is very possible, that we may be mistaken as to the resemblance, and at any rate we have nothing else in the works of Mr. Allston to countenance such an impression.

An elaborate painting of Mr. Allston's, which came to the exhibition from the South, "Donna Mencia in the Robber's Cavern," was one of the greatest favorites in the exhibition. A woman in distress affects most minds more strongly than a suffering angel; and this scene of purely human character served as a pretty touchstone, to try the sympathies of the many who circled the gallery. The picture has great depth and richness of color, and by its brillancy, as well as its subject, arrests the attention of all. It has, independently of its merits, the interest belonging to it as a work of a different style from any of Mr. Allston's finished paintings, and may be the realization by the artist, in the maturity of his powers, of some of those conceptions of banditti advenures for which he has recorded his early fondness. The expression which characterizes Gil Blas and Donna Mencia, the charm of his ingenuous and graceful youth, and the beauty of her features, in the marble stillness of grief and horror transcending all outward show of emotion, give a tragic dignity to this melodramatic subject.

Among the most remarkable and characteristic of Mr. Allston's works are a series of female heads of expression, varying in many points, but all sisters of the same family. Such are "Beatrice," "Rosalie," "A Roman Lady," "The Valentine." In other instances, he has given his subjects at full length, and, calling in the attractions of landscape to his aid, has yet contrived that nature shall so harmonize with the state of the beings he has represented, that the air, and the earth, and the heavens shall seem but as the emanation or reflection of those whom they surround. On some of these pictures we may hazard a few remarks. It strikes us that the general *tournure*, the outline, the attitude of Beatrice, are most graceful and happy. There is all the simple ease of Raphael in the air of this picture. But we do not think it equal in expression to Rosalie, or in coloring to the Valentine. It wants more tenderness, or more sadness ; we look and *ask* what is the expression of the features, instead of looking and *feeling* what it is. Mr. Allston cannot wonder at remarks of this kind, for he knows the infinite difficulty of giving those shades of expression which have been his favorite attempts, — but those who "describe their own imaginations" will wonder at it much. To represent a strong and simple emotion is a thing of comparatively little difficulty. The common drawing-books will give the learner models for hatred, scorn, wonder, grief, and even love. But to represent, as in Beatrice, the susceptibility of womanly feelings rather than their expression, or, as in "Rosalie," to attempt to write upon her lineaments what love will be rather than what it is, is more than we can hope for any art to compass. There will always be strongly imaginative minds, who will see in these fair images all that the painter could wish to have them ; but the experience of all time has shown, that forcibly marked character, whether of strength or beauty, or at any rate strong expression, must be impressed upon the marble or the canvass, if they would appeal to the common taste and heart.

There is more of warmth and soul in the expression of "Rosalie" than in "Beatrice." The eye in particular is of great beauty. But the effect of the foreshortened face, however admirable the drawing, is to compress the features, and perhaps take away from the first effect of the picture. In "Rosalie" we see, even more than in "Beatrice," the softness of outline and haziness of atmosphere which have characterized many of Mr. Allston's later productions. The "Valentine" lady has far less of the ideal, and far more of breathing life about her than "Rosalie"; it is a real woman, and not a poetical vision. In color and costume, it appears to us admirable, and we are only disposed to ask, why the artist should not only avoid all meretricious ornaments, all affected grace, but should also somewhat neglect the commonly received notions as to beauty of features.

In the expression of that vague condition of the female mind and heart, where there is tranquillity at the surface, while the elements which make up so large a share of woman's existence are lying just beneath, and, as it were, only to be suspected through any outward sign, it is obvious that the accessories of the principal figure may be made of great significance in giving meaning to the delineation. For this reason, we are more pleased with the full length paintings; such as the "Evening Hymn" and the "Spanish Girl," than with the half-lengths. In the first of those just mentioned, for instance, the effect of the "dim religious light," which blends softly together the hard outlines of day; the character of the architecture, of which just enough is seen; the mellow shadows, in the clear depths of which a strong light will reveal new objects to the spectator; the character of holy repose, that spreads, as if from the maiden's soul, to her features and her figure, and outwardly into all the inanimate things around her; produce upon us an influence which proves the power of these harmonious combinations in suggesting images hardly to be directly delineated.

More obvious if possible is the same truth in "Lorenzo and Jessica." If the atmosphere of the painting last noticed was the mysterious twilight of religion, that of the picture we now mention is glowing with the tremulous light of love. Any elaborate display of scenery would have broken the unity of the scene ; the outlines of a few edifices in the horizon are quite simple and serve to relieve the bright moonlight, which seems to have borrowed a warmth not its own from the hearts of the young lovers upon whom it is smiling.

We are tempted to make a few remarks upon some of Mr. Allston's landscapes, but we feel even greater difficulties in forming our opinions respecting this class of productions than with regard to others. There is so much of profound art in the composition of a landscape, so much of mysterious skill in managing the lights and tints which are spread by nature with such infinite variety over her works, so much individual truth to be combined with general harmony, that we have always felt the incompetency of any eye but an artist's to judge truly of all the merits or defects of this class of paintings. The poetical character of Mr. Allston's mind shows itself in his landscapes as much, perhaps, as in any of his productions. It is a great error to imagine, that the highest reach of the landscape painter consists in giving an accurate copy of some particular scene ; as much so as to suppose, that an exact portrait of an individual is as elevated a work of art as the ideal Apollo or Venus. Sir Joshua Reynolds has contrasted the Flemish and Dutch landscape painters with Claude in this respect. Which of these masters Mr. Allston has followed cannot be doubtful. The poetical feeling which Claude, more than any other landscape painter, has thrown into his pictures, may be a dangerous gift. The best living English artist in this department, Turner, has doubtless been led away from the truth of nature, by following too ardently the seductive light of his own imagination. It may have been the good fortune of Mr. Allston to have been so long removed from the competition of academies and exhibitions, that he has avoided the temptation of soliciting the continued notice of the public by means of novelty and artificial extravagances. The habit of *painting up to each other*, of struggling for brilliancy and strong contrasts, in order to avoid being thrown into shadow by more ambitious artists, is doubtless one of the dangers that tends to corrupt the simplicity which belongs to genius. Without saying that Mr. Allston has ever reached the perfection of the unrivalled master who dipped his pencil in the sunshine, we must allow that his landscape paintings are among the most remarkable we have seen among those of the followers of Claude Lorraine, for their composition, their coloring, the truth of their atmospheric effects, the grace and propriety of the figures introduced, and the true poetical spirit with which they are conceived. The colder and classical style of the learned Poussin is less congenial to the mind of Mr. Allston ; yet in the few landscapes we have seen of his, — and there were two or three in the late exhibition which remind us of this master, — his spirit was most happily preserved without any servility of imitation.

Our country has the right to claim, then, at least one great name upon the list of living artists. On him descended those nameless influences, which, in all countries and ages, have from time to time fallen upon such as Heaven has chosen, to delineate and adorn in various modes the images that fill the worlds of reality and of dreams. In the midst of the trials and fatigues of common life, from which none of us, and least of all the artist, escapes, he has been laboring for us and for our children, to combine the scattered beauties of nature, to reproduce in more permanent form the shapes that alternately are moulded and melted away among the clouds of imagination, to call back in renewed existence the creations of the past. And it is not mere natural genius to which we owe our admiration and gratitude, but genius improved by patient study, refined by still seclusion, warmed by good affections, and therefore diffusing itself in images as finished, as pure, as full of gentle feelings ; even as one planet is reflected with the same light from the bosom of many waters. Born in a country where the art of painting scarcely had an existence, subjected to the same academical instructions which have been so fertile in producing mediocrity among the English painters, he seems to have followed only the purest models of the best days of Italian art. And, whether we trace in his loftiest efforts the daring of Angelo, or detect in his clear and glowing tints the pencil of Titian, or see in his soft gradations of light the delicate hand of Correggio, in all we can equally trace the influence of the painter's own mind upon the ideas transfused into it from others ; showing a power which will lend to the future more than it has borrowed from the past. It can only be when time shall have added his mysterious charm to our artist's productions, when they shall have become familiar to the popular eye as are the constantly repeated works of the old masters, when the general taste shall have reached a far higher standard than at present, that the verdict of posterity will be announced. If our republic should be destined like Rome to triumph in every thing but in sculpture and painting, she has at least begun with better auspices. The courtly grace and bearing of our ancestors before the Revolution survive in the forms that fill the ample canvass of Copley ; the fathers of our republic and the first race of her citizens are recalled in the brilliant life that flowed from the pencil of Stuart ; the rebellious Colony sent one of her rude children to rule over the Academicians of her royal mistress ; and, if the century which has given their names to immortality shall complete its tribute with only one other name, — but that the brightest and noblest of all, — its offering to the arts has been worthy of what may be hereafter called the heroic age of the country.

Art. IV. — 1. *History of British Birds*, by William Macgillivray. Vol. I. London : Scott, Webster, and Geary. 1837. 8vo. pp. 631.

2. *Ornithological Biography*, by John James Audubon. Vol. V. Adam and Charles Black. Edinburgh. 1839. 8vo.

The author of the former of these volumes is a Scotch naturalist, who aided Mr. Audubon, in the preparation of his last volume, with many of the anatomical descriptions. From the same authority, our great ornithologist evidently learned to pay attention to the digestive and respiratory organs of birds, as well as to the obvious marks of distinction, which are open to every eye. In his own work, Mr. Macgillivray gives an outline and example of the manner in which he himself proceeds. All who have attended to the subject, have been vexed, if not bewildered, by the various forms of nomenclature and classification. The general similarity of the different species has rendered it difficult to arrange them into well-defined portions, so that, while one system gives thirty-eight companies, there are but four in another. New facts and observations are perpetually running across these lines of separation; and, while they show that the system needs reform, they make it equally clear that there is little hope of making it so correct, that it shall not require continual changes to keep up with new observers. Every one, who is at all interested in the subject, knows how much the doctors of the science disagree as to the order to which certain birds belong; and this too, when the marks, which assign their place, are as obvious as a nose on a face, or a weathercock on a steeple.

The classification of Linnæus had reference to the form of the feet and the bill, principally the latter. According to the varieties of shape in this organ, he arranged birds into six orders. But, in many cases, the genera run into each other, and to some in each the distinguishing marks of the order do not apply. Vieillot, therefore, finding this classification not sufficiently exact, constructed another system, in which he was governed by the form of the feet. It is composed of five orders, with fifty-eight families; but is open to the same objection which he made to the arrangement of Linnæus; it being often exceedingly difficult to determine to what order or family a new found, and sometimes even a common bird belongs. Various other systems, which it is not necessary to mention, have been proposed, each liable in a measure to the same objection. One of the most curious of these attempts is the Quinary system of Mr. McLeay. According to him, all the animals in any particular group have particular characters, the union of which he calls a *type;* in proportion as the species in the group are more or less like this type, he calls them more or less typical. The *centrum* or perfection of a group is, in fact, that part of the circumference of the circle of affinity which is farthest from the neighbouring group. One portion of a group is said to be always *normal*, that is, according to rule, or corresponding with the *type;* another portion is always *aberrant*, that is, wandering from the rule, or not exactly corresponding with the *type*. The birds are arranged in a circular series, always consisting of five members, which gives it the name of the Quinary system. In groups which form the passage between neighbouring groups of higher denomination than themselves, the pleasing name of *osculant* is applied. Laying aside the *osculant* groups, every natural group is divisible into five, which also admits of a *binary* distinction, that is, into two and three. All the objects of creation may thus be brought together into circular groups of fives. When the number five cannot be mustered in any particular group, the reason assigned is, that the deficient member has perished from the face of the earth, or that it remains to be discovered. If this does not give our readers a clear view of the Quinary system, we know not what will. They may possibly be reminded of the remark of Dr. Johnson, on a new invention, in which a man might move himself on a public road. He said, that in ordinary cases one had only himself to carry ; but here he had to carry himself and the machine too.

Mr. Macgillivray proposes to reject these distinctions founded upon external appearance, and to resort to dissection for surer and more definite marks by which to classify the birds. After examining a great number of birds in nearly all the families, he has adopted the intestinal canal as the central point of reference. Instead of merely describing the bill and feet, he attends to the mandibles, the mouth, the tongue, the throat, the œsophagus, the crop, the stomach, the intestine, and the cœcal canal, the modifications of which, he thinks, throw more light on the affinities of the larger groups than those of any other organ. But, after the fate of the various systems of Linnæus, Latham, Blumenbach, Illiger, Vieillot, Temminck, and Cuvier, which have passed away in succession without obtaining very general acceptance, Mr. Macgillivray does not feel much confidence to propose another, but states his opinion, that the internal construction of the bird has been too much neglected, and that, if we must choose between the external and internal markings, the latter are most to be relied on of the two. Mr. Macgillivray seems aware, that his system will not find favor with those who have depended on external appearance only. He quotes with some displeasure the remarks of Mr. Swainson, who says, that the study of the outward is more important than that of the inward organization, since only professed anatomists could ascertain the latter, and in cases of rare birds, which could not be procured for dissection, we should be wholly unable to determine where to arrange them. The question seems to be similar to that between the eyes and the nose, as to the degree in which each was important to the spectacles. It is pretty clear, that one cannot well ascertain what the food of a bird is without examining its crop and digestive organs ; and the food indicates its favorite haunts, where its modes of flying and walking, its notes and migrations, can be observed, with all the other particulars which it is important for the ornithologist to know.

Mr. Macgillivray divides the birds of Europe into four groups, determined by their mode of life. The first he calls *Volatoriæ*, or Aërial birds, because they are specially addicted to the air, in moving from one place to another. This is divided into four orders ; the *raptores* or plunderers, the *excursores* or snatchers, the *volitatores* or skimmers, and the *immersores* or dippers. The second section consists of the *Ambulatoriæ* or Land birds, divided into seven orders ; the *rasores* or scrapers, the *gemitores* or cooers, the *deglubitores* or huskers, the *vagatores* or wanderers, the *cantatores* or songsters, the *scansores* or climbers, and the *reptatores* or creepers. The third section consists of the *Grallatoriæ*, or Wading birds, divided into four orders ; the *palpatores* or gropers, the *cursitores* or runners, the *exploratores* or probers, and the *expectatores* or watchers. The fourth section consists of the *Natatoriæ* or Swimming birds, divided into the *cribratores* or sifters, the *urinatores* or divers, the *mersatores* or plungers, and the *spoliatores* or robbers. Each of the orders contains several families, under which the genera are arranged. This classification, he says, is made for his own use, and he does not profess to expect its general adoption.

Mr. Audubon, in his last two volumes, has given in his adhesion to the opinions of his friend Macgillivray, so far as respects the anatomy and internal organization of birds, and has inserted many drawings of their organs of respiration and digestion, fully believing that the time will come when these markings will be first consulted. In this he is probably right ; and such illustrations and descriptions will add to the permanent value of his work ; but they take something from its unity, as a whole, and lessen its attraction for the general reader ; besides that the additional labor, which they require, has induced him to give up those episodes, descriptive of scenery, life, and manners, which harmonized well with the subject, and formed one of the chief attractions of the "Biography." In these sketches he was eminently fitted to excel; his most adventurous and wandering life has furnished him with materials in profusion, and his calm and philosophic good-nature, always looking to the bright side, has enabled him to describe them with truth and animation. Having a deep sympathy with the pathetic, and a quick perception of humor, he has found something everywhere suited to his various readers, and, what is of more importance, throwing light upon the regions he has passed through; so that, however important his anatomy may be, we cannot but regret the absence of these pictures of life and nature, unless the results of his travels and observation should be given to the public in some other form.

It is about sixteen years since the first number of his "Illustrations" appeared, and we are rejoiced to congratulate him on the heart and hope with which he has carried on his undertaking from small and discouraging beginnings to a successful and triumphant close. To publish a work so magnificent seemed an undertaking bold even to rashness; and the greater part of his friends advised him to abandon the plan and leave the field to other observers. But he had that confidence in himself, which was not in the least presumptuous, but founded on a just estimate of his own resources; and, after he had listened with deference to the counsels of others, he came to conclusions different from theirs. They seemed to have reason on their side; for when he delivered the first drawings to the engraver, he had not a single subscriber, and was incurring great expense, without any certainty of repayment, either in money or in fame. But it is well for himself and the world that he persevered. After four years of labor and anxiety he completed his first volume of the "Birds of America"; but even then, though his fame was established, his success was by no means sure; for we find that at least one hundred and twenty of the subscribers on whom he depended, have failed him at various times since the publication began; — an immense proportion, since it appears by the list, at the end of the fifth volume, that only one hundred and sixty-one have been faithful to the last.

We parted from the illustrious ornithologist at the close of the second volume, in which the results of his voyage to Labrador were set down.* In the third volume he deviated, we believe, from the course originally proposed, so far as to give the water-fowl, without waiting to complete the list of land birds, a course which we apprehend was urged upon him by others. The former would naturally come last in such a work as this, since they are spread over a vast extent of coast, are wild in their habits, and, having their haunts in the clefts of rocks or on the waves of the ocean, present a more difficult study, requiring more time and closer observation than the other. But in that single volume he has an account of about sixty species, not described by Wilson. Some of his best descriptions of birds are found in this volume ; such as that of the Canada goose and the mallard ; and he shows how general is his observation of nature in the account of the sun-perch, which forms the subject of one of those pleasant episodes just mentioned. He was struck with its earnest care of its eggs, and the quickness with which it removed any substance that happened to fall upon the bed. Placing a worm upon a hook, he sunk it so that it fell upon the border of the nest, where he allowed it to rest upon the bottom. The little fish kept watch on his motions, and, taking the worm in its mouth, carried it gently over to the side nearest to him, as an intimation that he might remove it if he would. He then tried a grasshopper with the same success ; afterwards, a naked hook was cast upon the nest, which seemed to trouble the little fish, as if it was conscious of danger ; but after a time it gathered courage, and, taking the hook up with great care, it dropped it over the edge of the bed. No bait whatever could tempt the fish to bite at that time, careless as it is on other occasions ; and, after beating the water with his rod, he saw, as soon as the water became clear, that the fish was busy smoothing its agitated bed. Such passages as this show the true lover of nature, who is not enslaved to his own pursuit, but has an eye for every thing which can enlarge the boundaries of science, or increase our admiration of the works of the Creator's hand.

---

* See *North American Review*, Vol. XLI. p. 194.

After an interval of about three years, the fourth volume appeared in the summer of 1838. He was desirous to explore the western coast of the Floridas, and for that purpose was aided by the government, a revenue cutter being placed at his disposal, in which he sailed, in 1837, from the mouth of the Mississippi to Galveston Island, in Texas, examining the various points on his way. After being exposed to venomous insects and withering heat, not to speak of wading through deep mud for days together, the result was, that he did not encounter a single bird which was not previously known. It was, however, of some service in determining the migratory movements and geographical distribution of many of those wayfarers which come from the south in summer, and in winter retreat before the northern storms. On his return to England, he had the mortification of finding, that many of his British subscribers had discontinued their subscriptions, and those who remained were so desirous of seeing the work completed, that he was obliged to crowd a number of different species into the same plate, in order to hasten to a conclusion. Meantime, Dr. Townsend returned from his Northwestern expedition, with a new and valuable collection of birds, which he was ready to supply ; and these, in spite of threatenings from some, and actual refusal from others to continue their subscriptions, Mr. Audubon published, being inflexibly determined to make the work complete.

We cannot undertake to give an account of this fourth volume, which is full of minute and lifelike description. We must, however, make an exception in favor of the ruff-necked humming-bird (*Trochilus rufus*), which was first discovered by Captain Cook in the vicinity of Nootka Sound. Dr. Richardson and Mr. Drummond do not appear to have seen it ; but Mr. Nuttall and Dr. Townsend found it in the Blue Mountains of the Columbia River. They describe it as resembling a "breathing gem or carbuncle of living fire," opening its splendid ruff as if in rivalship of the sun. If any one approached the nest where the females were sitting, the males would dart out like burning coals, passing very near the face of the intruder with their arrowlike flight, at the same time uttering a sharp, bleating sound. The nest is like that of the common species, and the female resembles ours in the quiet composure with which she keeps her place while sitting. On a clear day, the male may be seen rising to a great height in the air, and then, after descending near the ground, rising again to the same height as at first, describing half of a great circle in this curious evolution. When coming down, it makes a sound astonishingly loud for so small a creature, resembling the rubbing together of trees in a high wind.

We may also remark, for the edification of those, if any remain, who believe in the wintry submersion of swallows, that Mr. Audubon found immense numbers of the bank swallow in East Florida in winter. The green-backed and barn swallows were also there, but not so numerous as at New Orleans. The transient cold weather, which sometimes occurs in Florida, proves fatal to many ; on one occasion, when ice was formed in the waters, many were found dead along the shores, while the rest were evidently troubled in mind, and preparing to retreat to some warmer country. And thus, when overtaken by the cold in their summer residences, many die in their holes or on the water, and some are found in a state bordering on torpidity. Mr. Audubon discovered a new species at the south, resembling our bank swallow so much as to be confounded with it at first sight, but, when examined, obviously different from it in some particulars of form and markings. The violet-green, a new species and more beautiful than any other known, is described by Mr. Nuttall, who met with it in the table-land of the Rocky Mountains, where it seemed to occupy the deserted nests of the Cliff swallows, instead of building new ones of its own. From Dr. Townsend, we learn, that the Cliff swallow, near Columbia River, attaches its nest to the trunks of trees ; and Mr. Audubon assures us, that he has seen nests of barn swallows in chimneys, and on the sides of wells. If so, it shows that we can rely but little on habits of this kind in distinguishing one species from another.

The closing volume of the "Biography" appeared in the early part of the last year ; and it must have been with various and uncertain feelings, that the author saw his labors drawing to an end. On the one hand, he was sure that he had raised an imperishable monument to commemorate his own renown ; all the anxieties and fears which overshadowed the commencement of the enterprise had passed away ; the prophecies of his kind but overprudent friends, who did not understand his self-sustaining energy, had all been proved untrue ; the malicious hopes of his enemies, — for even the gentle lover of nature has enemies, — had been disappointed ; he had secured a commanding place in the respect and gratitude of men ; like the traveller, reaching his home, after a long and difficult journey, he had secured a treasure of rich and glowing recollections, to warm his own heart in his declining years, and to kindle enthusiasm in his children's children. But, on the other hand, he had parted from an enterprise which for years had formed the subject of his thoughts by day and of his dreams by night ; he had lost the employment which had kept all his powers of body and mind in healthy though intense exertion ; whatever works he might afterwards engage in, the great work of his intellectual life was finished ; he was no more to hear the woodthrush singing its matin song above him as he waked from his bed in the forest, nor to see the silver water-bird diving before the ripple of his light canoe. Surely, it must have been with a strange mixture of feelings that he could say, that his great warfare was accomplished ; and his trumpet of victory at the result must have given an uncertain sound, partly exulting in his success, and partly lamenting that his great work was finished.

Feeling, as well he may, that he has done his part in the service of science, he now recommends to others to pursue the same course, assuring them that, after all which has been accomplished, much yet remains to do. Since Wilson's work was completed by the addition of the ninth volume, the number of American birds known to science has doubled. From the suggestions of Dr. Townsend, and other bold adventurers, who have explored the northwestern regions, there is reason to suppose that every diligent observer will find something to add to the list ; Captain Ross and Captain Back both say, that they saw curious birds, which had not been described, and which they were unable to secure. Mr. Audubon says, that he has had the same experience in Labrador, Newfoundland, and even in the inhabited portions of the United States. New discoveries are constantly made in the most familiar places ; witness the Hudson's Bay titmouse, which Mr. Greene has found in Brookline, and the amount of information furnished to the work before us by Dr. Brewer, of Boston. Such being the encouragement, (and it is not necessary to speak of the attraction of the pursuit,) there can be no doubt, that the path will be trodden by many enterprising feet. Many could be named in this vicinity, who are giving an earnest and judicious attention to the subject where their time is employed with other labors, and their advantages for the study are but few, and who nevertheless are adding to our knowledge, by their watchful observations, with a zeal and intelligence worthy of all praise. The advice which Mr. Audubon gives to any who resolve to tread the path where he has gone before them, illustrates his own character and ways of proceeding. It is to leave nothing to memory ; in some things it may be safely trusted, but not in these observations. They must be carefully written down with *ink*, and not with the treacherous pencil. If the adventurer should traverse hundreds of miles, searching all the woods, barrens, shores, and marshes, he must not permit himself to be vexed with his ill success ; for sometimes, after days and even weeks of unrewarded labor, one may enter a grove, or come upon a pond, or find his way through the tall grass of the prairie, and there have at once before him what he most desires to see. He imagines one of these wayfarers on the side of the Rocky Mountains, alone with Nature, surrounded by turrets of stone, shooting up all about him to the skies. His trusty gun has brought down a pheasant ; the demands of science are first to be answered. He takes an exact measurement of all its parts, and notes down a short description, which is read twice over, in order to correct errors and supply what is wanting. The skin is then taken off with care ; but, instead of listening to what hunger has to say, he follows Mr. Macgillivray's directions, and examines the internal organs with even more care than the outward markings. This done, he feels at liberty to think of his own wants, which begin to be somewhat clamorous ; and, after broiling the bird on a fire kindled with his fowling-piece, he washes it down with Nature's own champaign from the neighbouring brook, which satisfies his thirst, and leaves no aching head. Then he lies down, like Jacob in the wilderness, with a stone for his pillow, but dreams neither of earth, nor of heaven, nor of the ladder that connects the two. In the morning, he packs his bird-skin, rolls up his drawing, and goes on his way rejoicing ; sometimes with success, sometimes without it, but always satisfied that the pursuit itself, like virtue, is its own sufficient reward.

In this volume, Mr. Audubon gives an account of a short excursion to the Highlands of Scotland, in company with his friend Macgillivray, which is interesting, though not connected with the case in hand ; interesting because it is characteristic, showing how he, after his education in the American wilderness, was affected by scenery which resembles it in wildness, though not in power. This is what interests us in every well-written tour; the more we know of the writer, the more does it engage us; because we are able, from a comparison of ourselves with him, to know how we should be affected in the places which he visited, and with the scenes before us which he saw. Mr. Audubon took passage at Edinburgh in a small steam-boat bound for Stirling. The skies were clear and serene, the waters were alive with shoals of fish, the gulls keeping watch above them; the cormorants stood pondering on the rocks, and the guillemots and auks dived or flew away as the boat approached them. The steam-boat was deliberate enough for a passage-boat, but it went too fast for him, and he solemnly resolved, that, if ever he visited the Highlands again, it should be on foot, "since no man, with nerve and will, and an admirer of the beauties of nature, can ever truly enjoy the beauties of travelling unless he proceed in that manner."

After passing the night at Callender, his nature speaks again. "If travellers are sluggards, I pity them in my heart; for, depend upon it, nature is never more beautiful, than when she bathes herself in the morn in her own dewy waters." The meadows, though it was autumn, were yet green, the hills purpled with heather, and, as the sun's rays dispelled the mist that lingered on the summits of the mountains, he thought he had never beheld scenery that interested him more. But his own pursuits recur to him, and he says, "Had we dog, and gun, and privilege to shoot, we might strike perhaps a grouse, perhaps a black-cock." But the roar of a cataract comes upon his ear; the stream, descending into the ravine, is on its way to the river below. He descends the rocky pass, steps over a crazy bridge, reaches the projecting angle of a rock, and gazes upon the scene. He had seen hundreds of streams equally turbulent; but none so curiously confined in its rocky banks, nor so abrupt in its various falls. He thought of the retreat it must have afforded to the Celts in their wars with their Saxon neighbours, but was powerfully reminded of similar natural fortresses belonging to our own sons of the forest, where they are not yet dislodged by the avarice of those, who,

— *lucus a non lucendo*, — so fantastically denominate themselves civilized men.

When he came to the Trosachs, so renowned in Scottish minstrelsy, he was regaled, at the inn, with the sight of many who had come from various parts of the three kingdoms, either to enjoy the scenery, or to be able to say that they had been there. This intelligent party were smoking their cigars, and prating about the merits of their wines, evidently regarding their dinner as the most important concern of life. It never occurred to him, that this was a trait of national character ; he was too much a man of sense, to run from slender premises into rash and sweeping conclusions. But, the male and female wiseacres from abroad who bless our country with their presence, if they find a few such examples in the neighbourhood of romantic scenery, are ready to die in the faith, that Americans are no lovers of nature, and that it was a strange oversight to place Niagara in a land so tasteless as ours. He remarks, that the crags of the Trosachs did not affect him so powerfully, covered with verdure, as if they had been bare ; not because they were not grand in themselves, but because he had been accustomed to vast forests and majestic trees at home.

But we cannot follow him in his tour, and will only express the hope, that he will hereafter find some opportunity to give the world more of his fresh and bold descriptions of what he has seen in his various wanderings. We have much already in his episodes ; but there must be hundreds of passages more, of equal, perhaps greater interest, to readers, if not to him. We find, in tales of common experience, that the most homely description of humble life takes stronger hold of the feelings, than the most ambitious imaginations ; so there are many things which travellers pass over, because they are familiar ; and yet, if they could but be persuaded of it, these are the very things, which the reader is most desirous to know. Portraits, too, like that of Bewick, might be added, without any violation of propriety ; for, while coxcombs, male and female too, if such a thing may be, can hardly tread upon that ground without offending, there is no danger, that a modest, sensible, and well-bred man, shall wound the feelings of any, or make it necessary for the hospitable to close their doors.

The first three birds described in the fifth volume, are different kinds of troopial, lately discovered in the West. The first, the red and white-winged troopial, *Icterus tricolor*, was found by Mr. Nuttall in Upper California, where it is very abundant round Santa Barbara, in the month of April. It bears a strong resemblance to our red-wing in its notes and general appearance, but the bill is more slender, the tail is even, not rounded, and the red on the wing is carmine, edged with white, instead of scarlet, edged with pale yellow, as in the other. They move about in large, whirling flocks, with great noise, feeding principally on the larvæ of blow-flies, which are found in the offal of cattle, killed near the town for the sake of their hides. The yellow-headed troopial (*Icterus xantho-cephalus*), which was discovered by the naturalists of Major Long's expedition, is also described. It was found by Mr. Nuttall, around the Kansa (*Texan*) agency, in company with the cow-bird, not knowing, perhaps, that the proverb, *Noscitur ex sociis*, will apply to birds as well as men. It has no note, that can be called a song, but, as it thrusts its bill into the ground, in search of insects, makes a chuckling sound, tapering off into a squeak, inferior in melody even to the cow-bird's. Another troopial, called Bullock's (*Icterus Bullockii*), is found in the same localities with the last. It resembles our beautiful Baltimore in many respects, building its nest in the same manner, but not comparing with it in clearness and power of song. Dr. Townsend found it in the black hills and the forests of Columbia River. Mr. Audubon notices the points of resemblance between some of the grakles and troopials. The crow-blackbirds and red-wings, together with the cow-birds, move about in flocks, where they may have the benefit of man's agricultural labors. All are incessant talkers, with notes more chattering than musical ; and, though their bills differ in shape, their food is the same. This running of different kinds into each other shows how necessary, and, at the same time, how difficult it is, to depend on common classification.

The present volume extends our acquaintance among the finches, and one of them, resembling our beautiful fox-colored sparrow, is very properly named *Fringilla Townsendi*, in honor of him to whose enterprise we are indebted for the discovery. He found it numerous in the plains of the Colorado of the West, in the Rocky Mountains. It is a very active and shy bird, keeping constantly in the low bushes on the ground. Its voice is a sharp, quick chirp, and occasionally a low, weak warble. Dr. Townsend and Mr. Nuttall also discovered *F. bicolor*, a sort of cousin of our bob-o-link, on the plains of the Platte, where it feeds on the ground, in the same manner with our grass-finch, to which it is somewhat allied. While the flocks are feeding, the males are seen to rise suddenly to a great height in the air, and, hovering there with their wings in rapid motion, they sing a number of very sweet and animated notes, after which, they immediately resume their places on the ground. Mr. Nuttall thinks it the sweetest minstrel of the prairie, the whole employment of the tame and unsuspicious parties being to rival each other in song. Dr. Townsend discovered a relation of our common snowbird in the woods of the Columbia; but, unlike ours, always keeping in the depth of the forest, and never coming out in the fields or way-sides. Its song was not heard at that season, nor were the naturalists able to procure its nest, eggs, or young. They gave it the name of *F. Oregona*, from the region where it dwells. They also found a finch, *F. arctica*, resembling our common ground-robin, which was first described by Mr. Swainson, in the "Fauna Boreali-Americana." They found it entirely confined to the western side of the Rocky Mountains. It is more timid than our species, and, instead of the double note *pee-wink*, it mews like the cat-bird. In its partiality for the ground, its nest, and many of its habits, it strongly resembles ours. A single specimen of a green-tailed sparrow, *F. chlorura*, was found by Dr. Townsend; but it was young, and the plumage not fully developed; of its habits, he learned nothing. Beside these new species, much has been added to our acquaintance with the habits of those already known.

In his account of the Louisiana Hawk, *Falco Harrisii*, so called for his friend, Edward Harris, Esquire, Mr. Audubon introduces some curious and valuable remarks upon the flight of birds, which is generally so characteristic, that as far as he can see them, he can distinguish them by their motion. It is generally supposed, that their rapidity is in proportion to the length of their wings; but this, he says, is an error. Their swiftness depends not upon the size or shape of the wings, but on the force and muscular energy with which they move them. Thus the carrion vulture, though its wings are large, is heavy and ungraceful in its motions. The Golden Eagle, which is always considered powerful in its flight, and sustains itself long on the wing, he says is rather unmanageable and slow, seldom giving chase to its prey, but rather falling upon it, with its wings partially closed, in such a manner as to produce a rushing sound, which alarms and paralyzes its victim. The red-tailed hawk comes under a similar description ; so also the black warrior, the broad-winged hawk, the red-shouldered, the common buzzard, and the rough-legged falcon, instead of being the swift destroyers they are commonly imagined, are rather indolent in their habits, and live not by overtaking and running down, but by swooping and pouncing upon, their prey. Another description of the rapacious birds are those, which have wings longer and almost equally powerful, but are aided by long and forked tails, in guiding their flight. Such are the swallow-tailed and the black-shouldered hawks, and the Mississippi kite, whose motion is protracted, strong, and flowing ; these have not the power of swooping, but procure their prey by gliding through the air in broad curves, not disdaining to secure such insects as they encounter in their passage through the air. The marsh hawk somewhat resembles the latter class, having large wings and tail, but depends on surprising or steadily watching its prey. The swiftest of the hawks are the goshawk, Cooper's hawk, the pigeon and sharp-shinned, which, with wings short, and somewhat rounded, but long bodies and tails, secure their prey by active pursuit upon the wing, dashing wildly through the air, like arrows, and striking their victim, with sure effect, to the ground. They are probably aided by their feet in directing their motion ; but, at any rate, they are the most rapid and ferocious of the race to which they belong.

The peregrine falcon and gyrfalcon, with the sparrow and pigeon hawks, have wings rather broad and pointed, with long, firm, and elastic tails. In flying, they move with strong and quick-succeeding strokes, so that they can overtake most birds in the pursuit, while they have also the power of pouncing, like eagles, on their prey. Their vigor of flight leads them to extensive migrations. Unlike the others, which seldom go far from their birthplace, these pursue their prey over a vast extent of country.

The birds of prey most strikingly distinguished from the rest, are the bird of Washington, the bald eagle, and the fish-hawk. The latter balances itself on its wings over the water, and, when it marks its victim, either glides or plunges upon it, generally, though not always, with success. The bird of Washington glides over its prey and secures it like the gulls. The bald eagle, not confined to fish, like the former, secures it sometimes by robbing the fish-hawk, sometimes by wading, and varies its fare by destroying small quadrupeds and other birds.

From this volume we learn, that our own sweet blue-bird has relatives in those parts of America, which have hitherto been little explored. Its own range is not small; Dr. Townsend found it at the head waters of the Missouri, though it has not yet been seen on the west of the Rocky Mountains. Dr. Richardson traced it as far as the 48th parallel of latitude, where it disappeared, and Mr. Audubon himself found it breeding in Texas, where it abounds. The arctic blue-bird, *Sylvia arctica*, was found by Dr. Richardson in the fur countries, and Mr. Nuttall and Dr. Townsend encountered it on the Platte and Columbia rivers. It resembles the common species in color and note, but is more shy, with a less powerful song. It is distinguished from it by its breast of greenish blue, and its longer and more pointed wings. Another, called the western blue-bird (*Sylvia occidentalis*), was discovered by Dr. Townsend, nearly resembling both the others, except in its having a chestnut band across the back, with the throat blue, but the fore part of the breast red. The song of the latter is more varied, sweet, and expressive than that of ours, but it has the same gentle and affectionate disposition to its own. The nest of the arctic blue-bird was found in a cliff of the Sandy River, a branch of the Colorado of the West. The western builds in the knot-holes of the oaks, in California and other places, where it abounds.

A considerable addition has been made to the number of our warblers, to whose sweet strains we are indebted for so much of the loveliness of spring and summer ; but it is a little singular, that, after all Mr. Audubon's researches, some, of which single specimens only were known to Wilson, remain represented by single specimens still. Such are the carbonated and the blue mountain warbler, which last was found near the range from which its name is derived. Others have grown common in places where they were formerly rare. Swainson's warbler, which was once scarce in South Carolina, where it was discovered by Dr. Bachman, was lately found by Mr. Samuel Cabot, Jr., in the vicinity of Boston. The same is true of other species. For a long time, Mr. Audubon saw only single specimens of Bewick's wren and Stenslow's bunting ; but now the former is common on the Virginian mountains, and the latter in New Jersey, as well as more southern States. The Pipirie fly-catcher was not known to exist eastward of the Floridas, till Mr. Audubon had found it there ; but now it breeds within the city of Charleston. Traill's fly-catcher, which Mr. Audubon discovered on the Arkansas, is now known to abound near the Columbia River. Dr. Brewer has supplied information concerning various birds, which have lately made their residence in Massachusetts, and which formerly were thought always to keep at a great distance from its bounds.

One of the warblers in question has been named in honor of Mr. Audubon, or, to speak more properly, has been honored with his name. *Sylvia Auduboni* was found by Dr. Townsend near the Columbia River, where it remains from the middle of March to the last of June, and again appears in October. Its note resembles that of our familiar yellow-bird, and breathes life into the dreary wilds of the Oregon, when it comes in the train of spring. In its markings, it is so like the myrtle-bird, that it is difficult to know them apart. Another species, resembling the mourning warbler, bears the name of Macgillivray (*S. Macgillivraii*). It is common in the woods and plains of the Columbia, where its haunts, like those of the Maryland yellow-throat, are in low and shady bushes. Another of Dr. Townsend's discoveries bears the name of Delafield (*S. Delafieldii*), also resembling the one just mentioned ; it was a young yellow-throat of this species, to which Mr. Audubon gave the name of Roscoe. There is yet another, which resembles the black and white warbler in colors, though in other respects it is like the yellow-crowned and Audubon's. To this, the discoverer, Dr. Townsend, has given the name of black-throated grey warbler (*S. nigrescens*) ; it remains till winter in the forests of the Columbia, where it breeds. Its song is delicate, but monotonous.

The list of our woodpeckers is greatly extended by this volume, and much information supplied concerning those, which were formerly known. All our knowledge of the red-cockaded, *Picus querulus*, was compressed, by Nuttall, in five lines of his work ; of this, Mr. Audubon has given an ample description. He was fortunate enough to secure two males in Louisiana, which resisted his attempts to seize them, and, when they were confined in his hat, hid their heads if he looked at them, as if ashamed of their bondage. One died before he reached the house ; and, as the other could procure no food, he let it go. In its wild state, it fed not only on insects, but on fruits and seeds. In winter, he has seen several of them enter a hole at evening, where they probably spent the night ; in rainy weather, they do the same at various hours of the day. He tells us, that there is a species, which he calls the Canadian (*Picus Canadensis*), confounded with the hairy woodpecker ; the difference never has been suspected, though the new species is considerably larger than the other. He first became aware of the difference in the State of Maine, where it abounded near the woods, roads, and farms, often resorting, like the log-cock, to decaying logs, in search of food. Its motions are heavier than those of *Picus villosus*, and accompanied with a rustling sound of the wings ; its notes are much louder and more shrill ; but the principal difference is in size, the length of this one being an inch and a half, and the extent two inches and a half, greater than those of the other. The pileated woodpecker, which is found in our younger settlements, is ascertained to inhabit the Oregon Territory, Texas, and probably all the region between. At Galveston Island he saw one tapping against the roof of a house, a most unusual familiarity in one of our wildest birds. In winter, he has seen it with its head out of its hole, as if speculating upon the weather, and considering how long the season was likely to last. He tells us, that a nest of one of the golden-winged woodpeckers (*P. auratus*) was taken by Mr. McCulloch, of Nova Scotia, which contained eighteen young birds, beside three eggs, more than three times the number, which they have ever before been known to lay.

Of the newly discovered birds of this species, *Picus Auduboni* is one, so called by Dr. James Trudeau, who first encountered it in a wood, not far from New Orleans. His attention was struck by an unusual note, and, after some difficulty, he succeeded in getting possession of the bird from which it proceeded. He found it to resemble the hairy and downy woodpeckers, being in size intermediate between the two. Another, nearly resembling the downy woodpecker in form and color, bears the name of *Gairdner's* (*P. Gairdnerii*) ; he does not say by whom it was named, nor where it is found. He has named one, discovered by Dr. Townsend, near Columbia River, after Mr. Harris, to whose friendship he acknowledges himself deeply indebted. A specimen of great beauty, found by Mr. Nuttall, in Massachusetts, bears the name of *P. Phillipsii*, after Benjamin Phillips, Esquire. He has also complimented his friend, Miss Martin, who is often honorably mentioned in his volumes, by calling one, which was found near Toronto, Maria's woodpecker (*P. Mariæ*).

A splendid bird of the West, is called the Imperial (*P. imperialis*) ; it was shot by Dr. Townsend, who succeeded in bringing it to the ground, but was not able to secure it, because pursued by Indians, and left behind by his impatient party ; but it was described by Mr. Gould, who found it in California. It exceeds the ivory-billed in size, and, from his account of it, must be a powerful and noble bird. Near Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia River, Dr. Townsend observed a woodpecker, which was black, with a large red space between the shoulders. It was flitting about among the pines, very shy, and sending out a guttural sound, which was new to him. After pursuing it a while, he shot it, and it fell apparently dead ; but it came down in tangled bushes, and, while he was gone to the fort for a large knife to clear a way to it, it escaped, and he never saw another. He procured some specimens of the red-breasted (*P. ruber*) of Gmelin, and *flaviventris* of Vicillot, but did not succeed in obtaining much information concerning its habits. The red-shafted (*P. Mexicanus*), first described by Mr. Swainson, was often seen west of the Rocky Mountains ; but it is so similar in habits to our golden-winged, that it hardly needs any description. Mr. Audubon has also given a drawing and description of a three-toed woodpecker (*P. hirsutus*), which resembles the Canadian, and was confounded with *P. tridactylus*, till the difference was pointed out by Mr. Swainson. It is the most common species north of the Great Slave Lake, and is found in all the spruce-fir forests between Lake Superior and the Arctic Sea.

The new fly-catcher, first described in the "Fauna Boreali-Americana," where it is called *Tyrannula pusilla*, is here called *Muscicapa pusilla*, with information concerning it supplied by the indefatigable Nuttall. Dr. Richardson saw it at Carlton House in May; Mr. Nuttall found it on Wapatoo Island, formed by the junction of the Multnomah with the Columbia River. Mr. Audubon, however, has himself been acquainted with it in Labrador and Newfoundland, where it resorts to the haunts of insects, and, like our fly-catchers, takes its station on a branch, or twig, for the sake of watching their motions. He found a nest between two small twigs of a low bush, containing eggs, that he would have mistaken for those of the redstart, if he had not seen the owner. The Rocky Mountain fly-catcher (*M. nigricans*), described by Mr. Swainson among the birds of Mexico, was also found in California by Mr. Nuttall; but concerning its habits and peculiarities very little was known. On the coast of Labrador, Mr. Audubon found the short-legged pewee (*M. Richardsonii*); it resembles our common pewee so much, that it is not distinguished from it on a careless view. He observed a difference in certain of its habits, but was not struck with it, because the ways of common birds often vary, to suit a change of circumstances and situation; but, on examination, he found, that the nest of this species was always placed on a bush, suspended between the forks of two twigs, and its eggs, instead of being white, were spotted with brown upon a bluish ground.

Some addition has been made to the gloomy family of owls. Mr. Audubon shot one at Green Bay, about the size of the Acadian, but unfortunately lost both the drawing and the description; from its most obvious peculiarity of appearance, he named it the fork-tailed owl (*Strix forficata*). He also furnishes a drawing of the little night-owl (*Strix passerina*) of Gmelin, from a specimen sent to him from Nova Scotia. Dr. Townsend supplied him with another, called the little Columbian (*S. passerinoides*); he had previously seen it in the Edinburgh Museum, to which it was brought from Fort Vancouver.

Mr. Audubon and Dr. Bachman have both seen a hawk, repeatedly, in South Carolina, which they are not able to describe, because they have not procured a specimen. It is remarkable for the great breadth of its wings. The color is brown, except the tail, which is barred with white. He complains, that the red-tailed hawk is unfortunately named *F. borealis*, since it is rare in northern regions, and quite abundant in the southern ; he probably speaks comparatively, for in Massachusetts it is not uncommon in the depth of our woods. It now appears, that the bird to which he gave the name of little corporal (*Falco temerarius*), is the young of the pigeon-hawk, and was mistaken for a distinct species, on account of the difference of color and the great inferiority of size. The black warrior, which was at first questioned, is now admitted to be a distinct species ; but Stanley's hawk is acknowledged to belong to the same species with that called Cooper's hawk by Bonaparte, who became first acquainted with it from Mr. Audubon's drawing. In his account of the rough-legged falcon, he makes some interesting remarks respecting the migration of birds. He had, like others, observed, that young birds, reared in high latitudes, seemed disposed to go further South than their parents, in order to secure climates suited to their tender age. The old birds of some species, after they have acquired full firmness and strength, never leave the countries in which they have fixed their residence ; the old gyrfalcon seldom goes further South than Labrador, and its young are contented with the genial warmth of the winter of Maine. The old peregrine falcon goes as far South as Carolina, while its more effeminate young spend the winter in South America. He thinks it established, that the young of all those, which, in mature age, breed in the far North, will be found to remain, for the same purpose, at a greater or less distance from their own birthplace, according to their strength and age. Therefore the young of the gyrfalcon will breed in Labrador more than the adult, which is able to go to more northern regions. The same might be expected of the peregrine falcon ; and accordingly, he found the young birds of this species further South than the old ones ; very few of those patriarchs had stopped in Labrador, while it was not unusual to meet with the nests and young of more youthful housekeepers. In France, and the south of England, he has observed, that the nightingales heard in late and cold springs are the best singers, whereas, in mild seasons, there was a great variety in the richness of their song. It was explained by supposing, that only a few young birds appeared in cold seasons, the greater proportion remaining to breed in warmer countries. Should these remarks prove correct, it will explain why the old rough-legged falcon should never have been found in the south of Europe or America.

Mr. Audubon has also made general observations with respect to the colors of the plumage in birds of different ages, which, if confirmed by observation, may prevent our mistaking the same bird, at different periods of life, for two of distinct species, an error into which ornithologists have often fallen. As to the rough-legged falcon, he says, that the younger birds will be found of lighter tints than the old, and that these tints become, as is always the case, stronger and more decided, as they advance in age. In the hawk family, the younger the bird, the lighter are its markings, and when they either gain or lose bands on the tail, the prevailing color, whether barred or not, becomes firmer and clearer. The colors of an old bird may be either lighter or darker than those of the young, till the young have acquired their full plumage ; still the difference spoken of will appear ; the young of light-colored birds are generally of a different character, that is, darker, — while, in cases where the adult is dark-colored, the young are more nearly like their seniors. He has observed, that, in birds which are able to reach high latitudes for the purpose of breeding, the coloring is superior to that of others, which could not go so far.

We have here presented to us some new species of tern, one of which, shot by Mr. Audubon, near New Orleans, he has called Havell's (*Sterna Havelli*), in compliment to his engraver, who, he says, deserves it better than many to whom such honors have been paid. Trudeau's tern (*S. Trudeaui*) was procured at Great Egg Harbour, in New Jersey, by the gentleman whose name it bears. Mr. Audubon says, that, having taken several specimens of the marsh tern of America, and compared them with the gull-billed tern of Colonel Montagu's collection in the British Museum, which was procured in the South of England, there was no doubt of the identity of the two. The latter is said to resort, from preference, to lakes, marshes, and rivers ; and our tern, as its name denotes, rejoices in marshes likes those at the mouth of the Mississippi, where it arrives in spring, from Texas, flying over the borders of the sea. Their flight is very graceful ; they swim lightly, but not fast, and, when taken, only attempt to bite the hand without trying to escape by diving. They live wholly on insects, and never on strand birds and their eggs. Sometimes they are beaten and pursued by the king-birds and martins, whose foraging ground they have happened to invade. If the male was killed by the gunner, the female would simply take warning and move out of the reach of shot ; but if the female dropped, the male, more chivalrous, would fly immediately to aid her escape, with so much indifference to his own exposure, that there was no difficulty in bringing him down.

Among the many valuable notices furnished to this work by Dr. Thomas M. Brewer, the suggestion respecting the song-sparrow has peculiar interest, the bird being one of the sweetest heralds of the spring. He is persuaded that two distinct species are confounded under this name, one of which was figured by Wilson, the other and the more common, by Mr. Audubon. The former has its breast spotted, all over, while that of the other is less so, except in the centre, where the spots run together into a star. The former builds in bushes or trees, the other always on the ground ; and, while the one chooses for this purpose orchards or pastures at a distance from habitations, the other comes familiarly into gardens and enclosures, as if to put itself under the protection of man.

Mr. Audubon has thus completed a work, of which the country has reason to be proud ; and the spirit of adventure which he has manifested in undertaking, and the iron perseverance with which he has carried it through, have been rewarded, so far as fame can repay him, with the success which they well deserve. He is of such an age, that we may hope for many advances in his favorite science yet to be made by his energetic and inquiring mind ; meantime he has called forth many others by his spirit and example, who will follow out his researches with that enthusiastic interest which the study is sure to inspire. No one can pay the least attention to it without being led, almost unconsciously, onward ; and, though it is not given to all to be distinguished ornithologists, they may become lovers of nature, and thus secure to themselves a perpetual source of improvement and delight.

It is understood that Mr. Audubon is now engaged in preparing an edition of his work with illustrations reduced in size, the price being lessened in the same proportion. As taste and wealth are not always united, there are doubtless many who were utterly unable to possess the former magnificent work, but who would go to the full extent of their means for the sake of having a faithful representation of the birds which he has taught them to admire. There is no work of the kind now within their reach. Wilson's reputation will depend, not upon his drawings, but his eloquent descriptions, while his successor manages the pencil and the pen with equal spirit and power. The times, indeed, are not propitious to such enterprises ; but we rejoice to hear, that subscribers are not wanting ; and they need not be assured, that, if they themselves reap no benefit from their investment, their children will learn to observe, to examine, and to love those works of nature, all of which awaken moral and religious feelings ; so that the same process will refine the taste, enlighten the mind, and purify the heart.

ART. V. — *The Works of* LORD CHESTERFIELD, *including his Letters to his Son, &c. To which is prefixed, an Original* Life of the Author.* First complete* American Edition. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1838. One volume, 8vo. pp. lxxviii and 647.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S name is intimately connected with the subject of private education and the formation of manners ; and in many minds it is identified with hypocrisy, worldliness, and libertinism. These we suppose are his present distinctions, and the chief points for which he will be remembered. His brilliant accomplishments as a courtier and companion, his skill in diplomacy, his refined eloquence, his liberal views and independent course as a statesman, his popularity as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, have passed from the minds of men. They occupy but a small place in general history, and there was nothing in his character or course of life to give them importance beyond the day, merely on account of himself. As a patron of literary men, which he certainly was, he might have promised himself a distant and honorable fame in the writings of poets and historians, whom he had assisted or courted ; and yet his connexion with authors would now be scarcely known, but for Johnson's celebrated letter, resenting the Earl's tardy recommendation of the English Dictionary, and some previous supposed slight of the author's application for his favor. Still further, Chesterfield would be scarcely known now as an author (in the usual sense of the term), had not Johnson, in the same letter, designated two papers in " The World," in which his Lordship recommended the forthcoming Dictionary to the public.

---

* The title-page of this work may mislead the reader on two points. First, the Life is not *original*, since it consists mainly of selections in the very words, from Dr. Maty's Life of Chesterfield ; and, secondly, the Edition is not *complete*, as it does not include the Correspondence and Miscellanies, which follow Dr. Maty's Memoir and fill two volumes. Perhaps the word "American" was intended to modify the meaning of the word "complete," so that it might be better adapted to our republications of foreign works.

And it must be owned that Chesterfield himself, if we may take his word, made no pretension to a literary name. He writes thus on the subject, to Dr. Madden, in 1748, when he was past fifty and living in retirement, and apparently quite competent to give a fair opinion in his own case.

> " The few light, trifling things that I have accidentally scribbled in my youth, in the cheerfulness of company, or sometimes, it may be, inspired by wine, do by no means entitle me to the compliments which you make me as an author ; and my own vanity is so far from deceiving me upon that subject, that I repent of what I have shown, and only value myself upon what I have had the prudence to burn."—*Miscellaneous Works,* (*Dublin,* 1777,) Vol. I. p. 330.

And, again, in his sixtieth year he writes to his friend Dayrolles ;

> " I will confess to you, that I often scribble. What will finally come of it, I do not know ; nothing, I am sure, that shall appear while I am alive, except by chance some short, trifling essays, like the Spectators, upon some new folly or absurdity that may happen to strike me, as I have now and then

helped Mr. Fitz-Adam in his weekly paper called "The World."—*Ibid.* Vol. III. p. 257.

He seems at this period to have contemplated writing historical tracts of his own time, but he had little hope that he should accomplish any thing. His health was broken, long before the weight of years alone would account for his withdrawing from public business and remitting his literary projects. And, though he lived to nearly fourscore, yet for the last twenty-five years of his life, the care of his health, and contrivances for resisting the languor and depression of vertigo and deafness, allowed but brief intervals of repose for mental effort, and little of that "flow of active spirits," he says, "which is so necessary to enable one to do any thing well." Accordingly, we do not find that he left any thing at his death for the printer, and he probably had no thought of posthumous renown for any thing he had written.

The Correspondence on which his fame rests, was published by others, as they could collect it, and probably comprises but a small part of his letters. We are not aware, that he left any directions on the subject, or had any hand in making the collection ; and there is good reason to suppose, that he rarely made copies. As he says, that he never rewrote a letter, we presume that we have his most familiar correspondence in the first draught ; and there is no cause to regret this. Probably, in point of literary excellence, it would have been the worse for retouching ; and, in point of trustworthiness, the difference is great, let the writer be ever so honest, between the first unpremeditated expression, and the carefully corrected and guarded copy which is offered to the general reader. Dr. Maty wishes, that the Earl had lived to publish his letters to his son, as he might then have had an opportunity of expunging some obnoxious passages. The Editor, though a lady, felt no scruples on the subject ; and it might have been difficult for any one, not excepting Chesterfield, to heal a general, lurking disease, by removing eruptions. Dr. Maty's apology is worth something, if intended to screen the Earl from the charge of a deliberate purpose to corrupt the whole body of English youth ; but when he calls the obnoxious passages "transient errors, confined to a period of three or four years," the period may seem pretty long to instill poison into a young mind ; and the Earl's character will gain little by the apology, when it is considered that the vicious passages were addressed to his own child.

The recent publication of Chesterfield's Letters, in this country, has led us to inquire into his history and writings, with more curiosity than we had ever felt on either subject. We had heard of him in our youth as the great master of manners, the lawgiver and authority on all points of exterior propriety. The name alone, when uttered in a tone of warning, conveyed a censure of all rudeness, and hinted every thing that became a well-bred man. We had read in our school-books several of his excellent letters on good behaviour, and in due time we had learned, that he who could condescend to a boy's civilization, was a peer of England, who had declined a pension and dukedom, and a minister of state, who had retired of his own accord. We might have suspected, and with safety, that much of the sententious wisdom which we had listened to from our elders, was a repetition of the practical sayings of one whom we had regarded, with trembling, as our master of ceremonies. The teacher of accomplishments was also a sage. There was an oracle among the Graces. There can be no doubt of his authority with two generations at least, both here and in Europe, whatever it may be now. The character of his influence we will consider hereafter.

We have spoken of him as indebted for his literary name to the accident that a part of his correspondence was preserved. He was by choice, and upon system, a man of business, of pleasure, and of the world. At the age of nineteen, after passing two years at Cambridge, he set out upon his travels, alone. The custom of gross pleasures at the University, he had deemed a proper accomplishment for an English gentleman; and during his first absence from home he seems not to have wholly freed himself from this rude prejudice. It was at a little later period, that he conceived his idea of a perfectly refined man, and learned to despise his coarse, awkward countrymen, of what rank soever, who herded together for company in foreign states, and sought their pleasures, as at home, in the lowest haunts of vice.

Upon the accession of George the First, he went into the House of Commons and made his first speech in support of the new government. He was yet under twenty-one, and it is said, that, to avoid the penalty of taking a seat in the House before the legal age, he went a second time to Paris. And here begins his noviciate as a man of fashion, or what he would call a pretty gentleman, one of those "pretty fellows," for whom we have devised another name. This training, however, is part of his system for moulding a man of action. He had no idea of becoming a beau or coxcomb for the sake of the accomplishment. His fine gentleman is to be a man of power in the highest callings of active life. When he has acquired all learning, and necessarily a great deal of rust with it, he must mix with those who are experienced in high life, that he may obtain the full use of his possessions. The whole body must be taught to serve the mind, and never be in its way; a noble doctrine, according to the object. He gives his son an account of his embarrassment on first going into company, and the method of relief which a foreign lady adopted for him.

"I remember, that when, with all the awkwardness and rust of Cambridge about me, I was first introduced into good company, I was frightened out of my wits. I was determined to be what I thought civil; I made fine low bows, and placed myself below everybody; but when I was spoken to or attempted to speak myself, *obstupui, steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit.* If I saw people whisper, I was sure it was at me; and I thought myself the sole object of either the ridicule or the censure of the whole company, who, God knows, did not trouble their heads about me." — "If now and then some charitable people, seeing my embarrassment, and being *désœuvrés* themselves, came and spoke to me, I considered them as angels sent to comfort me, and that gave me a little courage. I got more soon afterwards, and was intrepid enough to go up to a fine woman, and tell her that I thought it a warm day. She answered me very civilly, that she thought so too; upon which the conversation ceased, on my part, for some time, till she, good-naturedly resuming it, spoke to me thus; 'I see your embarrassment, and I am sure that the few words you said to me cost you a great deal; but do not be discouraged for that reason, and avoid good company. We see that you desire to please, and that is the main point; you want only the manner, and you think you want it still more than you do. You must go through your noviciate before you can profess good-breeding; and, if you will be my novice, I will present you to my acquaintance as such.' 'As soon as I had fumbled out my answer, she called up three or four people to her, and said, 'Do you know that I have undertaken this young man, and he must be encouraged? As for me, I think I have made a conquest of him; for he just now ventured to tell me, although tremblingly, that it is warm. You will assist me in polishing him. He must necessarily have a passion for somebody; if he does not think me worthy of being the object, we will seek out some other. However, my novice, do not disgrace yourself by frequenting opera girls and actresses,' &c. The company laughed at this lecture, and I was stunned with it. I did not know whether she was serious or in jest. By turns, I was pleased, ashamed, encouraged, and dejected. But when I found afterwards, that both she, and those to whom she had presented me, countenanced and protected me in company, I gradually got more assurance, and began not to be ashamed of endeavouring to be civil. I copied the best masters, at first servilely, afterwards more freely, and at last I joined habit and invention." — *Letters to his Son*, Am. Edition, pp. 318, 319.

It might have been expected, that, after acquiring abroad all the defences and facilities which are to be derived from intercourse with the best society, he would be proof against annoyances in any shape, and able to set himself down in any place and with every sort of people, as if it were his home. But Dr. Maty was told, that his Lordship failed of making a figure in the House of Commons, because of the chagrin he suffered from one of the members, who used to make him ridiculous by mimicking his tone and action. "Possibly," adds the Doctor, "this circumstance, had he remained long in the lower House, might have deprived his country of one of its finest orators." This is almost enough to shake one's faith in the universal sufficiency of a thorough French training. But, fortunately for himself and his country, he was, upon the death of his father, removed to the House of Peers, and is now to be considered as in all respects prepared for a brilliant career as a statesman. Though a man of pleasure and fashion, he had been a close observer of the times at home and abroad. He had applied himself to the study of public law, of foreign policy, institutions, and usages, and of British interests. He had lived in the midst of able public men and orators, and no man surpassed him in the power of turning his experience to good account. He started with Whig principles of government and never deserted them;

but, whether from ambition or virtue, he held himself at liberty to be a Whig of his own sort. He resisted Walpole, till he saw the prostration of his long-held power, and was disgusted with Pulteney for wavering at the moment when he stood before the nation, as "the arbiter between the crown and the people." He would not be a slave to party names, nor defer to a great leader merely because of his position.

Chesterfield looked for power to his standing well with the people ; and his expressions of deference to the popular will would do honor to any democratic philanthropist of the present day. He takes office in despite of his sovereign's inclinations, and as if he were doing him a favor, and only glad of power as it may enable him to do more, than he could do out of place, for humanity and peace. Foreigners, whether they meet him as negotiators or companions, are delighted with this rare specimen of urbanity and polish from England. Cheerful, amiable, convivial, a perfect master of himself, his pride held in check by his prudence, his fastidiousness softened by good-nature or cloaked by art, he was accessible to all, and able to impress every sort of men favorably. There was no weakness in his courtesy or conciliation. He was decided and plain-spoken in exacting fidelity from officers in his department, and not less so in apprizing his sovereign of what he expected as a condition of his continuing in office. And, last of all, this man of refined pleasure, and literary tastes, and carefully formed by himself to the most perfect observance of artificial manners, is a hard-working man of business. When he was setting out for Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant, he chose for the office of principal secretary, one whom he calls a very genteel, pretty young fellow, but not a man of business ; and he told him on his first visit, "Sir, you will receive the emoluments of your place, but I will do the business myself, being determined to have no first minister." And hence, perhaps, his great popularity and success, in that most difficult government.

Certainly, the view here given of Chesterfield presents no argument against his system of a fine gentleman's education, so far as the faithful discharge of public office, or general fitness for any work of civil life, is concerned. There is not one mark of feebleness, indolence, or self-seeking. He is firm, energetic, honorable, fair-minded, and benevolent. And it is clear, that every man near him is aware of his presence and his power. No doubt, a great deal is still wanting to make him an object of interest. Even the changing fortunes of a public man lend no charm to his history. A baffled and disgraced statesman, driven into exile or waiting for impeachment, has sometimes obtained a place in our affections, which all the splendor, talent, and enterprise of his administration would never have secured. But Chesterfield received no heavy blow from any of his employers. He was never more active and cheerful than while in the opposition ; and when he resigns the seals and retires for ever, it is to suit himself.

"The audience, which Lord Chesterfield had of his Majesty on resigning the seals, passed in a very different way from that which he had four years before, when he took leave on setting out for his embassy. The King urged him to retain his office, and expressed his satisfaction of the manner in which he had filled it. His Lordship's answer was, that he found he could be but a useless servant, and that his honor and conscience did not permit him to continue in a post, in which he had not been suffered to do any one service to any one man ; and in which his master himself was not at liberty to distinguish those who had his service most at heart. The monarch was not offended at this freedom. He even offered to give him personal marks of his satisfaction, either by a pension or the title of duke. These offers were declined, and only one of the places at the Board of Admiralty, for his brother John Stanhope, accepted. In return, he begged leave to assure his Majesty, that though he ceased now to be in his immediate service, he would never cease to give him proofs of his respectful attachment, and, reserving to himself the liberty of giving his vote on national points as his reason should direct him, he would keep himself entirely clear of cabals and opposition."—Maty's *Life of Chesterfield*, pp. 182, 183.

Writing to Dayrolles, shortly after his resignation, he says,

"I shall now, for the first time in my life, enjoy that philosophical quiet, which, upon my word, I have long wished for. While I was able, that is, while I was young, I lived in a constant dissipation and tumult of pleasures ; the hurry and plague of business, either in or out of court, succeeded, and continued till now. And it is now time to think of the only real comforts in the latter end of life, quiet, liberty, and health. Do not think, by the way, that by quiet and retirement, I mean solitude and misanthropy ; far from it ; my philosophy, as you know, is of a cheerful and social nature. My horse, my books, and my friends will divide my time pretty equally. I shall not keep less company, but only better, for I shall choose it." — *Miscellaneous Works,* Vol. III. pp. 177, 178.

Such language is very common in the mouths of retired statesmen, but probably is not often as sincere as in the present case. So far as we can discern, Chesterfield would not suffer himself any more than another man to deceive him, nor use unmeaning commonplaces, when he was talking to a friend of his own state. Disease followed him to his retirement, and his philosophy was soon to have its trial. And it is now that for the first time we see a shade of tenderness and privacy stealing over his mind. For once, his pursuits seem to be wholly suggested by his condition, and therefore to be natural, or, at least, unforced. He is in his garden, or among his books and his friends, or corresponding with the absent, or occupied with building a house in town and furnishing it to his taste, and collecting pictures and arranging his library ; and in summer he is improving his beloved villa and grounds at Blackheath. For once, he is conversing with people as if they were private men, and had an interest in him and a beauty in themselves, unconnected with the charm of mere manners and the fascination of public office. To say, as many readers probably will do, that he has no depth of feeling, no romance, no poetry, no undefined visions of glory in the improvement of his own soul, is to say what he would have admitted as not entering into his plan or into his nature. He would not have admitted, however, nor would it have been true, that the strictest adherence to his system of manners, or devotion to affairs of state, necessarily brings to an end whatever of imagination and warmth may have belonged to the mind originally. The natural quality is not so easily destroyed, if it ever existed in any considerable strength. But he had little or none of it. He was content to accomplish what he aimed at. The object was not very high ; and he would only have been impeded by affections and desires, which naturally looked another way and far higher.

It was at this period of illness and decay, and of subdued ambition, that Johnson took offence at the Earl's superfluous patronage, and recalled an instance of his real or supposed neglect in former years, when encouragement was needed. Johnson had a right to his own view of the matter, and Boswell has given it to the public. Chesterfield, it should seem, took no notice of the indignant letter beyond reading it to his visiters, commending the style, extolling the powers of the writer, and pointing out the severest passages ; and this liberality and indifference are ascribed to duplicity. He had been a patron of Johnson, and it has been said, that he hoped to secure the dedication by publicly showing an interest in the English Dictionary on the eve of its publication. And as it is assumed, that he must have been mortified by Johnson's disdainful repulse of his commendation, what else could he do but appear magnanimous and unhurt ? Certainly, nothing else but to be so. Why should we enter so narrowly into the motives of this old man of the world, who had, for all that appears, done nothing more than a kind and seasonable act for an adventurous author ? He did not go out of his way to offer a compliment to Johnson, for he was already a contributor to "The World" ; and the style of the two papers referred to is as familiar, and the topics are sometimes as light, as those of his other essays. Probably he was glad to have so good a subject for a new article ; and felt much less disquiet about the whole affair than Johnson. He would, we believe, have given Johnson money after the letter, as cheerfully as he had done before ; and he would have done it, we believe, after the publication of the Dictionary without a dedication ; and this too would have been ascribed to duplicity. We see little, in his history, that shows sensitiveness on the score of vanity, and therefore have little reason to suspect him of practising art to conceal the torture of a wound. He probably received Johnson's taunting letter with more composure than he would have received a visit from him, with the most flattering dedication in his hand. And here, if we are allowed to entertain a not very unreasonable conjecture, we may find one mode of explaining why matters should not stand very propitiously between the parties. What contrast can we imagine more strong than between these two men at any period of their lives ? The delicacy of the one might be false, and the ungracefulness of the other was a misfortune for which he was not to blame ; but we are speaking of tastes in the choice of our society, a point on which no man should bear dictation.

The Earl would have endured Johnson, if necessary, or else he had gone to the school of manners for nothing; but he would most probably have held it a better course to avoid him. Such we may suppose to have been the relation between the parties, before Chesterfield had grown old, deaf, infirm, and humbled by slow decay, and had withdrawn to seek, within a limited circle of friends, and in a few unambitious employments, the only relief he expected but death. What must the relation have been afterwards?

Johnson was more reserved than Chesterfield about the letter, but he seems to have made up for his abstinence by assailing him on other points. He said of the "Letters to his Son," that they "taught the morals of a prostitute and the manners of a dancing master"; and there is much truth in the denunciation. But when he calls him "a wit among lords," we cannot perceive equal application in the sarcasm, if the term is used in its ordinary modern sense. It cannot be just in its contemptuous bearing upon the English peers; and, as to Chesterfield's wit, though not of the highest order, it is prompt, flowing, and graceful, and belongs to the matter, and runs in the best English of the age. It is the most natural thing about him. If a lord could relish it, we should think none the worse of him for it. Those who dislike the French, may call it French wit; those who regard him as a *petit-maître* in every thing, may call it fashionable wit. These are phrases, and they are meant for something; but the wit is very agreeable notwithstanding.

It is a practice with some to sneer at the literature of that age for its barrenness, flimsiness, and varnish. It would have been better, if the changes, which are supposed to have put us so far forward, had taught us the first and most natural lesson, which a sense of superiority in any thing should inculcate, — the lesson of humility. No portion of the past is worthless as a study, and none is unconnected with the state of things which follows. When we have passed through a few more changes, we shall begin to feel our literary connexion with the last century to be a privilege, and to inquire how we came to overlook it; how we could suppose that a modern age, which abounded with great spirits in science, theology, and the questions of political freedom, should have been meagre in elegant and popular literature. We shall begin to observe with some interest, that a system of taste and of literary propriety, partly scholastic and partly modish, had power enough then to fasten itself upon men of the highest genius, who would have been part of the glory of England in any age, and who were capable, one would think, of effecting a radical change in letters whenever they chose. We shall observe, that it was the trying time for authors, when men in power began to discourse upon settling the language, and particular writers of the day were put forward as authorities. It cannot be above the spirit of any sound philosophy to observe the workings of really powerful minds under restraints and influences like these, and how much they accomplished, and how well our language passed through the inquisition. And quite as important will it be to observe the course of some who broke loose; for, instead of returning to what is simple and true, as they would have done if instinct had not been harmed, they ran into pedantry, conceit, bombast, or vulgarity, each according to his temper, with the merit, however, that they were original in their errors, and more than atoned for them by their vigor and their example of freedom. Men should never talk contemptuously or lightly of English literature in any part of the eighteenth century.

If we have been drawn from our subject, we return to it to say, that Chesterfield was not one of the sufferers. He was thoroughly a man of the time in literature, and wore his chains like a gentleman. They were an ornament. He could not have spared them. To be clear-headed, and free from all mistakes about himself, with vivacity, shrewdness, and fancy enough for a wit, with the best society at home and abroad at his command, and a good library, — these were qualities and advantages for a man of letters, which he would prize higher than the lawless excursions and original meditations of genius.

A few personal passages from his letters will show the state of his mind in retirement, and his general estimate of himself. The first extract is from a letter to his son, in his sixty-sixth year.

"I have been settled here [Blackheath] near a week; *c'est ma place*, and I know it, which is not given to everybody. Cut off from social life by my deafness, as well as other physical ills, and being at best but the ghost of my former self, I walk here in silence and solitude as becomes a ghost; with this only difference that I walk by day, whereas, you know, to be sure, that other ghosts only appear by night. My health, however, is better than it was last year, thanks to my almost total milk diet. This enables me to vary my solitary amusements, and alternately to scribble as well as read, which I could not do last year. Thus I saunter away the remainder, be it more or less, of an agitated and active life, now reduced (and I am not sure that I am a loser by the change) to so quiet and serene a one, that it may be properly called still life." — *Letters to his Son*, p. 569.

The next year he writes to his friend, the Bishop of Waterford,

"I now read Solomon with a sort of sympathetic feeling. I have been as wicked and as vain, though not so wise as he; but am now at last wise enough to feel and attest the truth of his reflection, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. This truth is never sufficiently discovered, or felt, by mere speculation; experience in this case is necessary for conviction, though perhaps at the expense of some morality." — *Miscellaneous Works*, Vol. III. p. 361.

If in the flood-time of health and spirits, he had nothing of the moderation and tranquillity of Epicurus, the spirit of his philosophy seems to be gathering over him now.

"All the infirmities of an age, still more advanced than mine, crowd in upon me. I must bear them as well as I can; they are more or less the lot of humanity, and I have no claim to an exclusive privilege against them. In this situation, you will easily suppose that I have no very pleasant hours; but on the other hand, thank God, I have not one melancholy one; and I rather think that my philosophy increases with my infirmities. Pleasures I think of no more; let those run after them that can overtake them, but I will not hobble and halt after them in vain. My comfort and amusements must be internal; and, by good luck, I am not afraid of looking inwards. Some reading, some writing, some trifling in my garden, and some contemplation, concur in making me never less alone than when alone. But this letter runs too much into the moral essay of a *solitaire*." — *To Dayrolles*, *Ibid.* Vol. III. p. 266.

The Bishop of Waterford seems to have addressed the Earl on the subject of religion; and, from a few passages in his replies, we may learn, to some extent, how he regarded religion in its relations to himself.

"As to the letter, which you feared might have displeased me, I protest, my dear Lord, I looked upon it as the tenderest mark of your friendship; I had given occasion to it, and I expected it both from your affection and your character. Those reflections are never improper, though too often unwelcome, and consequently useless, in youth; but I am now come to a time of life both to make and receive them with satisfaction, and therefore I hope with utility. One cannot think of one's own existence, without thinking of the eternal Author of it; and one cannot consider his physical or moral attributes without some fear, though in my mind still more hope. It is true we can have no adequate notions of the attributes of a being so infinitely superior to us; but, according to the best notions which we are capable of forming of his justice and mercy, the latter, which is the comfortable scale, seems necessarily to preponderate." — *Ibid.* Vol. III. p. 339.

"I have within these few months more than once seen death very near, and when one does see it near, let the best or the worst people say what they please, it is a very serious consideration. I thank God, I saw it without very great terrors; but at the same time the divine attribute of mercy, which gives us comfort, cannot make us forget, nor ought it, his attribute of justice, which must blend some fears with our hopes." — *Ibid.* p. 359.

With this brief notice of Chesterfield, and leaving out of consideration his general abilities, and his opinions on public affairs and many other subjects, we proceed to take some notice of the only work for which he is at all popularly known, the "Letters to his Son"; and these will be considered chiefly as containing a system of manners. In a letter to his favorite Parisian correspondent, a lady of rank and accomplishments, he gives the following account of the youth, and of his purposes in regard to him.

"I have a boy who is now thirteen. I will freely own to you, that he is not a legitimate child; but his mother is a gentlewoman, and has shown a partiality for me beyond my deserts. As for the boy, I may be prejudiced in his favor, but I think him amiable. His person is pretty, he is very sprightly, and does not seem to want sense for his age. He speaks French perfectly well, knows a good deal of Latin and Greek, and is thoroughly acquainted with ancient and modern history. He is now at school, where I intend to keep him till May next; but as, in our schools, and indeed in this country, little care is taken to form the morals and manners of young people, and as most of them are silly, awkward, and rude; in short, such as you see them when they come to Paris, at the age of twenty or twenty-one, I will not let my boy stay here long enough to contract those bad habits, which, once taken, are seldom shaken off; therefore, at fourteen I shall send him to Paris, and put him to board in some substantial family. But, as he will be still very young, and will not have nearly completed his necessary studies, I shall send an Englishman along with him, a man of consummate erudition, who will keep up and improve his Latin and Greek, and teach him logic, rhetoric, and a little philosophy. This learned man will have him entirely under his government at home, and all the morning; but, as he is not altogether qualified to polish his manners, or, if you will, to give him the *ton* of good company, which, however, is highly necessary, and perhaps as serviceable as all the Greek and Latin of Monsieur Vadius, could not I get at Paris some man, or some Abbé, who (for money which I should gladly give) would undertake the care of the lad from four in the afternoon; who would carry him to the play, to the opera, and even attend him to your house, if you would give him leave to wait on you? As I am infinitely fond of this child, and shall take a pride in making something of him, since I believe the materials are good, my notion is to unite in him what I have never yet met with in any one individual; I mean, what is best in both nations. For this purpose, I intend him his learned Englishman, who is likewise a man of sense, for the solid learning I would have him possessed of, and his French afternoon tutor to give him, with the help of the companies into which he will introduce him, that ease, those manners, those graces, which certainly are nowhere to be found but in France." — "If I may presume to ask it, will you permit him sometimes to be your page in an evening, to give out the cards, to present the coffee, and reach the chairs? That indeed would be his best school, but I dare not so much as think of it. As the circumstance of his birth might be prejudicial to him in the opinion of some, I think it is best not to divulge it, but to give out he is a nephew of mine, as the cardinals do." — *Ibid.* Vol. II. pp. 340, 342.

To the care of this darling child, he devoted himself with a warmth and anxious oversight, that appear only to be heightened by the circumstance of his birth. No one can doubt that the charge of his education is, of all his enterprises, the nearest his heart, and that he is willing to give his life to it. Nothing displaces it, and every thing and person should seem to be made in some way connected with it. He began the series of letters of which we are to speak, when the child was but five or six years old, and it terminated only with his son's death. The object of the letters is to furnish a course of education, that shall prepare a man for success in public life; and the instruction is ever accompanied by motives to obedience, drawn from a respect to his own eminence, and the debt he owes to a fond and ambitious parent. Chesterfield was too wrapped up in his hopes of the youth to weigh the case fairly. He probably thought but little of the slights to which his birth was to subject him, or he might have imagined that they together would be more than a match for the prejudices of such an age. He would not allow himself to see that the capacity he was training, though respectable, was but ordinary; or that there was any thing ungainly in young Stanhope's appearance or manners, that would not yield to a residence in Paris. In due time, he brought him into Parliament, and his first speech was his last. He failed. His father's long inculcation of the necessity of attaining perfect self-possession, and of preparing himself for the kind of eloquence that would suit the House, together with the warning that he must first make a figure there, if he would make a figure or fortune in his country, — all were baffled. But he is gentle with him, kind, and encouraging. The veteran has sympathy with the infirmity of his novice. There is no misgiving, no offer to settle a competency upon him, that he may retire to an honest obscurity, where the pride of the well-born will not wound him, nor the sense of his incapacity for business be a source of mortification. No; if he cannot figure in Parliament, he still may be a resident at some court, as was contemplated from the beginning. Situations were obtained for him, and, before reaching the prime of life, he died abroad.

Thus was the seal set upon what seems to have been a signal failure. We do not know whether the system pursued had even been so far successful as to corrupt the young man's heart. Probably he was not the sort of man to be made a complete impersonation of the Earl's great idea of human perfection. But it must be allowed, that paternal assiduity, whether for good or ill, could not be carried further. The youth had been watched and hovered over in his years of separation, with anxiety and hope, in every place and at every hour. He had been so warned and encouraged, that he could scarcely help feeling either that there was much laid up in him to be developed, or that so much pains must perforce create something uncommon; and that, in the end, a grand scheme of youthful culture would be exemplified in him. And all had failed, and death had caused but a small part of the failure. Last of all, he had been uniformly treated by his father with a confiding freedom in all matters that he thought would do him any good, and equal confidence in return could not be doubted in any case; and yet, shortly after his death, the Earl was visited by a lady, with her two children, who came to inform him, that she had been married to Mr. Stanhope for several years. We cannot say whether Chesterfield's conduct, upon receiving this intelligence, proceeded from duplicity, or good-nature, or love that no wrong could slay, or from the reflection that he, who had taught dissimulation, deserved its first fruits; but certain it is, that he did not suffer resentment of this ungenerous concealment to fall upon the living; for he took upon himself the care of providing for the children, and some very affectionate letters remain which he addressed to them and their mother. Such was the Earl's paternal affection, and such the ending of his vast preparation and hope.

We come now to his plan of education. The first thing that strikes one is its minuteness, its pertinacious notice and reiteration of the smallest things which enter into his notion of a complete man. He evidently puts out of consideration the work which every boy should be left to do for himself; and would scorn the theory, that no teaching whatever should aim at any thing beyond giving to the mind a safe action. The whole application of a good lesson, and the whole result, he would leave with the master. The pupil is in every thing to be another man's workmanship. If the artist is satisfied, there is no more to be desired. This we gather from the general spirit and manner of the instruction, and should not be induced to think differently by occasional hints, that are more liberal and just. The question is not, whether a comprehensive plan of education in general is hurtful; whether certain principles and methods are not to be recognised as essential, and distinct objects to be proposed. But is a constant oversight for the purpose of making the system work according to our notion in every thing, a perpetual warning that an omission, deviation, or addition is necessarily a fault, — is this course favorable to vigor, courage, independence, originality, and deep moral impulses? Again, the objection here, though in some respects a very important one, is not to unity in our object, and keeping one great aim for ever in the pupil's sight. Singleness of purpose often creates power, by holding a man strictly to one, simple, sharply-defined course. Hannibal took his oath of eternal hostility when a boy, and we know what came of his nourishing this one passion through life. But an objection does lie against a teazing, petty, foreign interference with every act, scheme, pleasure, and acquisition of a young mind, with a view of achieving our own object. It would be dangerous, even if it were studiously adapted to the boy's natural bent.

Chesterfield, it must be acknowledged, had but one object in view in educating his son, and that was to make him a statesman; and he cared not what he risked by holding up public life and all its appurtenances for ever before his pupil. It would not be easy to say what special teaching is needed for a politician; but the views of the present teacher are plain enough. A character formed under domestic influences, had such a thing been practicable in young Stanhope's case, was not desired. An English home, English playmates, English manners, would make him nothing better than a patriotic boor. He must live out of England to be fit to live in it. If he could have obtained fortune and distinction equally well as an adopted Frenchman, the Earl, with all his Whiggism, would probably have consented to the expatriation. But it would certainly be a greater triumph still, to come home an accomplished man of no country, flexible and prepared for people of every clime, station, and taste, — a universal stranger, a non-resident with a home everywhere, who was provided with a code of observances, a rule of practice, which saved all study and feeling, and suited everybody, and served all the purposes of natural sagacity and a profound knowledge of man. A law of amenity, condescension, and seeming self-forgetfulness, founded upon full faith in the weakness and self-love of every human being, was better than the instinctive impulses of benevolence, which are more likely to gush out in exaggerated acts of kindness, than to breathe that subdued sympathy which owes every thing to manner. The system, in short, was a partial one, and meant to be partial; and, whether good or bad, it was not at all impracticable in itself. And those who take it up as of general application, and designed to form the habits and direct the pursuits of the mass, would, after so fair notice is given in every page, have themselves alone to blame, were not the system so built upon human frailties in every condition of life, and so seductive in its substitution of appearances for inherent qualities, that many simple-minded people might be tempted to adopt its superficiality, and make themselves fools and rakes instead of accomplished public characters.

But we must consider more particularly Chesterfield's estimate of manners, and the discipline he enjoined for forming them. His view of the whole subject may be superficial and false, and unquestionably his aim is often low and vicious; but he certainly has drawn attention to the subject; and the importance of good-breeding is not easily overrated, in whatever light we regard it. Addison calls it "a kind of artificial humanity." It begins in natural feeling, and supplies a natural want, — *Ubi homines sunt, modi sunt;* but our way of living together, the terms on which we shall exercise our natural liberty in social life, are conventional or customary, and so far artificial. Manners, it is true, sometimes lose much of their original significance, and become little more than form. At the highest pitch of refinement, they are often rendered ludicrous by the anxious observance of punctilio, and the airs and grimace of coxcombs. And at any time they may be made the instruments of hypocrisy. They are not unchangeable, like the instinctive courtesies of inferior animals, nor, like them, incapable of being perverted. And well-bred men of the same community may, from some diversity in their temper or associations, differ in the degree, and somewhat in the form, of their courtesy and deference. But, whatever may be the *mode*, manners themselves, in their origin and purpose, are moral expressions. They do not exist because we choose to have them, but because we choose to live together; nor is it in our power to put them aside and do without them. And he who will not conform to the usages of the class he moves in, is justly considered as neglecting some duty, and infringing some right. As expressions of respect and good-feeling, then, the observance of manners cannot necessarily or naturally lead to insincerity or folly; and he who has brought them to the utmost perfection in himself incurs no peril on that account, unless we consider every thing unsafe in a moral view, the moment it becomes a habit.

But they are more than proofs or signs of benevolence and respect. It is well remarked by Scott, "that some forms and restraints are to be observed, less in respect to others than to ourselves." He who religiously bridles the tongue is unconsciously keeping the heart. A man may abstain from loud laughter, not merely because some think it rude, but also because he feels that it encourages frivolity and endangers seriousness of character. And further, the least wilful indifference to the feelings of another, be it upon his weak point or not, may be, and often is, the beginning of hard-heartedness, and some portion of our delicacy is about to be sacrificed. A system of manners, then, perfectly acquired, is a perpetual hint to watchfulness over ourselves; it is a guardian of our self-respect and of our benevolence.

Now suppose a man to adopt this system, and carry it to perfection for the purpose of substituting it in the place of feeling; and he at once gives up the whole ground and reason of manners. He does more than practise forms unmeaningly from habit, in which case he is rarely misunderstood; he deliberately and purposely makes the form supreme, and gives it an exaggerated significance. Whatever his intentions may be, he has exposed himself to the corrupting power of falsehood, in one of its most treacherous shapes. If religion elevates sculpture and painting, it is itself debased when the image is worshipped. And so it is with benevolence and manners; if the sign becomes the idol, the original sentiment is abused and degraded. And it is, in part, for this substitution, that Chesterfield has been condemned. To take him on the most favorable side; — he abhorred every practice and appearance which unfitted men for agreeable intercourse, which broke the level and smoothness of elegant life, and reminded people unpleasantly of individual peculiarities. Gentlemen should meet on, at least, as comfortable an equality as boors. This is well enough. But boors are at least sincere. Will it do for gentlemen to be sincere? He evidently thought not. He had no faith in training a good feeling to observances, and put it aside as merely useful in suggesting convenient signs. He probably never asked himself how much inward disease he might cause, or exasperate, by his attempt to improve the complexion with lotions. He admired the benevolent air of society which gave the French their charm, and thought the only way to make an Englishman tolerable was to apply the foreign varnish ; when probably the only thing wanted was a home-born politeness, that would suit the English character, and that true ease of conversation which shows that, by conquering embarrassment, we have become more truly ourselves. His remedy for the false shame of his countrymen was to send them out into the world to get an armour of usages for security ; the defences and resources that might have been found in good principles and dispositions were overlooked. In general, he would rather make a false man to his taste, than honestly educate a savage according to his nature.

And yet we can hardly say, that we have felt a proper indignation at reading letter after letter, addressed to a mere lad, and a beloved child, inculcating a systematized lie as his true preparation for meeting the world. This instruction is all so blended with parental solicitude, so mixed up with other things, and relieved by wise observations on human life and excellent rules of conduct for anybody ; there is such avowed abhorrence of every thing mean and low in our vices, such careful distinction between deceptive reserve and a spoken lie ; the directions are given so naturally, as if the boy must at once perceive that things are just so and must be so, however it may be disguised by prudes and priests ; the manner, moreover, is so frank, unpretending, and business-like, and allowances are so charitably made for every thing but standing ill with others for what cause soever ; that one reads on with more patience than he may afterwards be disposed to justify. And, if the worst should happen, if the enchanter should quite overcome him, is it no alleviation that, whatever his change may be, he will not be transformed into a swine ?

It is not common to call such a man as Chesterfield a fanatic ; but he must have been one, in no ordinary degree. To take a single instance, what religionist was ever more scrupulous in attention to externals ? What care, what torture, to train the person. What a battle with self for appearance only. A fiercer struggle would not be required to make us spiritual.

The importance of a good demeanor and address is not to be disputed ; but one is surprised at the prominence that is given to them, the ceaseless warnings that are uttered, and the variety of methods suggested. He forgets, that, with Chesterfield, they are of infinite value in themselves ; that they must be made a part of the man, and be cultivated as some would cultivate the affections. We can recall but one other authentic case in which this part of the system has been put in full practice ; and, as it will serve better than a caricature, we will venture to state the process. We refer to the case of Mr. Day, the author of Sandford and Merton, and a fanatic of another sort, as he detested fashion, dancing, dress, and all other frivolities of the kind. We borrow the particulars from Mr. Edgeworth's autobiography. It seems, that Mr. Day had become attached to a lady of the family, so distinguished in the history of Mr. Edgeworth's marriages ; and, though "his person was neither formed by nature, nor cultivated by art, to please," the lady appears to have been sufficiently interested to put him upon his probation ; and, on Chesterfield's plan, she sent him to the great foreign school of accomplishments. Mr. Edgeworth, who accompanied him, says,

> "We determined to pass the winter at Lyons, as it was a place where excellent masters, of all sorts, were to be found ; and here Mr. Day put himself to every species of torture to compel his anti-gallican limbs, in spite of their natural rigidity, to dance and fence, and manage the great horse. To perform his promise to Miss E. Sneyd honorably, he gave up seven or eight hours of the day to these exercises, for which he had not the slightest taste, and for which, except horsemanship, he manifested the most sovereign contempt. It was astonishing to behold the energy with which he persevered in these pursuits. I have seen him stand between two boards which reached from the ground higher than his knees ; these boards were adjusted with screws, so as barely to permit him to bend his knees, and to rise up and sink down. By these means, M. Huise proposed to force Mr. Day's knees outward ; but his screwing was in vain. I could not help pitying my philosophic friend, with his feet in the stocks, a book in his hand, and contempt in his heart." — *Memoirs of Richard Lovell Edgeworth*, Vol. I. pp. 260, 261.

Some time afterwards Mr. Edgeworth states the result.

"Upon Mr. Day's return from France, Miss Elizabeth

Sneyd found, that, notwithstanding all the exertions he had made, and the pains he had taken to improve his manners and person, she could not feel for him the sort of attachment which was necessary for her happiness and for his in marriage." — pp. 335, 336.

Chesterfield's theory of manners, then, is deliberately formed and carried out upon the idea, that appearance (including not only the person but our whole demeanor towards others) is all-sufficient and alone effectual. And, according to the same theory, this appearance can only be secured by observation of life and constant practice. Spontaneous feelings could be of no use to a pantomime; they would only embarrass the process of artificial movements, as the fairest wind is said to disturb the action of the apparatus of a steam-vessel. And now we are brought to the motive for urging this exaggerated regard for externals. The result, indeed, would ordinarily be the same, whatever the intention; but the intention is clear. Man is held up as an object of distrust and contempt. He is cunning, but weak, and to be approached on the side of his weaknesses. You are not to reform him, or inquire whether your artifices will not help to perpetuate the evil; but, taking him as he is, you are to circumvent him and use him for your purposes; and this you can best accomplish by appearances and the hypocrisy of benevolence.

"The more you know men, the less you will trust them. The same arts and tricks, that boys will now try upon you for balls, bats, and halfpence, men will make use of with you, when you are a man, for other purposes." — *Letters to his Son*, p. 136.

"If you would particularly gain the affection and friendship of particular people, whether men or women, endeavour to find out their predominant excellency, if they have one, and their prevailing weakness, which everybody has; and do justice to the one, and something more than justice to the other."

"You will easily discover every man's prevailing vanity, by observing his favorite topic of conversation; for every man talks most of what he has most a mind to be thought to excel in. Touch him but there, and you touch him to the quick."

"Women have, in general, but one object, which is their beauty; upon which scarce any flattery is too gross for them to swallow. Nature has hardly formed a woman ugly enough to be insensible to flattery upon her person. An undoubted, uncontested, conscious beauty is, of all women, the least sensible of flattery upon that head; she knows it is her due, and is therefore obliged to nobody for giving it her. She must be flattered upon her understanding; which, though she may possibly not doubt of herself, yet she suspects that men may distrust." — pp. 161, 162.

"Seek for men's particular merit, their predominant passion, or their prevailing weakness; and you will then know what to bait your hook with to catch them." — p. 210.

"Please the eyes and the ears; they will introduce you to the heart; and nine times in ten the heart governs the understanding."

"Speak advantageously of people behind their backs, in companies who, you have reason to believe, will tell them again." — p. 255.

"Showish and shining people always get the better of all others, though ever so solid." — p. 408.*

Of course, we shall not quote passages, in which he recommends refined debauchery under the name of gallantry, and confidentially presents his own example; or those, in which he describes the arts by which a married woman is to be corrupted, and which the editor, Mrs. Stanhope, has done what she could to vindicate. In fact, these passages give us no more unfavorable opinion of the writer and his system, than those we have already copied; and we cannot but regard the suggestions as entering naturally into the general culture of his "unseasoned courtier."

It is probable, that Chesterfield has been judged by the world, on all points, by the moral unsoundness exhibited in the "Letters to his Son." He has been held as responsible for the work as if he had published it. He came into our houses with his system, and sought the confidence of our boys and young men, and gave a pungency and authority to his instructions by offering them as the real communications of a parent to a cherished son. A vicious romance, or unsound theories and speculations upon life and character, conveyed in a didactic treatise, might not have so armed the world against him. We have here one of the cases, in which an able man excites more alarm, and does more mischief, by direct appeals to consciousness and experience, than by presenting glowing pictures to the imagination. It is not surprising, then, that he has been condemned in the mass. But the reader, who has forbearance enough to discriminate, will not deny, that these "Letters" contain a great amount of practical good sense; that the sketches of character and defects are in the first style of diverting and instructive satire; and that the composition has the animation and grace which we should expect from a highly cultivated mind, occupied with delightful visions of a young man rising into brilliant fame under its guidance. And the reader, who can be satisfied with skilful and perfectly intelligible accounts of man as he is, — the superficial man of daily life, — and who can believe, that principles, drawn from observation of men under such an aspect merely, or even warranted by his sense of the tendencies which his connexion with the world has given to himself, — involve the whole of human nature; will discover, in these "Letters," as good a summary of wisdom as he ever found in a collection of French, or, perhaps, Roman sentences.

---

* When we think over the long and laborious process of deception which Chesterfield prescribed, to equip his son for dealing with men, we are agreeably reminded of a more easy and succinct method, which was adopted by his kinsman and contemporary, Earl Stanhope, while Secretary of State. We do not know, whether the whole race had a turn for artifice; but, if there must be false dealing, we prefer that which has some humor in it. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in a letter to her daughter, the Countess of Bute, says, "I can truly affirm, that I never deceived anybody in my life, excepting (which has often, I confess, happened undesigned) by speaking plainly; as Earl Stanhope used to say, during his ministry, he always imposed on the foreign ministers by telling them the naked truth, which, as they thought impossible to come from the mouth of a statesman, they never failed to write information to their respective courts directly contrary to the assurance he gave them."

Johnson's short-hand condemnation of Chesterfield has already been cited; and it is faulty in nothing, but that it appears to include all that can be said of him. Such is the sophistry of many a brilliant antithesis. Cowper's amplified execration is scarcely less spirited, and it has the same defect.

> "Thou polished and high-finished foe to truth,
> Gray-beard corrupter of our listening youth;
> To purge and skim away the filth of vice,
> That so refined it might the more entice,
> Then pour it on the morals of thy son;
> To taint *his* heart was worthy of *thine own!*

Now, while the poison all high life pervades,
Write, if thou canst, one letter from the shades;
One, and one only, charged with deep regret,
That thy worst part, thy principles, live yet;
One sad epistle thence may cure mankind
Of the plague spread by bundles left behind."
— *The Progress of Error.*

Mr. Bulwer, who, by his abhorrence of cant and usage, is made fond of paradoxical interpretations and defences, has come out earnestly on the side of Chesterfield. In his "Disowned," he makes Mr. Talbot say,

"It seems strange enough, that a free country, like ours, where it is important to please every class, should, of all modern nations, appear the most zealously to condemn, rather than merely to neglect, manners and address."

Mr. Talbot considers the sea of manners as unexplored, or that Chesterfield is almost the only Englishman who has attempted a chart of the unknown deep. And Mr. Bulwer, speaking in his own person, is of opinion, that Chesterfield has been misunderstood, as to his "Letters" especially, and says, he intends to take an early opportunity "to do justice to a great man." He asks why Chesterfield should not be venerated as "the philosopher of benevolence, and the expounder of its more subtile, yet more customary laws." We know not, whether Mr. Bulwer has ever followed out his purpose; but we have no doubt, that the vindication would be ingenious and eloquent, and that he would make Chesterfield an object of admiration and gratitude. He would, we think, select the two following passages as examples of the benevolent spirit, and we can easily imagine his method of analyzing and applying them in support of the benevolent theory.

"With a passionate desire of pleasing everybody, I came, by degrees, to please some; and, I can assure you, that what little figure I have made in the world, has been much more owing to that passionate desire I had of pleasing universally, than to any intrinsic merit or sound knowledge I might ever have been master of. My passion for pleasing was so strong (and I am very glad it was so), that I own to you fairly, I wished to make every woman I saw in love with me, and every man I met with admire me. Without this passion for the object, I should never have been so attentive to the means; and I own, I cannot conceive how it is possible for any man of good nature and good sense to be without this passion. Does not good nature incline us to please all those we converse with, of whatever rank or station they may be? And does not good sense and common observation show, of what infinite use it is to please? Oh! but one may please by the good qualities of the heart, and the knowledge of the head, without that fashionable air, address, and manner, which is mere tinsel. I deny it. A man may be esteemed and respected, but I defy him to please without them. Moreover, at your age, I would not have contented myself with barely pleasing. I wanted to shine, and to distinguish myself in the world as a man of fashion and gallantry, as well as business. And that ambition or vanity, call it what you please, was a right one; it hurt nobody, and made me exert whatever talents I had. It is the spring of a thousand right and good things." — *Letters to his Son*, p. 423.

"There is, in all good company, a fashionable air, countenance, manner, and phraseology, which can only be acquired by being in good company, and very attentive to all that passes there. When you dine or sup at any well-bred man's house, observe carefully how he does the honors of his table to the different guests. Attend to the compliments of congratulation or condolence that you hear a well-bred man make to his superiors, to his equals, and to his inferiors; watch even his countenance and his tone of voice, for they all conspire in the main point of pleasing. There is a certain distinguishing diction of a man of fashion. He will not content himself with saying, like John Trott, to a new-married man, 'Sir, I wish you much joy'; or to a man who has lost his son, 'Sir, I am sorry for your loss'; and both with a countenance equally unmoved. But he will say, in effect, the same thing, in a more elegant and less trivial manner, and with a countenance adapted to the occasion. He will advance with warmth, vivacity, and a cheerful countenance to the new-married man, and, embracing him, perhaps say to him, 'If you do justice to my attachment to you, you will judge of the joy that I feel upon this occasion, better than I can express it.' To the other, in affliction, he will advance slowly, with a grave composure of countenance, in a more deliberate manner, and, with a lower voice, perhaps say, 'I hope you do me the justice to be convinced, that I feel whatever you feel, and shall ever be affected where you are concerned.'" — *Ibid.*, p. 480.

We have less patience with a theory of Chesterfield's benevolence, because it appears to us to be a part, and in furtherance, of his own habit of confounding things. We have regarded his system of exterior kindness as superficial and selfish. If it be in reality a benevolent one, it is so no further than as it pampers the sensitiveness and weakness of men, and their morbid craving for the signs of sympathy and honor ; — no further, than as it attempts to systematize whatever practices have been found to be generally agreeable among men and flattering to their infirmities, and then recommends these to all as the only practicable method of keeping up such a demonstration of good-will, as all can appreciate and make.

We know, that it is difficult to draw the line between good social dispositions and actions generally, and a sickly regard to false exactions ; and, to avoid useless discriminations, we shall venture to say, that we dislike much of the current language on the subject of pleasing. We dislike the phrase, "trying to please." It is deceptive, and the practice itself leads to effeminacy or fraud. It puts men in wrong positions towards each other. To shun giving needless offence is one thing, and most important. This passive good-will or negative benevolence is not sustained without effort ; and, as it is little noticed by those whom it spares, it is likely to be disinterested, and can scarcely do harm to either party. Then, again, to give innocent pleasure to others by active efforts and personal sacrifices in their behalf, is safe for all concerned. And to gratify our friends by our moral excellence and high reputation is a natural reward, though we should not propose it as the object, of virtuous action. And undoubtedly our customary civilities and attentions are in part designed to give pleasure. But Chesterfield's "passionate desire of pleasing everybody," this endeavouring so to adapt ourselves to the dispositions of others, that admiration and gratitude shall beam upon us whenever we appear, and our very persons become idols, is not the prompting or expression of benevolence, and it is foreign to the true spirit and purpose of civility. There is selfishness on both sides, and mutual mischief. Men have no right to such a show of devotion, and we have no right to offer it. We are not placed here solely or chiefly to please or be pleased, even in the best sense that we can give to these terms ; but to be good and to do good. And, so far as manners promote these objects (and we believe that they enter closely into the great work), let them be cultivated with enthusiasm, as virtues ; and, so far as they *then* give pleasure, they yield a natural fruit.

ART. VI. — 1. *The Planter's Plea ; or, the Grounds of Plantations examined, and Usual Objections answered. Together with a Manifestation of the Causes moving such as have lately undertaken a Plantation in New England ; for the Satisfaction of those that question the Lawfulness of the Action.* 2 Thess. v. 21. "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." London: 1630. 4to. pp. 84.

2. *An Historical Discourse, delivered by Request before the Citizens of New Haven, April* 25, 1838, *the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the First Settlement of the Colony ;* by JAMES L. KINGSLEY. New Haven: 1838. 8vo. pp. 115.

3. *Thirteen Historical Discourses, on the Completion of Two Hundred Years from the Beginning of the First Church in New Haven, with an Appendix.* By LEONARD BACON, Pastor of the First Church in New Haven. New Haven: 1839. 8vo. pp. 400.

4. *The New York Review.* Number XI., for January, 1840. [Article 2. *Politics of the Puritans.*]

WE cannot pretend to say much for the first of the above works, on the score of novelty. In a very early stage of our labors, when noticing various tracts which relate to the primitive times of this country, we gave to it such a share of our attention as we supposed it to deserve.* And within a very short time we have done our best to recommend to the public the Discourses by Professor Kingsley and Mr. Bacon, the titles of which follow in our list.† Having thus performed our duty, we should not probably have been tempted again to bring them up, had they not been made the groundwork and justification for an extraordinary commentary in the pages of the

---

* *North American Review*, Vol. II. pp. 145 *et seq.*

† *Ibid.*, Vol. XLVII. pp. 480 *et seq.*, and pp. 161 – 173 of the present volume.

"New York Review," the heading of which is also given above. It is to this commentary that we now propose to direct our particular attention, and we join the other works only because they are incidentally necessary to our purpose and cannot be separated from it. They have furnished the opportunity, which, it seems, has been watched for, of making a general attack upon the whole edifice of New England History ; an attack which we regret on many accounts, but more particularly on two. The first, that it should have originated in so respectable a quarter ; and the second, that it compels us to assume an attitude of controversy in our defence, which it is as little agreeable to our taste to seek, as, when unavoidable, it is in our disposition to fear.

The process by which truth is established in this world is for the most part a slow and painful one. A mere accident will often appear to strike it into the mind of a single man, from whom it will pass to his neighbours, until it gradually attains to that degree of universal consent and acknowledgment, which will justify the claim for the human race, that it has made another step in its advancing progress. The fall of an apple to the ground was to the mental faculties of Newton as flint to the steel, and produced a permanent light, ever after to illumine the world. So the hesitating dislike of the monk Tetzel formed the stimulus to those vehement energies in Luther, which worked out in their career an entire revolution in the moral and political doctrines of civilization. Yet, though the results thus reached must be admitted to have sprung from such very small beginnings, there is no person at this day likely to undervalue them on that account alone, or to take away from the individuals who originated them the degree of credit for their agency which they most richly deserve. Through them the intellect of mankind may be said to have bridged a chasm, and the genius and learning of future ages might, with perfect safety, be let out to roam after more remote and yet undiscovered truth, without being exposed to the risk of having the earth open beneath their feet, or of being called back from less investigated paths to the duty of resetting landmarks in those already passed.

Among the truths, which may be regarded as thus firmly established, are the principles at the root of the civil and religious rights which every citizen of New England now enjoys.

And in looking after the origin of their establishment, we did not suppose that there could be any more hesitation in ascribing it to the agency of the Puritans, than in ascribing the doctrine of gravitation to Newton, or the overthrow of the infallibility of Rome to Luther. When the scorner and the skeptic had bowed to the majesty of truth in the persons the most abhorrent to his nature, when authors of all shades and degrees of religious, moral, or political opinion had united in conceding this as certain, we could hardly have expected, at this late day, and least of all in these United States, a revocation of it into doubt. Yet the fact is even so. We are called upon to do no less than to reform all our existing notions ; to go back to a new political primer ; to remodel written history and documents ; to bow to new authorities. We must hereafter eschew all respect for the Puritans as champions of our liberty, and transfer it to the Stuart monarchs on the throne of England. We must "look down" upon our ancestors as the opponents of the privileges we enjoy, and "look up" to the common law of the mother country as the source from which we gained them, in spite of their efforts to cut it off. Such are the new lessons in history which our worthy contemporary in New York is reading to the growing community of these States ; and, if they are true, great indeed must be the change of opinion which they will occasion. Our schools, our colleges, our public men, and the distinguished writers of this and other countries, are all infected with the most pestilent error. And the hallucination, which this "historico-optical illusion," to use the term of our brother reviewers, has occasioned, has reached to such a height, that we nearly despair of seeing any effort of theirs at all equal to successful remedy or counteraction.

But, before we proceed any further, let it be clearly understood, that, in what we are about to say to the Reviewers, we seek for no causes of offence to the members of the Protestant Episcopal Church, as established in America. Neither do we perceive the least necessity for introducing sectarian feelings of any kind into the discussion. We have no reason for supposing that Episcopalians in the United States, merely because they are such, have any disposition at this time of day to make battle for all of the same persuasion, who have happened to live in past time on the other side of the water.

We hardly imagine they will exalt the memory of Henry the Eighth, merely because he founded the Church, or that they will overlook the violence of Laud, and the bigotry of his master, simply because they rank high in the list of martyrs in her cause. Seeing that these points are generally conceded in England itself, and that the Church did at last contribute to the final overthrow of the Stuart dynasty, we do not perceive any necessity for maintaining here the political doctrines which made them odious, even there. That such necessity should have been supposed to devolve upon the "New York Review," even by reason of any cause of offence believed to have been given by Messrs. Kingsley and Bacon in their remarks, is to us surprising. We cannot credit, that either of those gentlemen had the remotest idea of advancing "personal, political, or sectarian interests," by their productions. Nor yet could they have wished "to exalt the Puritan fathers of New England with a view of giving a *hostile* bearing, more or less directly, upon those who have not seen good to take them as authority in matters of religious faith and discipline." The insinuation and the suspicion are worthy of each other; particularly as they stand in the face of earnest and express disclaimers on the part of both those gentlemen, and of a paragraph of Mr. Kingsley which is so strikingly just, that we cannot do better than to close with it this part of what we have to say. "It is an obvious remark," he says, "that many of the relations of different sects to each other in former times, have ceased to exist; and *that the faults of none originating in causes, which no longer operate, should be considered the inheritance of the present generation.* All have now full opportunity to show the excellences of their respective systems, unincumbered with the past." This is good advice, particularly when coming from one who frankly admits that all have something to regret, and we are only sorry that it does not appear to have been taken in the spirit in which it was meant.

There is, however, one great difficulty in the treatment of this matter, which we scarcely know how to avoid. We mean the temptation it holds forth to go over what has already been discussed to satiety. It is as little consistent with our design to open with commonplace panegyric of the Puritans, as it is to join in with their revilers. The main points on each side of the controversy they have occasioned are so hackneyed by this time, that we are sure our readers will excuse our disinclination even to approach them. Yet it is hardly possible to follow the precise line of truth, without danger of being drawn into the abyss. And when once involved, it is still less so, to adhere to that calmness of judgment without which there is no hope of extrication. Luckily for us, in this dilemma, we are likely to be helped out by the somewhat original mode of thinking which our contemporary has adopted, and by the duty we are under rather to follow the path marked out for us than to open any of our own. And this we hope to do as closely as it is possible.

The first proposition which the Reviewers advance, is, that "the nature of the contest in England between Churchmen and Puritans was merely a political one, and *not*, as is usually represented, a religious one." And this they support by the argument we now subjoin.

"This may fairly be inferred, from what is said by both of our authors. Professor Kingsley tells us, (Disc. p. 55,) 'their (the Puritans') opposition to the Church of England was mainly political, and limited in a great measure to discipline.' And Mr. Bacon tells us, (Disc. p. 14,) that, 'of the many Puritans who came to New England at its first planting, none, save the pilgrims of Plymouth, had denounced the Church of England, or had separated themselves from its communion.' And in another place he asks, 'What were the Puritans? Let sober history answer. They were a great religious and POLITICAL party, in a country and in an age in which every man's religion was a matter of political regulation. They were, in their day, the reforming party in the Church and state of England.' (p. 34.) But when we say it was a political controversy, we do not mean that nothing was said concerning religion, nor even that the Puritans did not profess to be seeking its promotion; but we intend to assert the plain and simple proposition, that the REAL *contest* between Churchmen and Puritans was FOR THE POLITICAL ASCENDENCY; Churchmen desiring to continue prelacy as the religion of state, while the Puritans were striving to elevate Presbyterianism to the same post; both parties, the meanwhile, professing to be influenced *solely* by a regard for religion, and having its best interests deeply at heart. If, therefore, the *professions* of these partisans are to be taken as evidence of the nature of the controversy, it was purely a religious one; but, if we judge of the nature of that controversy as we do of those of later days, *by the end sought*, we cannot hesitate to conclude that it was *political.* So long, then, as the ulterior object of any party is to gain the political supremacy, no matter what their pretensions may be, whether to purify the church, to establish a new religion or a new form of discipline, to introduce better laws or wiser rulers, — still, the end being political, the contest is political." — p. 53.

We have extracted the whole of this passage, with its emphatic words and small capitals, because it appears to us to be the basis of whatever of argument can be found in the remainder of the article. We have no hesitation in at once declaring, that it fails to support the proposition advanced upon it. There is a change of language in it, which may deceive the unwary, but which cannot stand the test of a moment's scrutiny. Neither Mr. Bacon nor Professor Kingsley admits, that the contest between Churchmen and Puritans was *merely* a political one, — nor would it have been true, if they had done so. The latter gentleman, in our opinion, goes too far when he says, it was "*mainly* political"; the former states the case right when he describes it as "a religious, *and* a political contest, when religion was a matter of political regulation." Hence the political struggle on the part of the least powerful party in religion, was one not of their seeking. The religious scruple became a political question, only because the King and the Church insisted upon shutting up every other avenue to its indulgence. To show this clearly, it is only necessary to look back to the origin of the Reformation in England. When Henry the Eighth quarrelled with the Pope, he lifted the great barrier to the progress of the new opinions. This was very unintentionally done on his part, it is true; but still, once done, the deed could not be undone. And, having been done, it was not possible that the privilege of thought and reasoning upon religious subjects, thus newly obtained by the people, would not lead to great diversities of sentiment. The triumph of the Reformation was secured; but it was not practicable to dictate the precise degree to which that triumph should be carried; nor, where men are constituted as they now are, to require that they should all stop short at the word of command, and be ready to arrange their future creed exactly by the rule which was thereafter to be measured to them by the sovereign power. The attempt to measure out such a rule was the grand mistake of the Tudor and Stuart princes, persevered in until it levelled the throne itself to the dust. The position taken for the English Church was a false position, and one in direct resistance to all experience of human nature. For it commanded dissent from the ancient doctrine, and yet left no room for opinion to exercise itself. It stimulated to reflection, and then punished the indulgence of it. It first treated man as a rational being, and then prescribed to him the uniformity of attitude which can be got only from blocks. In an age of excitement, when the mind, just freed from its fetters, was revelling and gambolling in the very wantonness of its newly-acquired power, it undertook to check these extravagances as if they were crimes. And, when the furious battle arose between the old and the new opinions, it ventured to assume a middle position, which, like all middle positions, satisfied neither party, and stimulated the ardor for victory in both. The Puritan directed his attack against the Church, only because he regarded it as the lurking-place from which Romanism might again spring out upon him, and bind him hand and foot, a slave for ever after to the Pope ; whilst the Catholic made his approaches gradually and cautiously against it from the hope, constantly entertained, that there was a sentiment existing within, which would lead to a voluntary surrender of the citadel, and thus save him the hazard of a storm. The Puritan wished to cut off the possibility of the existence of that sentiment, by removing from sight and hearing every bond of sympathy or tie of association which might tempt to a return. And this it was which gave rise to the disputes about forms, the sign of the cross in baptism, the wearing of the surplice, the ring in marriage, the nature of which superficial thinkers have since marvelled at rather than understood. To the reformer, these were all so many living signs of the restoration of the Papal supremacy, the strength of which was by no means diminished by the policy, singularly adapted to confirm his worst suspicions, which was put in practice by Archbishop Laud. It is a remarkable circumstance, that the popular impression respecting the probability of such an event has survived in England to this day. And the greatest controversy now going on in the Church, that growing out of the publication of the "Oxford Tracts," turns upon this single point; a controversy deemed of consequence enough to receive a distinguished notice in the pages of the very number of the "New York Review" now before us, which contains the charge against the Puritans, that their struggle was not religious, but *only* for the political ascendency.

The truth is, that there were two very distinct shapes, in which the principles of the Puritans developed themselves, neither of which can with any fairness be put out of sight. The one is to be found in the religious disputes of the period in question, the other is clearly discernible in the Parliamentary History. In both will be seen the same origin of complaint, grievous oppression; and, in both, the same earnest desire to sustain opinions boldly formed, honestly entertained, and fervently advocated. It is, therefore, with no small surprise, that we notice the reiteration of the word "profession," with so much emphasis, in the extract we have made. We can hardly persuade ourselves, that our brother Reviewers can mean to call in question the good faith, or sincerity in religious feeling, of those whom they attack. But, if they do, we can safely leave them to the enjoyment of their own suspicions, without hazard of injury from their effect. The pillory, the axe, the block, and the gibbet; the loss of ears and noses, and of the means by which life can be made comfortable and honorable, rather than the surrender of an abstract opinion, form a class of arguments addressed to the minds and hearts of men, which soar far above the range of all ordinary methods of detraction.

The great error of the whole argument of the New York Reviewers, then, rests in a total misconception and consequent misrepresentation of the nature of the religious struggle that took place. They consider it as a mere struggle for power between two regularly organized parties, putting forward certain doctrines as the rallying-points for their members, but resorting to them only to cover a political end, the establishment of their own supremacy. It is difficult to show an instance in which the facts of history have been more singularly perverted. And writers, whose business it was to find some defence for their own hostility, by blackening the character of those whom they oppressed, when ascribing to the Puritans the worst possible intentions, are gravely quoted as authorities from whom a conclusion may be formed respecting "the light in which these were viewed by their opponents," and a justification implied of the persecution which they suffered. The whole structure of the edifice is artificial in the extreme. There can be no doubt, that the doctrines of the Puritan reformers were generally considered *at court* as unfavorable to monarchy. King James took an early opportunity in his reign to express his opinion upon the matter. He laid down the rule, "No bishop, no king," at the Hampton Court conference, and distinctly announced to the Puritans then present, that "he would make them conform, or harry them out of the land, or else worse." But this surely is no justification for the persecution, which followed under Archbishop Bancroft, and was resumed with tenfold severity by Laud, on account of mere opinion; nor does it fix upon the Nonconformists, who submitted without resistance, the truth of any of the charges which their malignant enemies were so fond of advancing. The mode of making an extract here and there, from the most violent writers among the Puritans, in order to hold the whole body responsible for the acts of those individuals, is so obviously an enemy's trick, that it is astonishing any fair-minded writer could rely upon it for a moment, to support any position whatsoever. The object was so well understood at the time as to call forth very complete and satisfactory disavowals of the motives imputed; and these were often made in an authorized shape. "Let the bishops sift well our courses," they say, "since his Majesty's happy entrance in among us, and let them name wherein we have done aught, that may justly be said ill to become the ministers of Jesus Christ. Have we drawn any sword? Have we raised any tumult? Have we used any threats? Hath the state been put into any fear or hazard through us? Manifold disgraces have been cast upon us, and we have endured them; the liberty of our ministry hath been taken from us, and (though with bleeding hearts) we have sustained it. We have been cast out of our houses, and deprived of our ordinary maintenance, yet have we blown no trumpet of sedition. These things have gone very near us, and yet did we never so much as entertain a thought of violence. The truth is, we have petitioned the King and state; and who hath reason to deny us that liberty? We have craved of the prelates to deal with us according to law; and is not this the common benefit of every subject? We have besought them to convince our consciences by Scripture. Alas! what would they have us to do? Will they have us content ourselves with this only, that they are bishops, and therefore for their greatness ought to be yielded to? The weight of episcopal power may oppress us, but cannot convince us."

We have not yet seen a particle of evidence to show, that these declarations were not perfectly sincere, and founded in truth. We have not seen a shadow of proof, that there was any struggle for power, or contest for the supremacy in the Church, or that the "end sought" was any other than the "end professed." The words of violent individuals may pass for what they are worth, but they cannot bind the greater number who were not consenting to them; and there is not a solitary act of violence, on their side, until a very late period in the contest. The truth is, that there was plenty of purely political questions, which took the lead in the public attention. The struggle of the Puritans was one of resistance to the King. The violence of Laud drew the storm upon the Church; and, if that was crumbled to the dust in the process, the Church must thank him, and him only, for the result. If the religious contest finally sunk in the political one, he made it do so, and forced upon his opponents the necessity of going over his body, which he voluntarily interposed between them and their ultimate object, the overthrow of a usurping sovereign.

In this statement of the question we do not propose to persist without ample authority. But, that we may not weary and embarrass our readers with numerous citations, we are willing, once for all, to rest the foundation of our case upon the testimony of Lord Clarendon himself. We do so with the more confidence, as his bias, both in religion and politics, cannot be questioned, and as what he says, if satisfactory to anybody, ought to be so to all members of the Church of England. Speaking of that period, when the tide of colonization was most rapidly setting towards Massachusetts, he says;

"It was now a time of great ease and tranquillity; the King (as hath been said before) had made himself superior to all those difficulties and straits he had to contend with, the four first years he came to the crown at home ; and was now reverenced by all his neighbours, who needed his friendship and desired to have it ; the wealth of the kingdom notorious to all the world, and the general temper and humor of it little inclined to the Papist and less to the Puritan. There were some late taxes and impositions introduced, which rather angered than grieved the people, who were more than repaired by the quiet, peace, and prosperity they enjoyed ; and the murmur and discontent, that was, appeared to be against the excess of power exercised by the crown, and supported by the judges in Westminster-Hall. *The church was not repined at, nor the least inclination to alter the government and discipline thereof, or to change the doctrine. Nor was there at that time any considerable number of persons of any valuable condition throughout the kingdom, who did wish either ;* and the cause of so prodigious a change in so few years after, was too visible from the effects. *The Archbishop's heart was set upon the advancement of the church,* in which he well knew he had the King's full concurrence, *which he thought would be too powerful for any opposition ;* and that he should need no other assistance."

What shall we now say to this new-fangled theory, which makes the Puritans the victims of a persecution they brought upon themselves for their political and not their religious opinions ? What can we do but pass it by with the contemptuous wonder which it merits, and proceed at once to the next proposition which follows it ? And, that we may do this no injustice, we beg leave to extract it in its original deformity.

"When the Puritans left England, they did it, not because they could not 'worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences,' but because they could not obtain the political ascendency which they sought."

"It was under the circumstances above described, that several of the leading Puritans petitioned for charters and grants, authorizing them to establish colonies in this then western wilderness ; and the government, not unwilling to be rid of those they considered the leaders of a dangerous faction, unhesitatingly granted them the most full and ample powers, for carrying their designs into execution. This was a most favorable juncture for those who wished for liberal grants of *power*, as well as of *property*. Several corporations had been created for purposes of trade, with extensive political powers. These corporations comprised the two principles of corporate powers for purposes of trade, and political power for purposes of self-government. They united the character of *trading companies* with that of the most highly famed *municipal corporations* at home. Singular as such bodies may seem to us, the creation of them at that time, was one of the most natural things in the world. And it was the creation of these bodies, anomalous in their character and design, that *originated* and *perpetuated* those principles of *civil liberty*, which form at once the basis and characteristic of our political institutions. The oft-repeated assertion, that our Puritan ancestors *discovered* those principles, is without the least foundation. So far from this, their history shows that they did not even appreciate, if they understood, the genius of the institutions which had been created for them. Consequently, some of the very first acts which they performed were to enact laws, abridging the liberty granted to the colonists by their charters. It is a question indeed of much interest, whether they would not have extinguished some of the most liberal features of their charters, had it not been for the supervision of the government at home. Certain it is, that the violation of their charters, on this identical point, was one of the charges made against the colonists, and this was one of the reasons for depriving Massachusetts of her charter. *Strange, therefore, as it may sound to the ears of some of our readers, the truth is, that we owe the protection of the liberties of the subjects of the colonies, not to the Puritans, but to the King of England. It was not the Puritans who resisted the encroachment of the King, but the King and his Council that restrained the Puritan governors within the bounds of their charters.*" — pp. 61, 62.

It does sound strange enough to hear Charles the First called the protector of liberty in any shape, much more in that of the men whom he so cordially hated. If the fact is so, then has he been most shockingly belied by his best friends, and not by us. But strange as the assertion, now for the first time advanced, may be, it does not appear to us a whit more strange than all the rest of the passage in which it stands. There is a contempt of facts about it, that is positively overwhelming. It is by no means clear, that the motive for granting these charters was to get rid of the leaders of a dangerous faction. The fact, that Bancroft at an early period, and Laud afterwards, procured orders for the detention of many who were going, at a time when the policy, if policy there had been in it, was in the full career of successful accomplishment, is in direct contradiction to any such supposition. The distinction made in the treatment of the several colonies is entirely overlooked. It should be remembered, that the first settlers at Plymouth were separatists from the church when they left Europe ; whereas those who came to Massachusetts still remained members, although unwilling to conform in all things. Accordingly, the former could get no patent, nor any assurance whatsoever of a positive nature, that they would be protected. The latter, on the contrary, obtained a charter, it is true, but one which gave no rights whatever to the colonists as such, but conferred upon a company in England, and *within easy reach of the crown*, the privilege of making settlements upon this side of the water. Nothing could be more arbitrary, nor more regardless of the principles of civil liberty, than the first organization of the corporation, as it was proposed to take place, under the natural and ordinary construction of that instrument whilst it remained in England. The King had granted nothing that looked like a privilege to the settlers, but had placed every thing of the kind within the discretion of a few persons under his eye. It is not too much to say, that, had there been no change from this view of the subject after the charter was granted, there would have been no colony to speak of. The condition precedent with the family of Winthrop, and all the persons who became principal settlers, was, *that the patent should go with them*. This, and not the patent, was the secret of all our liberty ; for, as one of our principal historians has correctly remarked, it was this which " effectually changed a commercial corporation into an independent provincial government." It was thus, that the eagle burst forth from what appeared, at first sight, to be but an unpromising shell. The civil liberty of this colony, then, grew out of a very bold construction of the instrument of settlement, and by no means from that instrument itself. And for that construction we are indebted to the Puritans. They therefore did " *originate* and perpetuate those principles, which form at once the basis and characteristic of our political institutions." Assuredly they did not "*discover*" them, nor were we aware, until the extract we have quoted announced it, that any good authority had ever pretended that they did, — for these were known, in theory, long before, — but they have the merit of being the first who ever carried them successfully from theory into practice.

The assertion, that "our ancestors did not even appreciate, *if they understood*, the genius of the institutions which had been created for them," can only appear ludicrous to all those who reflect upon the relative position which the parties to the contract occupy in our memory while yet in England. The idea, that Pym, Hambden, Vane, and all their associates among the Puritans, should be put to school to learn the alphabet of freedom from the lips of Charles the First, "supported," as Clarendon writes in the passage already quoted, "by the judges in Westminster-Hall," is enough to make one marvel at human folly. We will turn from such a spectacle to the refreshing admissions of a zealous churchman, who, though every page which he writes sparkles with the fire of prejudice, is yet too manly not to concede at once what his common sense dictated to be true. The following is the language of Dr. Southey, in his "Book of the Church."

> "By steadily enforcing discipline, Laud corrected many of the disorders at which his predecessor [Abbot] had connived. The churches were placed in decent repair, the service was regularly performed, the sacrament reverently administered. *They who would not follow the rubric were silenced;* and by refusing to ordain any person, except to a cure of souls, the number of Calvinistic Lecturers was diminished, and of those who, being retained as chaplains in the families of private gentlemen, disgraced the church by conforming to the humors and fancies of their patrons, by their incapacity, or by the irregularity of their lives. At the same time, through his munificent encouragement of learning, and his judicious patronage, means were taken for supplying the Establishment with men every way qualified for their holy office. The most zealous of the Non-conformists, alike impatient of submission or of silence, withdrew from the kingdom; some to Holland, others to New England, whither the most strenuous of their parliamentary adherents, believing that the triumph of the Establishment was complete, would have followed them, if the vessel in which they were actually embarked had not been embargoed. From that act events of greater importance

to society resulted, than was depending upon the ship which carried Cæsar and his fortunes; for Pym, Hambden, and Cromwell were on board. *Had these men been allowed to emigrate, the kingdom might have remained in peace, but it would have been under an absolute government, the tendency of which is inevitably to corrupt the rulers and degrade the nation.*" — Vol. II. pp. 358, 359.

So much for the protection of liberty by Charles the First. We now pass to the "consideration of the motives which induced the Puritans to leave home," being a point where our brother reviewers advise a pause. And, inasmuch as this is the place from which they begin to make use of the little tract, called the "Planter's Plea," for their particular ends, it may be as well to premise some general idea of its nature and character. It appears to have been written and published very hastily, a short time after the departure of Winthrop and his associates, and with the view of counteracting the effect of some unfavorable reports, which, even then, had been spread abroad, probably by the Brownes upon their return, respecting the designs of the colonists. Its most remarkable feature is, the earnestness with which it denies the existence of any intention, on their part, of separating from the Church of England, and the steady manner in which it proceeds upon the assumption, that no such motive could have swayed them when they left the mother country. This position is very much corroborated by the tenor of the farewell letter, dated on board the *Arabella*, from Yarmouth, and goes far to dispel the suspicion our contemporary strives to rouse, that they left "because they could not obtain the political ascendency which they sought." They were probably reluctant to conform at home, and this, gradually and almost insensibly to themselves, widened into a total separation in the colony, where no opposite inducement existed to counteract that tendency. But, as such a view would by no means suit the purpose of the New York Reviewers, the way in which they resist it is not a little curious. They quote from the "Plea" in the following candid and impartial manner.

"The Plea," they say, "commences with an examination of the ground and warrant of colonies. The second chapter is an answer to the question, 'What ends may be proposed in planting colonies?' To this the author answers, first; 'Some and the *worst*, and the least warrantable, are such as are only swayed by private respects ; as when men shift themselves and draw others with them out of their countries, *out of undutiful affection to governors, to exempt themselves from subjection to lawful power;* or aim at a great name to themselves and to raise their own glory.'" — pp. 62, 63.

Now, let it be particularly noted, that this extract, made in the manner aforeshown, and with the passage in italics as it is *not* in the original, is so prepared as to leave an impression on the mind of the reader, that it was intended by the writer to apply to the Puritan colonists. So far from this being the truth, precisely the contrary is the case. For had the paragraph been continued but a line or two, it would have shown the instances to be "the Spanish and Dutch colonies in the East Indies," and "many colonies of the Romanes in Italy and other lands" ; and it would have further shown, that these are expressly cited to put them in *unfavorable* contrast with such colonies as are planted from "the desire and respect unto the publishing his [God's] name where it is not knowne, and reducing men, that live without God in this present world, into a forme of piety and godlinesse," *which* "*end*, in plantation, *hath bene specially reserved for this later end of the world.*" But this example of falsification of authority is not the only one in the article we are now examining. For instance, after a series of partial quotations, which it would be sheer waste of time in us to expose, when we have so much of more consequence to do, it proceeds ;

"Our Author [that is, the Planter,] then goes on to speak more at large of the *motives* which induced them to come. He says, 'As it were absurd to conceive they have all one mind, so it were more ridiculous to imagine they all have one scope. *Necessity*, may press some ; *novelty* draw others ; *hopes of gain* may prevail with a third sort ;' but he is persuaded, 'that the most sincere and godly part have the advancement of the Gospel for their main scope.'

"These facts, and abundance of others, of a similar nature, contained in the work, authorize the inference, that the colonists were regarded as factious persons, and that their opponents did not credit the pretension, that the advancement of the Gospel was the *sole* or *chief* object of their emigration. It is here also confessed, by one of the party, that 'necessity,' 'novelty,' and 'hope of gain,' as well as love of the Gospel, were among the causes that moved the colonists to come to this country; and, moreover, that the reasons for prefering New England to any other place, were the facilities for trading and the health of the country. The hope of propagating the Gospel among the heathen was one, but, according to their own showing, a secondary object with the Planters. In short, their own account of themselves shows that *they were men;* just such men, in fact, as had lived a thousand times before, and no doubt will live a thousand times again." — pp. 63, 64.

There is a short text of Scripture appended to the title-page of the "Planter's Plea," which we perceived to have been omitted in the transfer to the pages of our New York contemporary. This omission, which we at first were disposed to consider the result of accident, must, on further reflection, be construed as intentional. For it presented too glaring a rebuke to the execution of the purpose proposed in using the book at all, to be either conveniently or comfortably retained. It was not intended to "*prove*" any thing, nor to "hold fast" to that which was otherwise than bad. Take, for example, the ungenerous perversion of the candor of the "Planter," in the passage above quoted. He does not confess, as it is pretended, that "necessity," "novelty," and "hopes of gain," *were* among the causes of removal with the colonists. He only argues from general principles, that, where a number of men were acting together, there *might be* a variety of motives impelling them, and these might be some of them; but he immediately goes on to express his undoubting conviction, that the greater part, that is, "*the most*, and most sincere and godly part, have the advancement of the Gospel for their main scope," the two first and important words being *entirely omitted* in the review. To suppress such an important member of a quotation, used in argument, must be owned to be rather sharp practice. If there is one opinion running more than another throughout the whole of the eighty-four pages of the tract, if there is one point deemed impregnable by the author in his defence of the colonists, it is that which relates to the object which they had in coming over. He presses it, in every possible shape, as their great recommendation to the affections of the citizens of the mother country, which an attempt was making to alienate from them by the "jealousie of some distempered minde, or by a desperate malicious plot of men *ill affected to religion.*" Such men, it goes on to say,

> "Such men would be entreated to forbear that base and unchristian course, of traducing innocent persons, under these odious names of separatists and enemies to the church *and state;* for feare, least their own tongues fall upon themselves, by the justice of his hand, who will not faile to clear the innocency of the just, and *to cast backe into the bosome of every slanderer, the filth that he rakes up to throw in other men's faces.*" —p. 78.

It is undeniably true, that the Puritans were "*mere men.*" Had they been otherwise, we should like to know what would have been their merit. They shared deeply in the lot of humanity, and partook of its vicissitudes. But, whether in prosperity or in adversity, they had one virtue, which no circumstances nor suspicions can deprive them of; we mean that of being devoted followers of the path they believed to be right. They have been traduced, from their own day even down to ours; but this has only served to make their character rise higher at the cost of their maligners. It is an old remark of the French humorist, Montaigne, "Donnez-moi la plus belle action du monde, je vous ferai voir qu'elle peut avoir eu cinquante méchans motifs;" but he who goes about to assign them rather betrays his own grovelling propensities, than takes off from the beauty of the act he depreciates. Yet, inasmuch as the motives of the colonists have been impugned, and it is broadly affirmed, in the article we are now considering, that the design they had in view, whether at Plymouth, or Boston, or New Haven, or Hartford, was "*commercial,*" we propose to throw together, in a desultory manner, a few passages from the accounts given by themselves, which will, we trust, prove perfectly satisfactory to every unprejudiced reader.

> "And thus much," says Elder Cushman, at Plymouth, in 1621, in an Epistle Dedicatory to the adventurers for New England, in the mother country, — "and thus much, I will say for the satisfaction of such as have any thought of going thither to inhabit; that for men which have a large heart, and *look after great riches*, ease, pleasure, dainties, and jollity in this world, (except they will live by other men's sweat or have great riches,) I would not advise them to come there, for

as yet the country will afford no such matters; *but, if there be any who are content to lay out their estates, spend their time, labors, and endeavours, for the benefit of them that shall come after, and in desire to further the Gospel among these poor Heathens,* quietly contenting themselves with such hardship and difficulties as by God's providence shall fall upon them, being yet young and in their strength, such men I would advise and encourage to go, *for their ends cannot fail them.*"

"And for that the propagating of the Gospel," write the Governor and Deputie of the New England Company for a Plantation in Massachusetts Bay, in their first letter of instructions to Endicott, in 1629, "is the thing wee do profess above all to bee our ayme in settling this plantacon, wee have been careful to make plentiful provision of Godly ministers, by whose faithful preaching, Godly conversacon and exemplary lyfe, *wee trust not only those of our owne nation wil be built up in the knowledge of God, but also the Indians may, in God's appointed tyme, bee reduced to the obedyence of the Gospel of Christ, &c.*"

"Lastly, and which was not the least," says Morton's Preface to the Plymouth Church Records, "a great hope and inward zeale they had of laying some good foundation, or att least, to make some way theirunto, for the propagating and advancing the Gospel of the kingdom of Christ, in those remote parts of the world, yee though they should be but as stepping-stones unto others for performing of soe great a work."

But we have neither room nor patience to quote all that we find in the "General Considerations for the Plantation of New England," the agreement between the settlers at New Plymouth, the original church covenant in Massachusetts, and in every other paper that emanated, directly or indirectly, from the Puritans during the first fifty years of the settlements, to show, that, either in one shape or another, religious feeling was uppermost in every thing which they undertook. Nor yet was it at all inconsistent in them, or derogatory to this motive, that they paid some regard to mere worldly convenience. If they "preferred New England to any other place for its facilities of trade and the health of the country," we are not aware, that religion would dictate that they should do otherwise. They were not bound, by the law of God, to starve nor to catch fevers. It is one of the peculiar and striking characteristics of the

Puritan colonists, and one for which they deserve commendation rather than censure, that, with enthusiasm upon points of faith, carried to so great a height as they carried it, should have been joined in them a great deal of sound, practical, English good sense upon every-day matters. This infused itself into every part of their system of self-government, and gave to it that steadiness which carried them so successfully through the violent collisions of opinion, that followed each other with great rapidity during the first years of the principal settlement. And it prevented them from becoming the laughing-stock of the world, as many wiser men in their own conceit, with far greater claims for reputation, have become, when they have attempted to reduce their theories to practice.

We must, then, still maintain for New England, that the foundation of her settlements presents a scene of moral sublimity not often witnessed in the history of the world. And until now we had indulged the hope, that all intelligent and educated minds, no matter what their shades of faith or their prejudices upon religious questions might be, were in the present age united in this opinion. What, then, was our surprise may well be judged, when our New York brethren were found to look down upon the whole proceeding with contempt. For of the men who made the settlements they say,

> "Instead of looking *down* upon them, as on a point *somewhat below ourselves*, where our ancestors did, in most respects, actually stand, we look at them through a highly refracting medium ; so that, to him who is ignorant of the facts in regard to them, they seem to be raised far above the place we now occupy." — p. 49.

There was once a Pharisee, who "thanked God that he was not *even as this publican*." Self-reliance is certainly a virtue, but it sometimes terminates in over-assurance, and then becomes a fault. When we reflect upon the nature of the sacrifices which have immortalized the fame of the Puritans, we think it requires some confidence in the easy and luxurious livers of the present day to claim, that they would be equal to making the same if they were tried. And they, who look *down* upon the Puritans, must have formed rare habits of looking up at themselves. "Haud equidem invideo, miror magis." We cannot enter into these feelings. We cannot bring to mind the circumstances, under which, for the love of truth in the abstract, as these persons conscientiously apprehended it, they were willing to tear up at once all the roots of association with home, and friends, and native land, to transplant themselves into a cold, and naked, and desolate country, where the original stocks must be content to remain stunted, even though they might put forth new and thriving scions for another generation to enjoy ; we say, we cannot bring to mind all these things without at once and involuntarily exclaiming, — These were *not* ordinary men. We should never be so bold as to engage for ourselves, that we could follow them, albeit at an humble distance and with unequal steps. We would at all events be spared the trial ; for, if heroism is the child of adversity, it is not the less a parent of great personal suffering. We honor it, because it rises *above* the ordinary strain of social doctrine. Happy they, who, like our brethren, feel the assurance, before trial, of future success in such a vocation ! We, who have not yet reached that pass, cannot, like them, be dispensed from looking *up* to our ancestors now, as we have ever done.

We know that the next topic is somewhat threadbare, and that we have already tried the patience of our readers ; but we nevertheless feel it impossible to avoid noticing the position, that " our civil and religious liberty exists, not in consequence, but in spite, of the spirit and genius of Puritanism." Even Hume, with all his contempt of religious professions, did not venture to go so far. His cold cynicism spared something for a bolder intolerance to decry. We shall not commit the absurdity of an argument directly upon the propostion ; particularly since we should be running into unequal competition with that which forms the very strongest part of Mr. Bancroft's historical work. Our purpose will be confined to the consideration of the reasons given in affirmation of what they assert. It did so happen, that Mr Bacon ventured to state, that " the one great purpose of extending the kingdom of God determined the form, the spirit, and the working of the civil institutions of the Puritans," at which our brethren take great exception, as we must venture to think, with very small justification. That it determined the form is clearly enough shown in the great mixture of the Mosaic Law in the original code of the colony. That it determined the spirit and working is also manifest, both in the peculiar form of the government, as it was administered, and in the restriction of the right of franchise to those who were church-members, which secured a control over the mode of administration. This restriction, however, constitutes the great point of objection to the truth of Mr. Bacon's assertion, as well as of support to the broad attack upon Puritanism above cited, which it is our present desire to consider.

Now, in regard to the right and wrong of such a measure, when considered in the abstract, and without reference to any of the circumstances under which men commonly act, we do not imagine, that there would, at this day, be more than one opinion. But the moment, when we take it out of this negative position, and begin to surround it with the events and passions of common life, is that when the judgment must be called in, and sound discrimination exercised. We are free to confess, that we have always regarded it as the greatest evidence of worldly wisdom which the Puritans displayed, although it is not probable that it was adopted solely upon that ground. The idea of expecting any principles of liberty from the supervision of the government at home, was not exactly that which, from their experience, would ever have readily suggested itself in connexion with the names of Charles, and of the Archbishop of Canterbury. To them, these were names of terror here, as they had been there ; because they were indelibly graven upon their memory in association with the sacrifices they had been compelled to elect, rather than to surrender their convictions. They did not come to America without an object. That object probably was, to worship God in the manner which they liked best, and to secure to themselves a spot in which they might carry into execution their wish to perpetuate their modes of thought. To effect this, they laid down every thing deemed valuable on earth ; and hence the estimate they placed upon the successful attainment of it, was commensurate with the price it had cost them. They sowed in tears, that they might reap in joy. There was not a moment during the infancy of the colony, in which it was not in danger from enemies on both sides of the Atlantic.

There was not a moment in which the Puritans were not exposed to the danger of seeing the edifice of their erection completely overturned. That edifice was a sort of theocratic government, embodying their religious and their political notions, derived in a somewhat complex manner from the study of the Scriptures, and the genuine English principles with which they were deeply imbued. That this form of government was the result of a natural and simple construction of the charter which they had received, can hardly be maintained. They had probably themselves no small misgivings upon that subject. Yet it was the ability, in some sort, to protect that form, by holding over it the shield of the charter, which gave to that instrument its importance in their eyes; and for the sake of this, and this only, did it have value at all with them. Now the fact, that enemies to that form existed in their own camp from the day of their landing, who eagerly sought for opportunities to break it down, was well known to them. The further fact, that those enemies were in direct communication with, and probably in the pay of, powerful chiefs at home, to whom no method of personal recommendation was likely to prove so strong, as the exposure of deeds which might be charged against the Puritans in Massachusetts as offences, is at this time pretty thoroughly made out, and was suspected even in their day. Gorges and Mason, Gardiner and Morton, Bennett, Maverick, and Gorton, men of very dissimilar character, and operated upon by opposite inducements, yet were all ready to unite with equal zeal to pull down what they could not hope to control. It was the requiring a qualification of church-membership to make a freeman, which pulled the fangs out of most of these serpents, and made them harmless against the infant settlement.

It is worthy of remark also, that the chief charges which these complainants were fond of preferring by no means correspond with those, which their successors of the "New York Review" desire to bring forward. They affirm, that the object of the Puritans was total independence, "*not new discipline*, but sovereignty," as Bennett says, in his letter to Archbishop Laud, an inference which he very naturally drew from their well-grounded apprehensions of the tyranny of his correspondent. Now, that the men who had been at so great pains of body and mind to set up a civil and religious state, such as they deemed nearest to perfection of all they could imagine on this earth, should, when they had got it well established, stand ready to throw open to its enemies, at home and abroad, every avenue through which they could most effectively destroy it, appears to us to be expecting of them a degree of infatuated simplicity, which would have been far from doing them honor. Scarcely four years elapsed, before Laud had procured himself to be placed at the head of a commission, by means of which his arm, that had driven the Puritans from their homes in Great Britain, might be made long enough to reach them even in the spot of their refuge. The king's Attorney-general was at the same time following up the legal measures necessary to make the charter null, and serving his writ upon the company *in England*, thus clearly manifesting his sense of the meaning of the patent. It is true, that the Puritans still retained powerful friends, who loved and respected them too much, not strenuously, and at moments successfully, to resist the measures of hostility with which they were threatened. Yet, after all, it was only that revolution, which hurled the monarch from his throne, and brought the head of his church and himself to the block, that saved the colony from disorganization and despair. For the repeal of the charter would probably have been the signal for general dispersion to places without the jurisdiction of Britain, where ecclesiastical tyranny and Stuart despotism could not come.

But the New York Reviewers, when at all pressed by the continual proofs given by the Puritans of their attachment to liberty, strive to evade them by affirming that it was only the liberty of doing as they pleased. If by this it is meant to imply, that they pleased to do any thing which good morals, or religion, or their civil duties, would forbid, then is the insinuation so completely set at nought by the whole tenor of their records, that it is not worthy of a second thought. Generally speaking, colonists come from the less settled classes of society, who leave it to get rid of the restrictions upon the indulgence of their habits, which established laws and customs commonly impose. But the Puritans were an exception to this rule, inasmuch as, being members of a fixed population at home, they voluntarily and cheerfully imposed upon themselves, in their new state, rules of discipline even more rigid than those which they had left. There is no other such example in history. And it was quite as much from dislike of this discipline, which was by no means suited to people of vicious habits, as from any other motive, that men like Gardiner and Morton were first drawn into acts of hostility against the colony. Had it been less tolerant of gross immorality, perhaps Laud would have lost two of his most efficient coadjutors. Had they found a greater degree of that liberty which means license, and less of that which signifies law, they might have remained to contaminate our atmosphere with the breath of their freedom. If such men were among the instruments, through whom "the supervision of the government at home was exercising itself to retain the most liberal features of the charters" against the efforts of the Puritans, then is it very clear to us, that the latter were perfectly right in adopting the most vigorous measures to counteract their influence.

In truth, the period of thirty years from the first settlement at Plymouth, in 1620, was one of continual and incessant anxiety to the Puritans. And, even after the Church of England had fallen, they were not without fears of the authority of the Westminster Assembly, which made demonstration of a disposition to rule over them. The successful resistance made to the attempt conclusively proves how little they felt of sympathy with either party in that contest for the supremacy between the Church and Presbytery, into which our New York brethren seek so earnestly to impel them. They were of the class of Independents, who had no protectors with a particle of good-will in the highest places in England, until Cromwell came forward, and took into his own hands the reins of government, which the contention of others contributed quite as much as any efforts of his own to place there.

It is a striking passage in one of the historical works of Mr. Sharon Turner, in which, upon looking back at the peculiar coincidences which seemed absolutely requisite to the production of the Reformation, and which at the fitting moment did accordingly happen, he deduces, from what to mortal eyes were mere accidents, an inference of the existence of "a mysterious force perceptibly operative, which alters and overturns human affairs, and tramples down dignity and power."

And after extorting the unwilling homage of the Epicurean Lucretius to this truth,

> "Usque adeo res humanas VIS ABDITA quædam
> Obterit; et pulchros fasceis sævasque secures
> Proculcare, ac ludibrio sibi habere videtur,"

he leads the philosophical student gradually, but certainly, to identify it with a provident God. With very similar feelings to his, have we often called to mind the remarkable train of events which singularly concurred, from both sides of the Atlantic, to develope a wholly new system of social polity in this quarter of the globe. It would seem as if every shade of opinion in the old world had, in the first place, had its opportunity of occupying a place upon the new, and as if these had all been continually subjected since to mutual attrition and reciprocal modification, as well by reason of the closer drawing of the ties of intercourse between them, as of the process of fusion, which goes on even to this day in the new settlements. Whatever the ultimate result of this new formation of character may be, which cannot now be foreseen by the wisest, the share which the Puritan settlements of New England will have contributed can never be overlooked, even by the most superficial of observers. It surely was not for nothing, that they passed through the seven times heated furnace of affliction, and brought out with them in safety the institutions which they cherished as the apple of their eye. Nor yet was it for nothing, that they emerged from the critical age of revolutions without having been called to battle, and, with their social system hardened into strength, at the very moment when that of the mother country was crumbling into its original elements under the effect of ferocious conflicts. There may be some persons, who would find fault with them for resolutely adhering to the only mode, by which these results could have been brought about; and others, who might not have been inclined to regret it, if a hazardous liberality had ended in Massachusetts, as it did in the Catholic colony of Maryland, by establishing the authority of the English church. We hold no community of feeling with such men, wherever they may be. For, had this result been the will of Providence, New England must have ceased to be New England, and her subsequent history would have borne another face upon its pages. We respect the talents, and the learning, and the piety, which have distinguished the Church of England. But we do not forget, that passive submission to the divine right of kings has been a political doctrine not unfrequently heard in former days in her pulpits, nor that the test of church-membership has until very lately been applied at every avenue to official distinction in Great Britain. Hence, if there was intolerance among us, her example was not likely to have relieved us from the odium we incur on account of it; whilst her high-toned monarchical theories might have had a wide sphere of influence at a subsequent day, and have thrown much weight into the scale of the mother country, when the ultimate struggle for independence came on.

We now come down to the last charge, and the only one with a show of good foundation, which we see in the whole article of our New York contemporaries; the charge of religious intolerance. And, inasmuch as this is by no means a very new charge, nor one which is commonly denied to be just, nor one which either Professor Kingsley or Mr. Bacon undertakes to repel, we were a little surprised to see such a labor of quotation to establish it. The object appears to have been to bring it to bear upon civil questions, with which it has nothing to do. The institutions of the colonies were founded upon the principles of freedom, *not* made for the Puritans in their earlier charters, but deduced from them by themselves, notwithstanding that their religion was intolerant. The same fact was observable at the same time in the mother country, with only the addition, that a monarch and a bishop were adopting "Thorough" as their motto in the labor of subversion. The mind of man had hardly been long enough liberated from Papal shackles, to find its way to the ultimate consequences of a new principle. The lesson of tolerating what we consider to be erroneous opinions, is one at all times learned with great difficulty, and particularly where the subjects of difference are thought to be of momentous importance. Even when perfectly understood, which is scarcely the case before mature age, the practice of it is carried on under the perpetual resistance of man's passions and prejudices. Contention will inevitably breed anger, and this, in its turn, stimulates to immoderate triumph after victory, instead of that sacrificing concession, to make which throws the struggle inward upon one's self. We are not very sure, that even in our day and generation, when we are so much inclined to boast of our superior light, there are not occasional evidences furnished us of the existence of a temper, which would need only the same power and the same provocation that Romanism had, again to kindle the fires of Smithfield, and to revive the watchword of St. Bartholomew. We do not censure any intolerant measures of the Puritans the less on that account; but, in view of their comparative ignorance of the truth, we are disposed to temper our sentence with mercy. Let him only who is wholly without sin in this respect cast the first stone. We seek to vent no reproaches upon unconscious error.

Nothing remains, if we except a trifling and somewhat hypercritical objection, made to the mode in which Mr. Bacon speaks of the settlements with the Indians for lands. We had supposed the main point involved to be the spirit in which the Puritans treated their claim of ownership, but are met with an application of the principle laid down by the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of *Johnson* vs. *McIntosh*, in 1823; a method of treating the subject, which we suppose is the natural effect of the preference, acknowledged so frankly by our brethren, of the doctrines of their own age over those of their predecessors. But, as some of our readers may still wish to know precisely what those predecessors thought of the subject, without the light of our modern judges to guide them, we will venture to quote for their satisfaction from the instructions given to Endicott by the government of the Company, upon the occasion of the first settlement of Massachusetts.

> "Whereas in our last, wee advised you to make composicon with such of the salvages as did pretend any tytle, or lay clayme to any of the land within the territoryes granted to us by his Majesty's charter, wee pray you now, bee carefull to discover and find out all such pretenders, and by advice of the councell there to make such reasonable composicon with them, as may free us and yourselves from any scruple of intrusion; and to this purpose, if it might be convenyently done, to compound and conclude with them all, or as many as you can, at one tyme, not doubting but, by your discreet ordering of this business, the Natives wil-be willing to treat and compound with you upon very easie conditions."

We do not intend to go into the consideration of the nice question in political economy, whether the consideration given according to these instructions was an equivalent or not. It is sufficient for us, that whatever title the Indians pretended to claim was met by acknowledgment, and a readiness to make compensation for the property taken. Inasmuch as value passed on both sides, it seems to us fair enough to consider the transactions as bargains, in which each party obtained articles they valued more, in exchange for such as they valued less. The mere fact, that the Indians' deeds contain the words "give, grant, and yield up," will be no argument against this view of the subject to those who remember, that most deeds in fee simple run in a similar manner. It is a remark made by Hutchinson, that the lands thus obtained were, with some exceptions, not worth the cost which it had taken to bring them into cultivation ; so that, after all, the Indians may have obtained, for their qualified right of possession, quite as much as any person would consider its value. In the whole matter we see no stress to be laid upon any portion, excepting that which manifests the spirit of justice, and respect for the rights of others, in which the settlement commenced. And this we do not understand our brethren of New York as wishing to dispute.

We have now done with the article upon the "Politics of the Puritans" in the "New York Review" ; an article which, we must be allowed to think, does no honor to the pages of that able magazine, and which, for a disingenuous use of authorities, and an illiberal spirit, upon colonial history, has not been exceeded since the days of George Chalmers. Perhaps, if the authors should again incline to search out materials in the "Planter's Plea" for an attack upon the motives and principles of our ancestors, they will give more deliberate consideration to the passages with which we now close our task. We recommend them most particularly to their attention, for the manly and generous tone which contrasts so strongly with their own.

"Now, for the better preventing of such suspitions and jealousies, and the ill affections to this worke, that may arise thereupon ; two things are earnestly requested of such as passe their censures upon it, or the persons that undertake it. The first is, that although in this barren and corrupt age, wherein we live, all our actions are generally swayed and carried on by private interests ; insomuch as sincere intentions of furthering the common good (grounded upon that love through which wee are commanded to serve one another) be the wonders of men ; notwithstanding, men would not thinke it impossible, that the love which waxeth cold and dyeth in the most part, yet may revive and kindle in some men's hearts; and that there may be found some that may neglect their ease and profit to doe the church good and God service, out of a sincere love and affection to God's honour and the churche's good. Or if, in the world's infancy, men out of an ambitious humour, or at present for private advantages and expectation of gaine, thrust themselves out from their own dwellings into parts farre remote from their native soyle ; why should not we conceive, that, if they doe this for a corruptible croune, that the desire and expectation of an incorruptible (the reward of such as deny themselves for the service of God and his Church) may as strongly allure such as by patient continuance in well-doing seeke immortalitie and life ? And yet the favourable conceits that men entertaine of such as follow, in all their actions, the wages of their private gaine, and the jealousies that they are apt to entertaine of such as pretend onely the advancement of the Gospell, manifestly argue that the generall opinion of the world is, that some may be true to themselves and the advancement of their owne private estates, but hardly any to God and his Church. I should be very unwilling to thinke, they cherish this suspition upon that ground, that moved that sensuall Emperor to beleeve that no man was cleane or chaste in any part of his body, because himselfe was defiled and uncleane in all. This is then the first favour that is desired, of such as consider this action, to beleeve that it is neither impossible nor unlikely, that these men's intentions are truely and really such as they pretend, and not colours and cloakes for secret dangerous purposes which they closely harbour in their breasts, especially when all apparent circumstances concurre to justifie the contrary." — pp. 79, 80.

Art. VII. — *Geschichte der Hellenischen Dichtkunst*, von Dr. Georg Heinrich Bode, Assessor der philosophischen Facultät zu Göttingen. — *Erster Band. Geschichte der Epischen Dichtkunst der Hellenen bis auf Alexandros den Grossen. — Zweiter Band. Geschichte der Lyrischen Dichtkunst der Hellenen bis auf Alexandros den Grossen. Erster Theil. Ionische Lyrik, nebst Abhandlungen über* *die ältesten Kultus- und Volkslieder, und über die Tonkunst der Hellenen.* Leipzig. 1838. 8vo. pp. 524, 395.

History of Grecian Poetry, by Dr. GEORGE HENRY BODE, Assessor of the Philosophical Faculty at Göttingen. — *Vol. I. History of the Epic Poetry of the Greeks, down to Alexander the Great.* — *Vol. II. History of the Lyric Poetry of the Greeks, down to Alexander the Great. Part First. Ionic Lyric Poetry, together with Essays upon the most Ancient Religious and Popular Songs, and upon the Music of the Greeks.*

DR. BODE is not unknown to scholars in the United States. A residence of several years, as Greek Instructer in the Northampton School, brought him into personal relations with the principal men of letters among us. His Essay on the Orphic Poetry also, written at a very early period of his life, was introduced to American scholars through the pages of this Journal,* and gave a most favorable impression of his abilities and learning. Soon after his return to Germany, he published an elaborate edition of several ancient mythographists, which confirmed the high opinion already formed of his literary attainments. The present work on the history of Greek poetical literature will place his name still higher among the scholars of the age, and will be an acceptable offering to the lovers of classical learning, wherever the German language is cultivated.

To undertake the history of Greek poetry is a very ambitious literary enterprise. Undoubtedly, the intellect of Greece was unfolded with wonderful symmetry. One life seems to have run through every form it assumed, whether in poetry, rhetoric, art, or philosophy. With all their diversities, the Greek people were singularly homogeneous, both physically and mentally. Their national existence, and their intellectual activity, were rounded off so as to be complete. Yet within the limits of this completeness, what diversities of intellectual habits, moral tendencies, and political views ! How strangely the Spartan soldier contrasted with the Athenian gentleman, the καλὸς καὶ ἀγαθός of the ancient writers ! How widely the legislation of Solon departed from that of Lycurgus ! And how the short, sharp, pithy conversational style of the Lacedæmonians, where wit and wisdom, repartee, sarcasm, and truth were blended, and formed a weapon, the edge of which nothing could resist, — how curiously this compares with the fluent politeness, the "O most wonderful," "O most dear," and the graceful irony, and boundless versatility, of the smoothly winding Attic dialogue. And then, how strange the contrast between Greece united against the Persian invader, the Lacedæmonian and Athenian fighting and falling side by side ; — and the same Greece broken into struggling parties, — the Spartan armies ravaging the Attic fields, and the Attic fleets wasting the Lacedæmonian shores, and each inflicting on the other all the horrors of the long-protracted Peloponnesian war ! How furious were the conflicts of opposite political principles ; democracy, aristocracy, and monarchy ! How violent the contrasts of philosophical opinions and systems ! And yet all these contrasts were bound together by a subtile, all-pervading national feeling, which made them a part and parcel of the one and only Greek character. This Greek character was perfectly stamped on Greek literature and art ; and a history of Greek literature cannot be severed from the history of art, nor from the political history of the country. For all these together form an organic whole, and are as intimately united as the limbs of an animated body. When they are sundered, life vanishes under the anatomist's fingers.

---

* See *North American Review*, Vol. XXI. p. 388.

The permanency of this Greek spirit is not the least surprising phenomenon in the history of the world. It has endured, from the first glimmering of historic light, down to the present day, and the analogies between recent events and those of former times are at once striking and instructive. Between three and four thousand years ago, a royal government was established in Athens, by a foreign prince, who hushed the quarrels of warring tribes, established or renewed the forms of civil life, and built on the Acropolis a stronghold against invaders. And it was but yesterday, that the same city, and the same Acropolis, with the old Pelasgic wall, which outdates Theseus and Cecrops, still standing, were entered by a foreign prince, and made the seat of a new Hellenic kingdom ; the centre of a civil power, which has already reduced the wild mountain tribes under a government of laws. Three thousand years ago the exploits of Grecian heroes, during a nine years' warfare against the dwellers on the Asiatic shore, were chanted by the singers of the Grecian isles ; and singers of the same Grecian isles are even now celebrating the deeds of heroes in a nine years' warfare with the swarthy hordes from the same Asiatic shore ; and a modern Odysseus, of Ithaca, stands among the highest heroic names. The bards have taken up again the broken harp of Greece ; and, though its compass is narrowed, and its strings are fewer than of old, still, tones of the old Hellenic spirit are drawn from it once more. Twenty-four or five centuries ago, Herodotus related the long train of slaughter and conflagrations that attended the Persian invasion, with the final overthrow of the turbaned Asiatics ; five or six years ago, Sourmeles sent out from the press of Ægina, a like history of a like invasion of turbaned Asiatics, which has gained for its author the appellation of the modern Thucydides. The assassination of Hipparchus, and the death of the assassin, were acted over again in the fate of Count Capo d'Istria. The piracies, mentioned by Homer, and described by Thucydides, have all been repeated, in modern times, among the islands of the Grecian seas. The superstitions of the Greek mythology are preserved, under slightly altered forms, among the songs of the Klephtic mountaineers. "They are the same *canaille*," remarked a French merchant in Athens, "that they were in the days of Themistocles." They have undergone innumerable revolutions and reverses ; they have been ground to the earth by successive tyrants, who have, one after another, been swept away ; but they have always cherished their national recollections, and their ancient Hellenic pride ; they have written and spoken substantially the language of their great ancestors ; they have ever refused to mingle with their barbarian oppressors ; among their mountain fastnesses, a portion of them have preserved their Grecian liberty, as well as their Grecian spirit, unextinguished. Some have engaged in commerce, and acquired wealth ; others have frequented the Universities of Western Europe, and returned thence, laden with the treasures of science and literature. Under all these circumstances they have never lost the consciousness of national existence, nor the mighty memories of the past ; and they bear, to this day, in their features, indelible marks of their descent from those ancients, whose perfect forms are immortalized in the marble. They are the same ἑλίκωπες Ἀχαιοί, the same bright-eyed Achæans, of whom Homer sung "three thousand years ago."

The political history of the Greeks has been handled in various ways by modern writers. The English, whose political experience and practical liberty give them great advantages for understanding the spirit of foreign and ancient history, have devoted much attention to the Grecian States. But the value of their labors has been materially diminished by the fact, that their ablest historical writers have permitted the prejudices and partialities of modern political divisions to sway their judgments upon the events and characters of remote antiquity ; so that what is gained on the one hand, is, perhaps, more than lost on the other. Mitford's "History of Greece," though, in many respects, a work of considerable ability, is notoriously false in historical coloring. All the most important events of Grecian history are distorted, and all the most illustrious characters of antiquity, are blackened, merely to gratify a rancorous hatred against every form of popular liberty. A proceeding of this kind, conducted on such a prodigious scale, can never be too severely stigmatized. On the other hand, Bulwer's flashy History of Athens, is a work too thoroughly fictitious, perhaps, to be subjected to the principles of historical criticism ; yet, as it passes for a real history, and makes no ordinary pretensions to scholarship, and is called a history by its author, it will probably be so received by what affects to be the reading public. What the value of this pretender's historical judgments may be, is sufficiently shown by his defence of that monstrous institution of the Athenian democracy, the *ostracism*. We are not going too far, when we say, that, considered as histories, both these works are worse than worthless ; for they are written on principles radically wrong. They are false, beginning, middle, and end. Considered as works of fiction, some people may find them entertaining. They are certainly full of invention.

Still less has been done towards illustrating the literary history of Greece by English scholars. In fact, no profound and comprehensive view of Greek literature has ever been attempted in the English language. Classical learning has, it is true, been always one of the leading objects of British education ; and there have always been, at the British Universities, men of distinguished classical attainments. Their contributions, however, to the stores of classical learning, for the use of the whole literary world, have been comparatively unimportant. The great Bentley was a man of astonishing reach of mind and vigor of reasoning ; but his attempts upon the text of ancient authors may be estimated, and fairly estimated, by his conjectural emendations of Milton's "Paradise Lost." Porson was an eminent scholar; but he did very little, indeed, for the promotion of classical learning; and even that little, particularly in the department of metre, is of no great value at present. It is very curious to observe, how mechanical and slavish English scholarship has been since; and with what reverence the *dicta* of a few distinguished men have been almost universally received and regarded. For example, if an expression is found in a Greek tragedian, which defies the canons of the great masters, the commentator remarks, "This expression *violates* the canon of Dawes," or "This line cannot be reconciled with the principle of Porson," or "Porson says it must be so and so;" as if the canon of Dawes and the principles of Porson were the first authorities to be consulted, and the ancient author himself really had but little to do with settling the question; and the chances are, that the genuine text will be mutilated, to make it correspond with the rule so mechanically laid down. Elmsley's ludicrous fanaticism against anapæsts in Tragic Iambic verse is a fair example of the epidemic pedantry among the older English scholars. Blomfield's Æschylus, a work, upon the whole, of creditable learning, offers readings which the poet-soldier, if he could rise from his grave, would look upon with wonder, if not with indignation. It is impossible to conceive a more atrocious piece of literary quackery, than cutting and slashing the lines of an ancient poet, to enable the modern reader to count off the syllables at his fingers' ends. Poetical rhythm is to be judged more by the musical sense, than by the *tum-ti* systems of learned gentlemen, who have deadened their perceptions of nature by the thousand-fold subtilties of mere verbal criticism. A better spirit has been recently shown among the Hellenists of England. Mitchell's edition of a part of the Comedies is an honor to British scholarship; and the same may be said of Arnold's Thucydides. Thirlwall's "History of Greece," also, is entitled to very high praise.

In Germany, on the contrary, the study of classical antiquity has been prosecuted with boundless industry and learning. The German scholars, apart from the concerns of practical and political life, have created, in regions of science, letters, and art, a career of intellectual activity, which they have followed up with a zeal and enthusiasm elsewhere unequalled. The two languages of classical antiquity have been explored by them with the most minute and searching care; they have been illustrated from every conceivable source; and if their full import has not been perfectly brought to light, it is because of the impossibility of restoring all the meaning and variety of languages, which have ceased to be used in the living intercourse of men. The best grammars of the Latin and Greek languages have been written by Germans; except the immortal work of Forcellini (the "Totius Latinitatis Lexicon"), incomparably the best dictionaries of the Latin and Greek languages have been written by Germans; the most learned, comprehensive, and thorough works on the arts and antiquities of the Greeks and Romans have been written by Germans; so that the classical scholar, who is ignorant of what the Germans have done, in every department of ancient learning, must be content to remain far behind the scholarship of the age.

But the peculiar circumstances, in which the German literati are placed, have led them as a body, into faults of a grave character, which the American student must sedulously guard himself against. They are much inclined to paradoxical opinions for the sake of their novelty; their theoretical views are not sufficiently tempered down by common sense and the experience of daily life; they are apt to lose themselves in the airy regions of abstruse speculation; they often reject old views for no better reason than that they are old, and supply their place by new ones, which are supported by the slenderest possible proofs; they elevate a single fact, or a mere hint, by itself of little or no consequence, into an unwarranted dignity, by making it the basis of a theory, or a leading idea of some startling and paradoxical system; and it must be confessed, they are fond of abusing their privilege of being mystical and obscure in their style, to a degree unheard of among other nations. All these remarks are supported, also, by the admissions of some of their most sensible writers. Thus it happens, that, while we may regard the German scholars as admirable models of patient research, and conscientious industry, and while we must resort to the treasures which they have accumulated, if we would investigate any department of learning to the best advantage, still we must enter a protest against taking them, as a general rule, for models of arrangement, style, and reasoning. The perfect ideal of a scholar would be one, who should unite the labor and learning of the German, the practical sense of the Englishman, and the transparent clearness and admirable method of the Frenchman.

But it is time to return to the work, whose title is placed at the head of this article. It is marked, both by the excellences and defects, which belong to its German origin. In learning, it is minute, extensive, and profound. Scarcely a fact, in the history of those branches of Greek literature, which are taken up in the volumes already published, has escaped the author's vigilant eye. Every topic, both of fact and speculation, every question, both of ancient and modern criticism, every view, that has heretofore been presented on the contested points of Greek learning, is dealt with according to the author's judgment of its importance. But this truly German method has led him into an excessive detail, which grows occasionally tedious, even to the most conscientious reader. Amidst such a multiplicity of particulars, we fail to arrive at distinct, general views. We lose our way in the labyrinth of minute discussions, and look about us in vain for some Ariadne's thread to guide us out into the clear light of day. The author fails, too often, to gather up the separated lines of his learned inquiries, and draw them all into a single, irresistible conclusion. The work is not a well-proportioned edifice. Some parts are dwelt upon altogether too long, and are raised to an importance wholly out of proportion to their general bearing upon the rest. But he frequently presents illustrations of his views, drawn from the world of ancient art, that are at once beautiful and instructive ; and we do not know a writer, who has more successfully availed himself of this abundant source of tasteful analogies and convincing argument. Besides excessive details, it seems to us, that the learned author has erred on the side of excessive divisions and subdivisions of his subject-matter. It may, perhaps, be a question, whether the literature of any nation can be adequately set forth, upon any other plan than that of taking up its several branches, and completing the history of each by itself. But we are inclined to think, that a history which should present all the literary phenomena, as they arose, giving to each its proper place and its just weight, and blending the political fortunes of the nation, so far as would be necessary to present a complete, well-proportioned, and harmonious picture of the collective intellect of the people, would be more satisfactory, than the most elaborate and able work, which represents the literary achievements of a people, as it were, by piecemeal. This remark is particularly true, when we apply it to the literature of the Greeks, on account of the extraordinary homogeneousness of all their intellectual achievements, as we have before observed. A work upon the other principle, especially if its author sees fit to publish it by single volumes, almost necessarily loses the interest of a completed whole, and fails to give the pleasing impression of correct proportions. Now these two things are the leading characteristics of all the productions of Grecian genius, and ought to characterize every work devoted to the exposition of the intellectual life of the Greeks. We cannot affirm, that Dr. Bode's work fulfills this condition.

The first volume is devoted to the history of epic poetry, and we quote from the Introduction the following passage, for the sake of letting the author express the principles by which he has been guided, in his own way.

"The poetry of the Greeks was unfolded from the very midst of the whole nation, like an intellectual power; it was not propagated under a stiff and contracted form, by artificial and toilsome care, as the heir-loom of particular classes. It may be set forth under two principal historical bearings. We may consider it as a complete whole, though its inward connexion is often made out only from uncertain fragmentary accounts; in the frequently recurring voids, the connexion can, for the most part, be divined only by analogies drawn from free combinations, and can rarely be ascertained with clearness. Then the history of it must endeavour to grasp the intellectual spirit and purport of the national life, so far as they have been expressed under the forms of poetry, and to follow them out, through all the steps of culture, and in all their phenomena. By this psychological method, our investigation brings us to a clear perception of the interior course of poetry, and might furnish no small contribution towards the history of man, if, at the same time, it should point out the close connexion, which was kept up, with ever increasing importance, between the poetical activity of the Greeks and all their political relations, however modified by considerations of morality and religion, from the earliest beginnings of their national existence, to the period when their political and intellectual powers were completely unfolded. The delineation will, therefore, dwell longer upon the most eminent minds, because by their creations we are most exactly acquainted with every step in the progress of the national mind, and because they have at the same time given the most powerful impulse to new careers of activity. Regarding these, then, as the main pillars, on which the whole structure is supported, we shall find it easy to point out by analogy the symmetrical proportions of the single parts to the whole, which whole consists in what may be called an intellectual unity, even with regard to the connecting links which have been lost; for all the forms of Grecian poetry have been unfolded by a growth so perfectly natural and regular, that each makes a whole of itself, and is guarded against all intermixture with other species, by a definite type and outline, within which the same conformity to law prevails. Such a representation of Grecian poetry from within, however, and the treatment of its external history, which is the other point of view from which it may be delineated, are by no means to be divided, if all the peculiarities and phenomena, embraced by the comprehensive province of poetical activity, are to be historically recorded, and brought under a general view coextensive with the purpose to be accomplished.

"A distribution of the whole into definite portions and classes is the more necessary here, since a mere record of all the monuments of poetry, without classification, would only have the appearance of an unorganized mass. But, while making such an external disposition of the parts, we must be careful never to lose sight of the collective culture of the nation, so far as this has been taken up into the poetical literature, and made a portion of its conscious existence. It forms what may be called the frame-work to the proper picture of the poetry, referring, as it does, to the personal relations of the several poets after the received accounts of the ancients, defining the peculiarities of their art, according to their works, or to fragments of their works, and seeking to give a fair view of their poetical import, according to settled principles of criticism. By this method, we can easily take the several species of poetry from the great affluence of the literary phenomena and trace them out by themselves. These various kinds of poetry have exercised the powers of genius in very different gradations, sometimes freely and nobly; at others, under a contracted form, and merely by accident. Besides, as long as the separated races of the collective Hellenic nation existed free and independent, the different species of poetry also were freely and independently unfolded, and their peculiar tendencies may, therefore, be easily detected, and arranged under the given classes. But the literary historian must not make this specification of classes his final aim; on the contrary, it must be subordinated to the higher laws of the inner representation, which endeavours to grasp the fixed and organic connexion of the entire poetical efforts of the age, that are recorded by outward history only one by one or in homogeneous masses, and to bring them into a united whole, wherever this can be done. But to facilitate the general survey, even with regard to the interior history, it is necessary to adhere to definite epochs, although they may break up the unobstructed course of poetry. But clearness of view in the general representation demands this sacrifice, although we often have to take up together those phenomena of a new epoch, the roots of which run into a preceding period; which owe to its fruitful soil, not only their existence, but their most efficient nutriment, and which are lost again among the variegated multitude of intellectual tendencies, so that it remains doubtful under what division of time they may most suitably be placed. According to this view, therefore, the entire extent of Greek poetry, down to the time of Alexander the Great, should first be laid off into the three leading species, the Epic, the Lyric, and the Dramatic, after we have taken a preliminary survey of the indefinite period of mythical antiquity.

"When, therefore, we proceed to the division by epochs, we must make the first or preliminary period extend from the earliest dawn of poetical activity to the time of Homer, representing particularly the Orphic age. The second period, from Homer down to the Persian wars, Ol. 72, 3, or 490 before Christ, embraces the range of Greek national poetry, according to the threefold division into Ionic, Æolic, and Doric. It includes the historical progress of the Epic, the Ionic Lyric, particularly of Elegiac and Iambic poetry, of the Lesbian and Æolian *melos*, and of the Doric choral odes, tracing them through all their manifold appearances and directions, and thus prepares for the third period, which extends to the time of Alexander, Ol. 111, 1, or 336 years before Christ, embracing the entire literature of the Drama, according to the three divisions of Tragic, Satyric, and Comic. It is called the Attic period also, and it united within its limits the most complete creations of epic and lyric poetry, and moulded them into magnificent works of art for theatrical representation. The long interval between the age of Alexander and the capture of Constantinople in 1453, contains nothing but repetitions and variations of the earlier kinds of poetry. These were no longer the natural and necessary growth of organic culture. They were single and disconnected attempts, which were raised to beauty of form, at the beginning, by the toilsome efforts of Alexandrian scholarship, on the basis of classical poetry. After the establishment of the Roman Universal Empire, which took place 30 years before

Christ, they branched out anew into sophistic subtilties. They sunk lower and lower, however, through the merely literary pursuits, which were the prevailing objects of the times, and finally, after Justinian, A. D. 529, degenerated into the unnatural distortions of the Byzantine Christian, or Middle Greek, style." — Vol. I. pp. 3-6.

It has been common among writers to set aside the inquiries of the Greeks themselves into their own antiquities of literature and art. This has been too hastily done. But it is true, that, with regard to some points, the Greek inquirers indulged too freely in merely fanciful speculations ; that they amused themselves with etymological whims, which the sounder views of modern scholarship have rejected. Still, it must be admitted, that some of the Greek philosophers at least were men of careful industry, patient research, calm and cool judgment, as well as of brilliant imagination and splendid eloquence ; and to set aside the opinions of such men, considering too the vast abundance of the materials which they had and we have not, is the very height of literary arrogance. The traditions of Orpheus, and the poetry which passed under his name, were an early object of investigation to the lively and curious-minded Greek. The dim legends concerning the roaming life of Homer were a fascinating theme of speculation and inquiry ; and other epic bards and lyric poets were by no means neglected. The hints that are scattered here and there over the works of Aristotle, with regard to the early history of Greek poetry, are invaluable guides to inquirers at the present day. He wrote a treatise on the poets, consisting of three books, and another of equal length on the art of poetry, out of which an incoherent abridgment was afterwards made, confined principally to epic and dramatic poetry, which, in spite of its fragmentary state, contains the best exposition of the Hellenic theory of art. Besides this, he wrote independent treatises on some of the most distinguished poets, such as Homer and Euripides ; six books of Homeric inquiries, and essays upon the Olympic and Pythian victors, upon the Dionysiac contests, and upon Tragedies, and tragic instruction. This branch of study was zealously followed up by his disciples, and to a certain extent by the elder Platonists. Works on the poets were also written by Phanias of Eresus, and Hieronymus of Rhodes ; and the celebrated Heraclides of Pontus was the author of an important work on poetry and the poets. Glaucus of Rhegium wrote upon the elder poets and musicians; and numerous other names of more or less note have been handed down to us from antiquity, in connexion with this line of inquiry. The view which Dr. Bode presents, of what the Greeks themselves accomplished for the history of poetry, is at once learned and interesting, condensed and comprehensive.

We translate the following remarks on the Greek philosophy of art.

"It cannot be exactly ascertained, at how early a period the art of the Greeks was made a particular theme of speculation. Here and there a few hints on its nature, aim, laws, and effects, occur in the oldest poems of the Greeks themselves. But worthy as these are to be examined by the expounder of the theory of art, properly so called, still they afford no certain insight into the philosophical view and the developement of art among the ancients. With respect to the latter, we have only to consider the demands which the speculation of the philosopher makes upon the works of the artist. We have nothing to do with the plastic impulse, which is present clearly to the poet's soul at the moment of creation, and from which the work of art proceeds. This impulse, however, is not required to unfold the laws upon which the work of art is constructed and completed. A poem, on the contrary, which exhibits most clearly to the philosophic eye its own conformity to law, is the more noble and complete the fewer outward marks it bears of antecedent reflection upon the principles of art involved in its structure. We should not, therefore, draw a conclusion too hastily from the excellence of the creations of Hellenic art, as to a high point of completeness of the Greek theory, at least so far as it was expressed in written works.

But still, the philosophers of the most ancient times, when art was yet in the full vigor of its active powers, began to turn their attention to the establishing of those laws, which modify its character and limit its extent. The theoretical views of music, which was always inseparable from poetry, were indeed completed earlier in the general theory of Greek art, and were first set forth by Pythagoras and his disciples upon mathematical principles. Philolaus seems to have investigated this subject most earnestly. Like most of the Pythagoreans, he founded his theory on the observance of a relation of quantity between the higher and lower tones, and endeavoured to define this relation by abstract reason, without taking the intimations of the senses at all into the account. This is what constitutes the calming and purifying power which the Pythagoreans attributed to music; and for this reason, and in perfect accordance with the mathematical and speculative intellectual tendencies in general, they approved only of such harmonies as produce the abovementioned effect. Yet the elder Pythagoreans appear not to have left behind them any special treatises upon music in itself considered, and apart from their philosophical system. The oldest work on music known to antiquity, was written by Lasus, the instructor of Pindar ; but to what extent the author carried his idea of music, and particularly whether he discussed also what is properly called poetry, is unknown. Democritus, an early contemporary of Socrates, and a thinker of strong powers and various culture, occupied himself upon these studies in a wider range. No less than ten musical works are mentioned as his. These embraced nearly every part of the theory of art, particularly poetry, rhythm, and harmony, the beauty of the epic, the harsh or agreeable sounds of the letters, Homer, orthoepy, song, diction, together with an onomasticon, painting, and perspective. But, as Suidas acknowledges but two works of Democritus as genuine, it is probable that most of the abovementioned treatises were written by other authors bearing the same name. For example, Diogenes mentions a musician, called Democritus of Chios, who must have been a contemporary of the philosopher of Abdera, and who certainly instituted special inquiries into many subjects of his art, as some still-existing fragments of his writings indicate. But the great Abderite was one of the first who expressed the opinion, with regard to the essence of poetry, that it was not so much a work of art as of an indwelling divine power of inspiration, an unconscious mastery of genius, a nobler kind of madness. By these strong and bold expressions, which Democritus used elsewhere in his representations, he certainly intended merely to oppose the view of those, who regarded poetry as a faculty that might be acquired by effort and practice, like logic and rhetoric. But that such a view existed at that time, and was frequently discussed, may besides be inferred from the flourishing state of the sophistic art, to which Democritus must have felt as great an aversion as Socrates. And it is worthy of remark, that the Platonic Socrates also shares this opinion with Democritus, that poetry is an original and mighty power springing from the inmost regions of the soul, which can only lend a greater vigor to the poet's genius, and that it consists in a kind of possession. 'For,' says he, 'the third species of madness comes from the Muses. It seizes upon pure and tender souls, urges them to pour out their divine delirium in songs of every kind, and moulds the coming times, by embellishing the numberless great deeds of the past. But he who, without the madness of the Muses, draws nigh the portals of poesy, supposing that art alone can make him a poet, remains unsuccessful, and fails to enter the sanctuary. He, and the poetry of the self-possessed, are nothing in comparison with the poetry of the mad.' This view, which was received with equal favor both by the poets and philosophers, because the Hellenic faith derived it from an ancient tradition, furnished every thinking mind with the most appropriate symbol for his lofty musings upon the essence of creative art, which appears to most men incomprehensible and divine, and, according to the expression of the sagacious Pindar, cannot be acquired. Such a divinely-inspired sense Democritus attributed to Homer, who often places himself figuratively under the immediate influence of a higher power, to whose control he submits ; he said of Homer at the same time, 'He built the structure of the varied verse.' When speaking of other poets, Homer generally derives the impulse to song from Apollo and the Muses, and calls them at the same time, *self-taught ;* whence it is clear, that, when he himself composed, he was fully conscious of his own activity, and could not really have believed that the self-acting mind was overmastered by a divine power coming from abroad ; a fact which is likewise shown by the quiet clearness of his poetry. Democritus, therefore, spoke only poetically of the inborn power of the poet, somewhat as Homer himself speaks, but by no means as the comic poets affirmed more in jest than in earnest, that the poet could draw genuine inspiration only from the wine-cup, and that the state of intoxication was the best fitted for the production of poetic works of art.

"There is but little information to be drawn from Plato, and scarcely any thing from later authors, upon the mode in which the elder sophists were accustomed to handle the theory of poetry, or at least to put on the appearance of being able to speak upon it with scientific precision. According to Plato, they treated the old poets like sophists in disguise, and had the art of proving out of them the most contradictory propositions. Still they threw out, here and there, some acute expressions, by which they often showed a just idea of the nature of art, without being able to subject the conception to a precise philosophical analysis, especially the conception of the beautiful as the highest aim of art. But contemporaneously with them, Socrates, in his unceasing effort to pierce through outside appearances, and to make the moral essence of all the labors and creations of man an immediate subject of knowledge, applied his severe method of criticism to poetry.* This was more completely carried out by Plato, and, from his point of view, was elevated to the rank of a scientific theory.

---

* We are not quite sure, that we have here given the precise meaning of our author. German speculators, in criticism as well as philosophy, some-

"The views of Socrates are expressed with greater fidelity by Xenophon than by Plato, who often makes his master unfold opinions that are purely Platonic, and that are not a little inconsistent with the accounts of Xenophon. Socrates himself, as it appears, held the good and the beautiful to be identical, and defined both according to the usefulness for this or that end, to which they were designed originally to correspond. This conception he applied both to spiritual and material beauty, but the reporter engages in no proper analysis of the conception; he affirms, however, that Socrates was the inventor of that well-known theory of art, according to which a beautiful piece of sculpture is to be formed by combining the single beauties that are scattered over nature. This was really the method adopted by the sculptors of that age, among whom Socrates himself was once numbered, and consequently was able to speak upon the subject with accuracy." — Vol. I. pp. 23, 28.

This general outline is followed by an essay on Plato's philosophy of art. This great writer was the first who reduced all the phenomena of art under the general head of imitation. He regards not only the forms of the external materials, but also the mental images of the ideal world, which art loves to embody, as imitations. According to his theory, the poet can have no free exercise of will, creative fancy can enjoy no independent action, but the highest problem of poetry is to apprehend and set forth things as they actually exist. It must be added, to give a fair exhibition of his views, that the Greeks considered the world of ideas, as something existing by itself, and placed far above the ever-recurring changes of human opinions, and that they had a peculiar power of incorporating thought, and of setting forth these ideas under established types. This facility of giving to ideas a sensible representation naturally produced among the reflecting Greeks the opinion, that the artist had nothing to do but to imitate or

---

times hide their meaning under so many coatings of metaphysical phraseology, that it is next to impossible to find it. The dubious part of the sentence is as follows; — "im unablässigen Streben, den wahren ethischen Gehalt alles menschlichen Schaffens und Treibens, aus der Tiefe der Erscheinungen zur objectiven Erkentniss zu bringen," literally, "in the unceasing effort to bring the true ethical import (or intrinsic worth) of all the creation and business of man, from the depth of phenomena to objective recognition." The passion for words that look profound, diminishes materially the value of many otherwise excellent and learned works by the German scholars.

set forth the intellectual images existing in his own soul, and is by no means to be regarded as himself the creator of those ideas. This is the fundamental principle of poetic imitation, which forms the starting-point of Plato's speculations, and differs essentially from the modern theory of the mere imitation of nature. To form a correct opinion of Plato's judgment upon the relative value of poetry, we must place ourselves upon the same height of speculation, from which he surveyed all the creations of art. But he regards the unchangeable harmony of the world of ideas as "the very head and front" of his philosophy, and adopts the hypothesis of a former state of existence, where men lived in the immediate contemplation of the true and eternal beauty of ideas. All knowledge to which man can again arrive, consists according to him, only in reminiscences ; but memory itself flows from everlasting being, and thus assures us of the immortality of the soul. Now, when the creative impulse is begun, and the memory of the idea stands clearly before us, then begins the act of imitation, or of bodying forth the idea. The very first intuition of the idea changes the ordinary condition of the soul, and begets that enthusiasm which creates from memory, and in which the real essence of things is brought to light. Regarded as a special favor of the deity, this state of mind, which even Plato calls madness, is by no means inconsistent with the possession of reason and understanding, but must be considered as the source of the highest blessings. Still madness and rationality, which this condition would seem to unite, stand in the sharpest contradiction to each other ; a contradiction which Plato reconciles, by drawing a distinction between the madness which springs from human infirmity, and that which springs from a divine exaltation of the ordinary state of the soul. But, as he believes the divine madness to be something wholly different from a common disorder of the mind, so is the rationality, which guides the divine madness to imitative activity, something wholly different from the perishing reason, whereby the ordinary man regulates mere external affairs, but can never move in the higher region of the divine. The more noble and philosophical reason, according to Plato, stands at a higher point, and begins to act only where common sense sees its final end and aim. It recognises the reality of divine things, and constantly endeavours to accompany the enthusiasm, that is, the inspiration of the divine power, to discover the true nature of things in the memory, and to find out and secure the immortal element in the mortal, and devotes its whole existence to the love of philosophical investigation. But now, mere human reason, without the divine inspiration, undertook to exercise itself upon art. Art, however, within this earthly circle, only implies a faculty or talent, and is again opposed to the inspiration of the Muses. That only, which man produces under this creative impulse and enthusiasm, belongs to genuine art, and is by no means to be confounded with the results of mere technical ability ; but Plato thinks creative impulse can hardly be called art with propriety, because it is not produced by the application of scientific knowledge, does not move within circles drawn by itself, nor can be extended at will. It is an inborn power of the mind, excited by an impulse from within, but guided and carrried forward by reason. Considered from this point of view, Plato's noble disquisitions upon poetical inspiration, as the opposite of an acquired accomplishment, and of the poetry of the understanding, appear in a wholly different light from that in which they are usually regarded. It is called without qualification a divine gift, and is beautifully compared to a magnet, which not only shows its inward power by attraction, but also imparts it to objects with which it is brought into contact. For, according to him, the Muse first inspires the poets, and these communicate some part of their inspiration to other men, such as the rhapsodists.

These are some of the leading views of Plato, which Dr. Bode has carried out to a great length of detail, and with a thorough mastery of the subject. We have no very coherent statements of the theoretical opinions held by the other disciples of Socrates, and by the elder disciples of Plato. Although art, and beauty, which is the aim of art, were the most favorite subjects of philosophical speculation, yet no deeper views of its nature and essence seem to have been presented by them. The Cynic philosophers, Antisthenes in particular, refused to acknowledge any thing as beautiful, which was not shown to be good at the same time. They would have nothing to do with beautiful appearance, and waged war upon the whole circle of the Hellenic μουσική. Of the Socratic philosophers, who occupied themselves more expressly upon the conception of art, the names of three are handed down; Crito, who wrote on poetry and the beautiful; Simmias the Theban, who investigated poetry, the beautiful, and other kindred subjects; and Simon the Athenian, whose works on poetry, music, and the beautiful, show that investigations of this sort were then very zealously carried on. Aristotle, who assumed the idea of imitation as the starting-point of his inquiries, by a more careful developement of the idea of imitation considered in itself, arrived at a result wholly different from Plato's. Far from rejecting poetry, and particularly dramatic, because it rests upon the principle of imitation, he finds precisely in this its highest perfection; for he assumes, that it contains not a mere feeble copy of the idea, but by imitation embodies the idea itself, and thus appears an independent and absolute power, which brings its works to light by the same necessity and under the same laws as nature, without being an imitation of nature.

"Nature, as the principle of motion, changes, by what is called the ἐντελέχεια, the idea of being into being itself; and the aim of this change is the form which the material puts on. Every species of poetry, every subdivision of the single species of poetry, nay, every single work of art, carries, therefore, in itself its own law, and its inward truth. But the poet's imitation, according to Aristotle, consists in the representation of an idea, or a thing, according to its inward necessity and truth. At the same time there are two kinds of imitation, distinct from each other. In a stricter sense, the poet imitates, when he takes the part of another, that is, when he represents foreign characters and not himself. But when he relates in his own person concerning others, or makes himself the object of poetry, there is no imitation, strictly speaking. So, also, that part of music only is called imitative, which represents on the stage the passion of the player. In a broader sense, however, Aristotle calls poetry and music, in their whole extent, imitative, so far as they aim to set forth the truth of their own indwelling idea. For the delight we take in art springs not from the idea of the beautiful, but partly from the essence of imitation (as every imitator takes pleasure in his own activity, and the impulse to learn and to imitate is implanted in man by nature,) and partly from the truth of the object represented to its own laws, whether it be beautiful or deformed. On this fundamental view, the further developement of the idea of each of the fine arts, and of their various branches, rests ; and no Greek philosopher has endeavoured to define the nature and essence with so much impartiality, and depth of investigation, as Aristotle." — Vol. I. pp. 53, 54.

The author proceeds to a careful statement and examination of Aristotle's theoretical principles, and does his work in the thorough and *exhaustive* manner, which belongs to German inquirers, by right of birth. This is followed by an account of the Stoic and Epicurean theories, and those of Plutarch and the rhetoricians, and the Introduction is closed by an essay on the classification of poetry.

Dr. Bode introduces his long and detailed discussion of the Orphic age with the following very just observations.

"Among all the nations of the earth, the Greeks had the most brilliant mythical antiquity, out of which the flower of epic poetry sprang as naturally, as afterwards the flower of lyric poetry sprang from the clearly ascertained period of history. When the mythical age passed away, the circle of epic poetry, too, was in itself completed. This finished form has been happily preserved and handed down in the Homeric poems, which must, therefore, have come into existence about the close of the mythical period, and must, at the same time, mark the line where the historical existence of the Greeks begins. The *mythi*, which Homer relates, are not, however, his own invention, but, on the contrary, strike their roots into the historical soil, which has, by no means, been hidden from our sight by the oral traditions, through which they were brought down to after times. Now the formation of *mythi*, wherein real events assume a nobler form, and rise to a higher point of moral dignity, presupposes the actual existence of a great poetical power among the nation ; a power no longer limited to the narrow range of individual feeling and experience, but raised, within certain definite limitations of space, to a broader perception of things in their more general external relations.* The richer and the more finished, therefore, is the mythical history of a nation, the earlier, also, must their poetical activity have been moulded upon the established principle. Unhappily, the first beginnings of poetry, among all original nations, have disappeared at the same time with the earliest unfolding of the mythical age which produced them. The Greeks themselves, at least in the age of historical investigation, had by no means come to a settled conviction, that the Homeric *epos* was the oldest among all the monuments of poetry they had received from former times. What had been composed before Homer, must have gone down amidst the splendor of this epic sun. But, from the long ante-Homeric period, nothing has been preserved, but the memory of a few celebrated names, which are not, however, all mentioned by the oldest poetical records, and which, for this or some other reason, were often the subjects of doubt and uncertainty, even among the ancients. The most conspicuous among these was Orpheus, whom the Greeks, by reason of an ancient tradition, were accustomed to regard as the representative of the mythical age of poetry." — Vol. I. pp. 87, 88.

---

* This is another specimen of a philosophical sentence. The German of the last part is, — "welche nicht mehr auf der untersten Stufe subjectiver Beschränktheit steht, sondern sich bereits zu einer allgemeinern objectiven Erkentniss in bestimmten räumlichen Verhältnissen erhoben hat." Literally, "which stands no more upon the lowest step of subjective limitation, but has already raised itself to a more general objective cognition in definite relations of space."

There is no doubt, that the earliest form, in which the genius of Greece manifested itself, was the poetical; and the earliest poetry was devoted to religious and moral themes. The mythologies, theogonies, and cosmogonies of the ancient world were arranged and embellished by the poets. Indeed, the higher we ascend into the regions of antiquity, the closer is the connexion between poetry and every subject of human thought. Philosophy uttered her earliest precepts and laws in poetical numbers. The poets were the first to invent and describe the forms of the gods and heroes. Phidias borrowed his conception of the Olympian Jupiter, from the noble description of Homer; and, again, the tragic and lyric poets transferred to their works the painted and sculptured deities, with which every Grecian city was peopled. The names only, as Dr. Bode observes, of some of the oldest religious poets, such as Orpheus, Musæus, Linus, Pamphus, and Olen, have been preserved. These poets sustained the threefold character of singers, priests, and prophets. Ministers of religion, they composed the hymns and prayers which were chanted in the sacred ceremonies; and the people regarded them as the friends and favorites of the gods, from whom they were supposed to have received a knowledge of futurity. The names of these poets, and all the traditions concerning them, point to a northern source, whence all the streams of religion and poetry flowed. Olympus, Helicon, Parnassus, and Pindus were the ancient seats of their primeval culture. It is truly remarked, by a late learned writer;

"In Thessaly and Bœotia, afterwards so barren in men of genius, there is not a spring, a river, a hill, or a forest, with which poetry has not associated some delightful recollection. There flowed the Peneus; there was the vale of Tempe; in Thessaly, Apollo, banished from heaven, lived as a shepherd amidst a happy people; there the Titans warred against the gods. In a word, poetry, with which the civilization of Greece commenced, came to her from the North, and to Thessaly may be applied the fine verses of an English poet.

> "'A different sort
> From the high neighbouring hills, which was their seat,
> Down to the plain descended; by their guise
> Just men they seemed, and all their study bent
> To worship God aright, and know his works,
> Not hid, nor those things lost, which might preserve
> Freedom and peace to man.'" *

But very few facts are known of any of these poets. Linus of Chalcis was represented as the son of Apollo, and one of the Muses. His memory was honored with a festival at Thebes; but his works have wholly perished, unless we admit the genuineness of a few lines, ascribed to him by Stobæus, on the celebrated proposition of the Eleatic philosophers; *Ἐκ παντὸς δὲ τὰ πάντα, καὶ ἐκ πάντων πᾶν ἐστι.* "From the whole are all things sprung, and from all things the whole;" a proposition worthy of the genius of the profoundest among certain philosophers of the present day. Pamphus of Athens was said to be the disciple of Linus, and to have composed hymns for the hereditary priesthood of Eleusis; those in honor of Love, the Graces, and Neptune, are particularly mentioned. Olen, commonly designated as the Hyperborean, led a priestly colony from the North, which settled in the island of Delos, where he introduced the worship of Apollo, and celebrated in songs the birth of the god. His poems were publicly chanted, accompanied by solemn processions and dances. Olympus of Mysia was the inventor of the *nome*, a species of music for the flute. Eumolpus, a Thracian, established the Eleusinian mysteries, and from him the Eleusinian priests derived the name of Eumolpidæ. Melampus was at once a poet, musician, prophet, and physician. He is said to have introduced the worship of Bacchus from Thebes to Argolis. Philammon, of Delphi, first established the chorusses of maidens, who belonged to the temple of Apollo. Thamyris, his son, is mentioned in the Iliad, and is celebrated for having challenged the Muses to a poetical combat. But, as has already been stated, the most renowned of all these poets, was Orpheus, who seems to have been the author of a system of mysterious rites, the aim of which was to soften the rude manners of the people, and to carry forward the rising civilization of Greece, by the means of poetry, music, and religion. These rites were secret, and were preceded by formal ceremonies of initiation. The history of Orpheus is interwoven with such a tissue of fable, that the most ingenious antiquary finds it impossible to disentangle the truth, and his very existence has been doubted by many. His poetry is supposed to have related to the mysteries of this secret society, and its real purport and bearing were expounded only to the initiated. The mystery, in which this poetry was shrouded, naturally led to such alterations and corruptions, that nothing of unquestionable genuineness remained, even in the times of Plato and Aristotle. The works attributed to these poets bore the names of Cosmogonies, Oracles, Initiations, Purifications, Expiations, Hymns, Remedies of Disease, and Onomastics, or books of the names of the gods. Orpheus is supposed to have been born in Thrace, about the fourteenth century before the Christian era. He is mentioned as having taken part in the Argonautic expedition, which he celebrated ; and he is supposed to have applied the various knowledge, acquired by travel and study, to the improvement of religious doctrine, and the purification of life and manners. Among other things, the invention of the lyre is ascribed to him ; and its wondrous powers, when touched by his hand, are a familiar subject of poetical and classical allusion. He is said to have abolished the bloody rite of human sacrifices, and to have instituted a mode of expiation, which put an end to the disastrous hereditary feuds, which had hitherto prevailed. The works, ascribed to Orpheus, under the abovementioned titles, though adulterated at a very early period, expressed, perhaps, the substance of his religious doctrines; but the poems, which now exist under his name, have long been proved, both by external and internal evidence, to be forgeries, of a much later date; and it is doubtful whether they contain the slightest reflection of his poetry or opinions.

---

* Schoell, Histoire de la Littérature Grecque. Tom. I. pp. 30, 31.

But, whatever doubt may attach to every individual fact, recorded of those Northern bards, enough remains to show, that the earliest culture of the Greek nation sprang from the regions of the North. We may amuse our imaginations, by endeavouring to draw a distinct picture of those dim, shadowy times; but it will be a mere fancy picture, if we attempt to pass beyond the faintest general view. Dr. Bode has gone into the subject with infinite zeal, and applied all the apparatus of his learning to its elucidation; but, though his speculations are ingenious, and some of them very interesting, we feel compelled to say, that they occupy a space wholly out of proportion to their comparative importance. Historical and literary inquiries, with so few well-ascertained facts to proceed upon, however ably conducted, are mere tissues of gossamer, which the first breath of skepticism sweeps away.

But the case is entirely changed, when we come down to the heroic age. The inimitable delineations, contained in the Homeric poetry, present us a most lively picture of those simple, but by no means uncultivated times. A variety of natural, but peculiar, circumstances contributed to make that poetry the clearest possible mirror of the feelings and spirit, the manners, customs, and political institutions of the heroic age. We have only to look into this mirror, to see that age brought up before our eyes with all the distinctness of living reality. Dr. Bode traces out the relations it bore to the preceding period; he investigates the circles of legends, traditions, and historical facts; examines the state of domestic life, and points out the influence of that distinguishing and most honorable characteristic of the Greek heroic age, the respect that was paid to women, and the sacredness of the marriage relation; he shows the condition of slaves, and investigates the knowledge of the sciences and arts, that had already been gained. He then proceeds to investigate the ideas of the gods, and to trace their progress, from their earliest conception, to the order and system first introduced by the poets.

The state, rank, character, and powers of the singers are also investigated; and, upon all these topics of the discussion, we cannot help applauding the learning and ingenuity of our author. The legendary cycle of the war of Troy next occupies his attention; and the origin, character, growth, and preservation of the Homeric poetry, are treated in a comprehensive view and with minuteness of detail. The following passage will show, that Dr. Bode takes strong ground against the theory of Wolf, which, by the way, seems to be losing credit among the German scholars generally.

"There is another more important question, which was first raised in modern times, and has been argued with great zeal. It turns principally upon what was the oldest form of the Iliad and Odyssey. We know certainly, that they were not, at least before the Alexandrian age, divided into two series of twenty-four cantos each. This investigation has a very close connexion with the idea of the Epopœia, which the philosophers and critics of art, since Aristotle, have constructed or analyzed, constantly comparing it with the completed tragedy. But how old the denomination of the Iliad is, is unknown. The earlier writers, particularly the poets, who allude to the Homeric poems, cite only the name of the author, without mentioning the title of the work. Thus Simonides, and Pindar, and perhaps even Hesiod. The title of the Iliad occurs first in Herodotus. In the later statements of the introduction of Homer into Greece proper, mention is made only of the Homeric poetry in general. The name of the Odyssey, which also first occurs in Herodotus, and then particularly in the writers after the age of the Attic orators, is better chosen, and certainly is older and more correct, than that of the Iliad, which neither the procemium, nor the idea of the entire *epos*, can justify.

"The procemium announces the wrath of Achilles, as the subject-matter of the whole; and the twenty-four cantos, as they now lie before us, easily adapt themselves to a unity which corresponds perfectly to this first announcement, and to the plan. It is true, that many portions may be taken away, without breaking up the connexion of the whole. The Alexandrian critics were unable to perceive the necessity of the tenth book, which bears the name of *Doloneia*, and, on this account, excluded it from the original Iliad, as an unessential addition. Hence, a more recent opinion, after separating this book, supposes that there are three parts of the Iliad, each of which may be considered as a whole by itself, and as standing only in an external connexion with the other two. According to this, the wrath of Achilles forms the subject only of the first nine books, which rest on the basis of an ancient hymn to Apollo, embracing about the first four hundred lines of the first book. The nine books, following the tenth, according to this view, set forth the gradual reconciliation of the angry hero, and the last five, it is said, exalt Achilles, now reconciled, by the glory of victory. Now, if we assume, that the words, 'Sing, O Goddess, the wrath,' was a favorite introductory formula of the most ancient epic bards, by which the whole was merely heralded in, but which was not designed to express the fundamental thought, then we cannot possibly look for the idea of the whole Iliad in the wrath of Achilles. But still we must adhere to the wrath of Achilles as the leading subject, or as constituting the poetic unity of the whole epic. We must consider its delineation as the gradual progress of the original idea, according to the three abovementioned springs of action, which already existed in the original plan of Homer; for, in the first book, Achilles expresses the wish, that Jupiter may grant aid to the Trojans and the glory of victory, and turn the Greeks to flight, that Agamemnon may perceive his wrong. Thetis also utters the same wish to Jupiter, but with the express addition, that she 'may see her son honored, and exalted with honor.' The latter is promised by Jupiter, and the action is now extended over the fifteenth book, where we find a spring of action that accounts satisfactorily for all the rest. When Achilles declares, furthermore, that he will take no part in the conflict, until Hector shall threaten the ships of the Myrmidons with fire, and shall venture to attack him in his own tent (which, however, he considers impossible, and seems to treat with scorn), the progress of the action to the sixteenth book, where Hector actually hurls fire among the ships, is made out as necessarily as any portion of the first part of the Iliad. Nay, we find in the second part, both a reference to the promises, which Jupiter had given to Thetis in the first canto, namely, to honor Achilles, and also hints that point to the end of the Iliad ; so that a general connexion of the three above parts may be made out with no great difficulty, and it is impossible, that three different poets should have been their authors." — Vol. I. pp. 295 – 298.

The author follows out this train of thought still further, and arrives at this conclusion ;

"The same poet, who, in the first book, represented the sublime image of the king of the gods making the heights of

Olympus tremble by his nod, when he pledged his promise to Thetis, embracing his knees in supplication, already had the conclusion of the *epos* in his eye, where Achilles, distracted with sorrow and the passion for revenge, though Jupiter has granted him the promised honor and satisfaction, sees the supplicating Priam before him in the dust. What there is between these two points, embraces the achievements of the Grecian and Trojan heroes, while Achilles indulges his wrath, in inactive repose, among the ships, until he is finally roused to vengeance by the death of his friend. The greatest deed, which Achilles performed in the Trojan war, was, according to the legend, the victory over Hector ; and this the poet very properly made the end of his poetical effort, although, elsewhere, he introduces the hero whom he wished to celebrate, as inactive, and therefore could not call the poem by his name." — Vol. I. pp. 301, 302.

Dr. Bode admits the extreme probability, that, in the course of ages, and under the hands of innumerable editors, collectors, and copyists, a great deal of foreign matter was foisted into the genuine songs of Homer, and that the recitation of the Homeric poetry, by so many rhapsodists, may have introduced important modifications and additions ; but he maintains, that, whatever additions may have been made from the works of other bards, and however much its original plan may have been enlarged, under the hands of the Homeridæ and the Rhapsodists, in the course of time, still its original and essential unity remained uninjured ; and these remarks apply, with still greater force, to the Odyssey. We do not fully coincide with these conclusions. We do not think the preconceived unity of the Iliad especially, can be established. But to unfold, fully, our views upon this point, would carry us far beyond the limits of the present paper. We must, however, admit, that Dr. Bode has made out a very strong case.

The remainder of the volume is taken up with the *epic cyclus*, and a statement of all that has been handed down to us concerning every branch of epic poetry, including the works of Hesiod. The discussion of these matters is exceedingly full and satisfactory.

The second volume, the first part of which only has reached us, contains the history of lyric poetry. But the space we have already occupied, forbids our doing more, than indicating, in a general way, the manner in which Dr. Bode has handled this part of his subject. He first considers the nature and the age of lyric poetry, which he traces back to the ante-Homeric period. He illustrates the history of the Pæan, its application to the worship of Apollo, and describes the musical accompaniments. From this, he proceeds to take up, one after another, the successive species of lyric poetry, the different kinds of music which were appropriated to them, the occasions on which they were composed and recited, along with very ably drawn sketches of the lives, characters, and poetical value of the several inventors and authors. The discussions, in this part, conclude with some exceedingly curious details upon the musical principles of the Greeks. But this is a subject too large and difficult to be undertaken at the end of an article. When the other volumes arrive, we may, perhaps, resume our remarks, and consider the peculiarities of Greek lyric poetry at some length.

ART. VIII. — *The Poetical Works of* THOMAS CAMPBELL. A New Edition. London. 1836.

Too much, we think, is generally attributed to the influence of the prevailing spirit of the times, in determining the character of poetry. Those, from whose writings that character is inferred, are few in number, and, not unfrequently, in a position as far as possible beyond the reach of such an influence. Take, for example, Burns and Cowper; who have been referred to with the view of showing, that the reforming energy, which manifested itself, near the close of the last century, in politics and various forms of literature, was communicated to poetry by the same deep impulse. It would not be easy to name two individuals, of any literary eminence, who were more removed, by circumstances, from the interests and passions, which swayed the living mass around them. When Burns, in the solitude of his lowly cottage at Mossgiel, was pouring the full tide of song from the depths of his proud and manly heart, he was as much sequestered from the great world and its sympathies, as if he had dwelt in the loneliest island of the North Sea; scarcely acquainted even with the names of the poets of his time ; and finding the source of his inspiration in the fountain within him, springing up to immortality. Cowper was driven from the society of men by causes too painful and too familiar to require to be told ; his poetry was the music by which, when the evil spirit was upon him, "he was refreshed, and was well"; nothing surely was indifferent to him, which might affect the moral welfare of his race ; but the hopes and interests of the world, and even its intellectual progress, were to him of little moment in any other point of view. Going back a hundred years further, we indeed observe the influence of the spirit of the age on Dryden, who prostituted his gigantic strength to make sport for the Philistines at the festival of Dagon. But what trace of it is to be found in the character of Milton? Well and truly was it said of him, that "his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart." The spirit of his time affected him no more than the gathering mist impairs the lustre of the star, which it hides for a moment from the eye. A mind like his was fitted to guide it, rather than obey.

No doubt there are certain influences, which aid in determining the direction of poetical talent, as they do of every other kind. Milton kept constantly in view the sublime hope, that he might leave something to after times, so written, as that they would not willingly let it die. Whenever he alludes to his immortal work, it is plain, that he looks for no sudden popularity, or early fame. But poetry is now an article of traffic ; and one may fix its value with nearly the same precision, as the current prices of other commodities are stated in the daily newspapers. Instead of appealing to the judgment of posterity, the author of the present day stands before an awful Rhadamanthus, in the person of his publisher. What the prerogatives of such a judge may be, is shown by a circumstance, which Scott relates, in reference to his tale of "Ivanhoe." His publisher had taken a fancy to Athelstan, the descendant of Saxon kings, who was untimely slain by the hand of Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, the Knight Templar, and insisted, that Scott should restore him from this state of "cold obstruction." Scott, who saw plainly enough the absurdity of the suggestion, resisted, for a time, but at last brought back the knight to life, and thus fixed a sad blemish on a work, which had otherwise been almost faultless. In another of his romances, "St. Ronan's Well," the whole character of the story was changed in obedience to another suggestion of the same kind. All this comes from a determination to be popular; of the chance of which, the publisher is admitted to be a better judge than the author; at least, he can determine, with unerring certainty, what he inclines to pay for. It is well understood, that Scott received about as much for every line of one of his poems, as was paid to Milton for each book of his "Paradise Lost." The writer is thus driven, by a temptation which few can resist, to consult the prevailing taste, and to prefer the reward which awaits him here, to that which is reserved for the highest genius hereafter, when his merit will be weighed in the balance of calm, deliberate judgment. So has it been with most of the poets of our time. "As the lightning flashed, they went onward by its light; when it vanished into darkness, they stood still." Wordsworth is, indeed, a striking example to the contrary. He, from the beginning, avowed his persuasion, that the poet has before him the double task of creating the taste by which his works are to be valued, as well as the works themselves; but we shall presently see, that others have been contented to omit the heavier portion of this task. They have acted under the persuasion, that the voice of poetry was too small and still to make itself heard amidst the din of the wheels of industry, and the roar of the trumpets of reform; that novelty alone could attract attention; and that the question for them to solve was, what form of novelty would be most likely to produce the desired effect.

At the same time, we believe, that there is more lamentation over the decline of poetry, than the exigency requires. The tendency, on the part of poets, is, doubtless, in that direction; but the complaint is founded on a supposed indifference to all poetry on the part of readers. This indifference has been commonly ascribed to the progress of physical science, which, as many apprehend, is to obtain an entire monopoly of interest. But the danger, we apprehend, is greatly overrated. The two circumstances do not necessarily stand toward each other in the relation of cause and effect;

though many will hardly believe that it can be otherwise, when they happen to coincide in point of time ; as the people of Norway were out of patience with inoculation, because fish were scarce upon their coasts at the time when it was introduced. We have no fears, that the public attention will be so absorbed, for any length of time, by one pursuit, as to disregard all others. Such, certainly, is not the lesson of experience. Nothing is more common, than to attach an undue importance to the passing event, and the object before us. The complaint, in Johnson's day, was of quite a different sort. Then, "the cook warbled her lyrics in the kitchen, and the thresher vociferated his dithyrambics in the barn." That was a season of fat poetical kine. But there has been no perceptible increase, since his day, in the melody of the one, or the inspiration of the other. One age, or, what is the same thing, man in one age, is much more like man in another, than we are always willing to allow. Great genius, of any kind, is among the most rare of heaven's gifts ; great poetical genius, perhaps, the most rare of all. And it would be quite unreasonable to complain, that blessings, which have been dispensed, in times past, in numbers scarcely equal to that of the centuries, should be lavished in showers upon this generation. We have had our share. As the shades were closing on the last century, there were many stars, of no ordinary promise, going up in the sky ; and it has been given to us to walk in their light. There is no period in English history, of the same length, more fertile in poetical talent, than the last fifty years ; not that the names of Shakspeare and Milton are not far greater than any which this age can show ; but that the diversity and brilliancy of those, who are but a little lower than the angels, have been far more signal than in former time. The present moment of repose may be regarded rather as a dying fall, to be followed by a bolder strain, than as the stillness of death.

We propose to offer a few cursory remarks on some of the principal poets of our time ; and it will readily appear, to what extent they have, perhaps at first unconsciously, availed themselves of the influence of novelty in attracting the general attention. Scott is the most striking illustration of this ; as he was among the first. His "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was written at the suggestion of a lady, and gradually extended far beyond its original design ; but he appears to have had little expectation of the triumphant welcome with which it was received. The idea was not new, though novel to modern readers. It was rather a revival of the old metrical romance, in which the exploits of the heroes of chivalry were recorded, for the edification of readers of ages long gone by. One would have thought it rather a hazardous experiment to attempt to excite much interest in the exploits of cavaliers, which displayed little more intellect, than the swinging of a blacksmith's hammer, or in those of moss-troopers, whose only appropriate station would have been the gibbet. But Scott's knowledge of the world taught him better. He knew, that the recollections of the old glories of chivalry had a charm, like that of the green that overhangs its ruined fortresses ; and that, empty as it was, and senseless as were its usages, beside that modern civilization was very much its debtor, the world would never be weary of admiring its strange union of the liberal grace of refinement with the sternness of the rudest barbarism. But his true taste divined full well, that he could not reproduce the heroes of Froissart precisely as they were, and he therefore blended their harsher traits with modern sentiments and manners, and thus produced a picture, which, compared with the reality, was like the feudal system, as it appears in "Ivanhoe," by the side of the same system, as portrayed by the venerable sages of the law.

The "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was a story of little interest in its details ; but, inspired as it was with all the wild and thrilling associations of chivalry, uttered in a measure singularly bold and animated, and fitly imagined to proceed from one of the bards, who seem to make a part of the romantic drama, its cadences fell upon the ear like the triumphant strains of martial music. It would be vain to attempt to describe their effect to those whose memory goes not back so far as the period when the poem was first published. Nobody saw or felt, that the versification was often hurried and ungraceful, almost extemporaneous, and rarely indicative of much revision. The right chord was touched ; and, when all readers were under the shadow of the spell, poetry of a much higher cast would have found neither "fit audience," nor even "few." "Marmion," with its glorious battle scene, kindled even fiercer enthusiasm. But the charm of novelty was passing by; and the "Lady of the Lake," one of the most beautiful romantic fictions which ever poet dreamed, found less favor, though more judicious approbation, than the "Lay." In the course of a few years, the tide had fairly turned; insomuch that the "Lord of the Isles," a hastily wrought, but thrilling tale, founded on one of the most memorable events in Scottish history, and presenting one of the few instances, in which the writer attempted to paint the real heroes of his country, was received either with indifference or faint applause. The poet, with the modesty which forms the unusual grace and ornament of popular talent, believed, that the fiery lustre of Lord Byron's star had diminished the brightness of his own. But it was not so; the probability is, that, had the order of their appearance been changed, he would have become the idol at the expense of his great rival. But the novelty was gone; and, with the elastic energy, in which no man ever abounded more, he entered upon another, and even more successful, path of labor; one, in which he was enabled, free from the shackles of poetical measure, to pour forth the rich results of his study, keen observation, and knowledge of mankind, in a series of romances, which will be remembered long after all his critics shall have been forgotten. No doubt these are poems as truly as the metrical ones. But the form was one, which gave him the full command of his powers. With a perception of character, hardly inferior to that of Shakspeare, he could not, like him, fix it upon the canvass with a single touch of his pencil. But his sketches, though more slowly wrought, were nearly as lifelike and real.

The impression, made by these romances, was, in the first instance, in no degree inferior to that of the metrical ones, and it was much more durable in its character. If they excited attention by their novelty, they secured it by some higher qualities. If they have now given place to other forms of the novel, the world is certainly no gainer by the exchange. Inferior minds have naturally resorted to inferior means to gain the public ear; and, be the objections to the historical romances what they may, the cause of virtue will gain little by the substitution of what has followed them, from the swaggering dandyism of the Pelham school, down to the loathsome abominations of "Jack Shephard." Such things attract attention, doubtless; and the dramatist, who should build a gibbet on the stage, an appropriate implement, by the way, for the use of many modern fashionable heroes, would be sure to find an audience; not from any talent displayed in the achievement, but from the unusual character of the exhibition.

In some respects, it was with Lord Byron as it had been with Scott. At first he appears to have mistaken his powers; he had set his heart upon excelling in satire, and regarded "Childe Harold," the foundation of his fame, as the mere amusement of an idle hour. But satire certainly was never meant for him; he was too obedient to passion to preserve even a decent show of justice towards the objects of his wrath. Compare, for example, his "English Bards" with Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," and it will be readily seen what a keen and fatal edge is given to satire by allowing the merit of its object, and thus presenting the evil qualities in revolting shade. When "Childe Harold" appeared, this delusion passed for the time away; for its high poetical beauty, aided in some degree, no doubt, by its author's exalted rank, made it at once a favorite with all readers. From the moment that he caught the gale, he spread his sail to welcome it, with consummate skill. The man of mystery, half concealed, like Æneas, in a cloud whose edges were bright with the glitter of rank and fashion, moving among men as if he were not of them, partly from a jealous shyness and partly from a sad contrast between his personal circumstances and his social position, became an object of deep and almost painful interest. Nor was this unnatural; with powers that might have raised him to the highest place in any way of life he had chosen to pursue, he had within him all the elements of a noble character; but all, all were darkened by circumstances, that fill the mind less with indignation than with sorrow. His father was eminently distinguished as a worthless libertine, in an age when such distinction was any thing but rare; his parents lived apart, and he was early consigned to the exclusive charge of his mother, a woman of little sense and tempestuous passions, who would occasionally reproach and ridicule her son in consequence of that personal deformity, the consciousness of which was torture to him till his latest hour. Under such circumstances, the only wonder is, that his intellect and his heart did not become equally desolate. The heart perished, but the intellect survived. In the one, kind affections flashed occasionally forth, like the warm sunbeam through the gloom of a November day ; but fixed principles of character there were absolutely none ; all that he thought or did was the result of impulse. In the other, there was nobleness enough to call forth in us deep and lasting sadness, that "the inward prompting, which grew daily upon him," should have been so unlike those by which Milton consecrated himself to his high and holy task.

All this, however, gave powerful aid to the effect of his poetry ; nor is it unjust to him to believe, that he was not reluctant to find the public eye fixed upon himself as well as on his works. Both were sufficiently out of the common track to attract immediate attention. A young nobleman, eminently distinguished for his personal beauty, flies from the brilliant circles that burn to welcome him, wraps himself in mysterious reserve, and becomes the victim of melancholy. When all appears bright and joyous to the common eye, his personal history and dark thoughts are shadowed forth in the wild and unearthly music of his poetry. He wanders in regions inspired by chivalrous and classical associations. Now, he stands in the Eternal City, and the shades of orators, poets, and heroes, start from her ruined arches ; his foot is on the soil of Greece, and all the loveliness and glory of that treasury of literary fame are warmed into life before him ; once more upon the waters, and deep calleth unto deep ; and again he turns to the battle-field, where are gathered the buried martyrs of ambition ; and the earthquake of its artillery would hardly stir the soul, like his unveiling of its dark and bloody record.

The great Mokanna dies ; his silver veil drops from his brow ; the mysteries of his seclusion, alas ! no holy ones, are revealed ; the friends who shared his table sell the results of his misplaced confidence before he is cold in his grave. Then the romantic interest attached to his person perishes, and he stands at the literary bar, shielded only by the majesty of his commanding talent. But the perversion of his genius is scarcely inferior to that of his moral powers ; and, with an infirmity like that which vice draws after it, he is perpetually pursuing the same course which he perpetually denounces and condemns. His own poetical system, and those of most of his contemporaries, he has often described as revolutionary ones, and has predicted their rapid decline. Doubtless they are so, as respects their adaptation to strike and dazzle, rather than to win permanent fame ; but there are few who have acknowledged the fact to themselves, and endeavoured to impress it on others, with the freedom and energy of Lord Byron. In fact, his letters present in this point of light a singular contrast to the course attributed to another ; his conduct being still wrong and his argument right. How long his writings will survive, must be left for other ages to determine ; but if we might without presumption hazard a conjecture as to their relative chances of immortality, it would be that the smaller ones will outlast those which have given greater glory to his name.

These are the two high-priests, whose oracles may be regarded as the example and the guide of others ; nor would it be difficult, by a brief review of the works of some of these, to show that the same effort to attract attention by novelty has been often made, with various degrees of power and success. But it is our desire to speak more particularly of one or two, in reference to whom such a charge is less applicable.

Byron, in his enumeration of those who are proceeding upon what he calls the revolutionary system, has included Campbell, upon what grounds, we do no precisely see ; for, except in the instance of "Theodric," which fell so silently from the press that it is hardly remembered, his course has been very much at variance with what we have described as the modern one. After a long interval of repose, perceiving the race of popularity which others were running, whose claims could hardly be considered superior to his, he appears to have become possessed with the desire of trying the experiment of a style, as unlike his natural one, as the habiliments of a modern exquisite are unlike the dress suited to a grave gentleman, "by 'r Lady, inclining to threescore." The style was rough and jaunty, with an infusion of the swagger ; but it satisfied the reader as little as it became the author ; and cannot fairly be taken into the account in an estimate of his poetical merits. The "Pleasures of Hope," if not his best poem, certainly his most popular one, was published when he had scarcely reached the age of manhood ; and yet very few, written in the full maturity of genius, have made a deeper or more abiding impression. No better evidence could be given of the strength of the impression made by any work, than the facility and frequency with which it is quoted; and, considered in reference to this standard, we can scarcely point to the poem which has taken stronger hold of the general mind. Its forms of expression are household words; the traveller in South America involuntarily speaks of Andes, as the "giant of the western star;" and the aspirations of faith are not unfrequently clothed in the beautiful language of this remarkable poem. The age of the author, if it may not be admitted in the way of palliation of any alleged defects, is at least sufficient to explain them. Let any man look round upon the circle of his acquaintance, and see what the most intelligent would be likely to produce at the age of twenty-one, and he will surely cease to wonder at its imperfections. Perhaps those very imperfections have had the effect of increasing its popularity. The writer, a young man just leaving college, brought up in the ordinary seclusion of such institutions, where he is apt to become much more familiar with the men of ages past, than with mankind and nature as they are now, and sees every thing through the medium of colored glass, describes the visions of hope as they spring up in a mind, so taught and disciplined. He could not have done otherwise; and, when compelled to go beyond the sphere of his observation, and describe men as they feel and act under circumstances new to him, he is sure to overstep the modesty of nature. When we object to such a work that it is a juvenile one, the objection amounts to no more than this, that the dreams of his hope are not like those of older men.

Indeed, the prevailing defects of this poem appear to us to be such as naturally spring from the inexperience of the writer. Occasionally, he is called upon to describe scenes unknown to him, and feelings with which he could not be familiar; and here his views are derived from books, and want the reality and vividness of nature. He bids the youth go forth, in the enthusiasm of youthful hope, not to the stern discipline of life, to wrestle with temptation, to subdue the rebellious powers of evil, but to rest in the calm retreats of science, to follow the footsteps of the philosopher through regions above earth, to visit the walks of wisdom where the "sacred Nine are nigh." This is not the language of those who have acted and suffered in the world ; still, it is the natural expression of the feeling of one, who has been reposing in the classical shades of the university. And this, to us, gives a charm to the work, which nothing else could give so well. His visions are bright with the hues of youth, and as undefined and changing as the kindling clouds, that gather in the morning twilight round the throne of the rising sun. To those, the shadows of whose dial are shortened into noon, the gorgeousness has vanished ; but, though they feel them no longer, they have felt them once ; and may regard the enthusiastic description of them, as the old, in Goldsmith's "Village," survey the sports of the young beneath the spreading tree. The theme is appropriate to the poet. The young man cannot describe, because he cannot know, the feelings, the interests, and the thoughts of age ; while, on the other hand, the hopes of age have lost their lustre, and are subdued and still. The sentiment of memory, in all ages, is essentially the same ; even the young man, whose May of life has not yet fallen into the sear and yellow leaf, looks back, like Obidah, with thoughtful sadness on the path he has already traversed, as if it led from a brighter region than any towards which his footsteps tend ; and the aged know that it is too surely so. But it is far otherwise with hope ; the earthly hope of youth is as unlike that of age, as the elastic frame of opening manhood to the palsied and wasting form that trembles over the grave. Yet there are hopes, that come alike to all ; the anticipations of an immortal life ; and here it is that the poet throws aside the character of youth, and treats his grand and overwhelming subject with the fulness of his power.

It may be admitted, that the writings of Campbell betray little evidence of the knowledge of individual character, or interest in it as an object of study. He is never borne away by passion, but is calm, contemplative, and thoughtful, except when roused to strong emotion by the trumpet-call of freedom. In this way, he may fail to gratify those who love to deal with that which "the blood most stirs" ; which excites and startles, rather than pleases ; but with the great majority of readers, who love the sunshine better than the storm, this quality is not likely to impair his influence. In "Gertrude of Wyoming" the story is abruptly and not distinctly told ; the images are those of pastoral life, without much care for the truth of scenery or manners ; nor are the characters produced with any remarkable power. But the quiet retreat of simplicity and peace, made desolate by the most relentless of all foes, presents a contrast, which, when clothed in his rich and melodious versification, touches every heart. We have heard the opinion sometimes expressed, that his lyrical productions are wanting in fire, and awaken nothing of the feeling without inspiring which such poetry is nothing. Unquestionably they are the result of much labor, and finished with the most scrupulous care ; but it is not easy to see how the charge of coldness can be brought against "Ye Mariners of England," or the "Battle of the Baltic" ; except by those, with whom national glory is but an empty name. They certainly stir the spirit, as with the sound of a trumpet ; and we believe that they will animate the sailor's heart, so long as the meteor flag of England shall burn upon the deep.

We are far from pretending that Campbell can be regarded as among the greatest of the masters of the lyre ; but there are many elevated stations on Parnassus, beneath the level of the summit on which Shakspeare and Milton are enthroned. Posterity may have a welcome to extend to the prophet, as well as to the king. We cannot entertain a doubt, that he will survive many, whose popularity in their day has gone far beyond his. He was probably capable of greater things than any he has yet accomplished. It was the remark of Scott, that he was frightened by the shadow of his own fame ; but this could hardly happen except to a genius naturally timid, and reluctant to incur the hazard of a bolder flight. Such fastidiousness is not unfrequently the companion and the curse of exalted powers ; it seems, like *mauvaise honte* in social life, to bind the faculties as with a spell, and to convert the living into stone. This infirmity has undoubtedly withheld Campbell from efforts, which would have given new lustre to his name. But he has the great merit, in which some of his contemporaries have been sadly wanting, of revising without scruple, and blotting without reluctance ; and has deemed it no mark of inspiration or of wisdom to pour out his effusions like an Italian improvisatore, till the press almost pants in the effort to keep pace with him. His descriptive power is inferior to that of Scott ; he has little of the passionate energy, nothing of the sublime egotism, of Byron ; little of the magic imagination of Southey ; but he has the best poetical qualities, mingled in just proportions ; in beauty of illustration, in the power of producing effect without extravagance, in the mechanism of his art, he yields to none of these. His animation is without vehemence, his feeling without frenzy, his melody without harshness. The young will continue to worship Byron, the old may give the preference to Wordsworth ; but the general reader, who asks neither consuming passion nor profound philosophy, will probably fix his affections on Campbell, as one who uniformly pleases, without ever aiming to startle or astonish.

"Out, hyperbolical fiend ! how vexest thou this man ! talkest thou nothing but of ladies ?" Some Sir Topas of twenty-five years ago might have thus as fitly exorcized the demon that possessed Moore, as he of the "Twelfth Night" did the one that troubled Malvolio. This distinguished writer, who still lives in the fancy of many as gifted with immortal youth, has probably reached the solemn portion of life's journey, that lies somewhere between threescore and its less frequently allotted ten ; yet it is by no means unusual to hear him spoken of, as if, like Falstaff, he were still in "the va'ward of manhood." When he was a very young man, he visited this country, and found its democracy so little to his taste, that he made it the subject of bitter satire ; but the ramshorn was not sufficiently sonorous for the Jericho, and our frame of government has fortunately survived the shock. On his return to his own country, he constituted himself the laureat of Bacchus and of Love ; became the oracle of young ladies, especially those of the boarding-school, who were charmed to find their sentimental passions, "the bloom of young desire, and purple light of love," embodied in flowery and harmonious verse. If the truth must be told, his conduct in this respect was equally insidious and base ; and it tells ill for the moral feeling of the day, that the same sentiments which, clothed in plain terms, would have been simply revolting, came like delightful music on the ear in his graceful song. There are no terms of condemnation too severe to mark the prostitution of the divinest of arts to the foulest of purposes. Happily time, the great corrector of abuses, has a remedy for this, as for all other evil ; the words, which flow winningly from the lips of youth, are ludicrous when mumbled by the toothless gentleman of sixty-five. Those who write for the centre-table must expect to be shortly out of fashion ; and to present themselves to the next generation like a hooped, cushioned, high-heeled beauty of the last century, rustling and creaking in a modern ball-room. Had Moore done always thus, he must have been regarded merely as one, who pelted gracefully with sugar-plums at the carnival ; as a writer of considerable powers, but low and vulgar tastes ; for it is not in the power of rank and fashion, whatever currency they may for the moment give to glittering and brocaded sensuality, so to construct the mask as long to hide its coarse features from the common eye. The poet, who limits his ambition to the applauses of Almack's, will soon find that "the lights are fled, the garlands dead" ; and, if he be a man of genius, of the highest poetical genius he can hardly be, will meet the sad retribution which invariably follows the abuse of exalted powers.

Any strong and not unworthy feeling, like the dramatic pity and terror, purifies the heart. There was a subject on which Moore felt deeply, and felt like a man. This subject was the wrongs of his country. For, whatever may be our impression of the demands of policy or necessity, one can hardly glance over the dreary waste of Irish history, without seeing that if England has been just, her justice has been slightly tempered with mercy ; for the Eternal City, in the flush of her proudest march of victory, rarely dealt with her subjected provinces as England has done with her sister isle. At least, it is certain that the elements of modern civilization sprung up in the bloody track of Rome's chariot wheels ; while Ireland has little cause of gratitude for aught that has been done by her conquerors to improve and elevate her. Even were this otherwise, there is enough in her present as there has been in her past condition, to make us cease to wonder at the intensity of feeling, with which her sons regard the condition of a land, abounding in all that nature or genius can bestow to make it great and prosperous. It was a fortunate suggestion, that induced Moore to adapt new songs to the old and favorite Irish airs, which have a charm for every ear, that has not been disciplined to stand the fire of a modern orchestra ; and it was fortunate too, that he availed himself of the occasion to express his natural and patriotic feeling. This feeling pervades them all, and seems to change the whole character of the poet and of the man. Something of the old leaven remains, but the Melodies that reveal it are the worst of the collection ; while those in which he puts by the faded graces in which he had been used to flourish, are rich in truth and beauty, and occasional loftiness of inspiration. A striking effect is produced in some of them by covering the sword with myrtle, like the patriots of old ; as, for example, in the singularly beautiful song, "When he who has loved thee," which appears to express merely the invocation of a dying lover, while it becomes far more touching and impressive, when regarded as the last address of the martyr of freedom to his country. There are other instances of this, which will readily occur to those who are familiar with the "Irish Melodies."

We need say little of "Lalla Rookh," because its prominent beauty is of the same kind with that to which we have just adverted, and its defects are of the same character with those of his earlier poems, though far from being disfigured by the same grossness. There is no great beauty in the thread on which its pearls are strung ; these are composed of a series of tales, which attract no very intense interest until we come to "The Fire-worshippers"; then, his foot is on the soil of freedom, conceit and glitter are forgotten in the glow of patriotic enthusiasm, and the heart goes with the martyr of liberty through his race of disaster and sorrow, till he climbs the blazing altar. Moore's mastery over the language is perfect ; he seems to possess a magic spell for converting every thing he touches into melody ; in following his sweet and flexible versification, one almost ceases to care what thought it expresses, or whether it conveys any thought at all ; and it must be admitted, that in his Oriental descriptions his inclination for display and brilliancy is sufficiently at home. But this inclination cannot be long indulged, except at the expense of manliness. Genius is always in earnest ; it does not disdain the aid of ornament, but disdains to make it other than an aid. The glory of Prometheus was not to decorate the senseless clay ; but to kindle the immortal fire within it ; to "create a soul under the ribs of death." Perhaps the secret of Moore's defects is his ambition to make himself the idol of society.

Whoever estimates himself by the standard of fashionable praise holds his fame by the most precarious of all tenures. If Milton had aimed merely to catch the applauses of a court, and that the court of Charles the Second, what a blight would have been brought upon a genius, created by Providence for all time and all nations. Scott had acquired a monopoly of favor before "Gertrude of Wyoming" appeared; and Moore's "Lalla Rookh" was published while Byron was lord of the ascendant. Neither of these gained, nor did the authors probably expect them to gain, any remarkable popularity, as success was in those days founded on other qualities than such as they displayed; and the character of poetry was but another name for the peculiar traits of that of Scott and Byron. Their march was so triumphant, that it overwhelmed most other candidates for fame; though the inexhaustible fertility of Southey, and the calm confidence of Wordsworth, were not to be repressed by any adverse circumstances. In general, they were driven from poetry to other objects of pursuit; even Southey paused awhile in his epic career, to pour out a flood of histories, books of the church, biographies, and reviews. Campbell quietly retreated to the lecture-room and the editor's chair; and Moore employed himself in building the tombs of the prophets, whose living oracles he had most held in reverence.

But we must not forget, that our subject is more inexhaustible than the patience of the reader. What the character of English poetry will be in time to come, presents a most interesting subject of inquiry; but it would be as vain, we fear, to decide on it with certainty, as to predict the form and colors of the next year's clouds. Now that the fashion of excitement has for the moment passed away, and the field is again undisputed and open to the adventurer, it is not unreasonable to indulge the hope, that the east will soon redden with the promise of a purer, if not a brighter dawn, than that of the times which are gone by; not perhaps in the character of the intellect it shall call forth, but in that of the objects to which poetry shall be devoted. Is not the promise of its coming to be seen in the majesty with which even Byron, reckless and poor in moral elevation as he is, urges his crushing chariot wheels over the delusive glories of battle; in the calm inspiration with which Wordsworth finds the beautiful and true in the pure affections of lowly hearts, and traces the footsteps of his God amidst the grandeur of his mountain solitudes; in the thrilling strains, with which Southey celebrates the regeneration of the soul, and the victory of innocence and faith over the spells of dark enchanters? The hour, we trust, is not far distant, when the spirit of the age shall be but another name for moral and spiritual advancement; when the real glory of humanity shall no more be looked for in shame and blood, or in the tournaments and dungeon-keeps of barbarism. The beautiful spirit of poetry, "from heaven which came, to heaven returns" when her vestments are soiled by the grossness of mortality. Nor will the sphere of her dominion be diminished, as it grows more pure. She may unveil the depths and power of the affections; accompany the philanthropist on his voyage of charity; light the lamp of love, and kindle the altar-fire of devotion; go up with the martyr to the mount of sacrifice; and like the angels, when

> " With solemn adoration down they cast,
> Their crowns, inwove with amaranth and gold,"

consecrate herself and all her powers to Him, from whom the springs of real inspiration flow.

But how, and by what manner of man, is such a work to be accomplished? Hear the answer in the words of one of the noblest of the sons of men. "An inward prompting grew daily upon me, that, by labor and intent study, which I take to be my portion in this life, joined to the strong propensity of nature, I might, perhaps, leave something, so written, to after times, as that they should not willingly let it die." Such was the divine vision, that burst upon the eye of the true prophet. Thus did he lift up his soul to the contemplation of the mighty task, which Providence had called him to perform. "The accomplishment of these intentions lies not but in a power above man's to promise; but that none hath by more studious ways endeavoured, and with more unwearied spirit that none shall, that I dare almost aver of myself, so far as life and free leisure shall extend. Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that some few years yet I may go in trust with him toward the payment of that, for which I am now indebted; as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth, or the vapors of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, nor to be obtained by the invocation of dame

Memory and her Siren daughters; but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with fire from his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." Let him, who would bind his brow with the amaranth that shades the fount of life, study at the feet of this great master. His home was left desolate; the standard of freedom, long upborne by his strong hand, lay rent and trampled in the dust. He was poor, blind, and forsaken. But he counted all this as nothing. He "bated not a jot of heart or hope." The celestial light irradiated his mind through all her powers. To the eye of man, his course was finished, and his purposes were broken off. Yet, in the fulness of time, the glorious vision of his youth and manhood was made permanent; the mortal put on immortality.

ART. IX. — 1. *The School Library.* Published under the Sanction of the Board of Education of the State of Massachusetts. Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon, & Webb. 1839.

(1.) *Introductory Essay to the School Library.* IRVING'S *Life and Voyages of Columbus, with the Author's Visit to Palos, and a Portrait, Map, and other Illustrations.* 12mo. pp. xlviii., 325.

(2.) PALEY'S *Natural Theology, with Selections from the Illustrative Notes, and the Preliminary Dissertations of* SIR CHARLES BELL, *and* LORD BROUGHAM, *the whole newly arranged and edited by* ELISHA BARTLETT, M. D. With numerous Wood Cuts, and a Life and Portrait of the Author. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 365, 454.

(3.) *Lives of Eminent Individuals, celebrated in American History.* 3 vols. 12mo. pp. xii., 364; xii., 380; vii., 399.

(4.) *Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons*, by the Rev. HENRY DUNCAN, D. D.; *adapted to American Readers*, by the Rev. F. W. P. GREENWOOD, D. D. 4 vols. 12mo. pp. xvi., 389, 391, 401, 416.

2. *The School Library, Juvenile Series.*
(1.) *Pictures of Early Life ; or Sketches of Youth.* By Mrs. Emma C. Embury. 12mo. pp. 310.
(2.) *Selections from the Writings of* Miss Jane Taylor, by Mrs. S. J. Hale. 12mo. pp. 288.

Our age has often been qualified with the epithet of *labor-saving*, though it would be hard to say, with how much justice, when, of slaves, both bond and free, there were never so many millions of the human race, as now, bound down to a life of mere drudgery ; when men are everywhere trained to work in gangs, by fifties and by hundreds ; when every man, instead of being the master, makes himself the slave of his profession ; when all head-work is held in light esteem, except so far as it enters into partnership with handicraft ; and when manual-labor schools, furnished with work-benches and ploughs, are established all over the country as the best nurseries for genius, taste, and eloquence. We have fallen upon an age of toil, of hard and grovelling toil, helped indeed by mechanical inventions innumerable, but by inventions which only take the laborer from the solitude of his field, or the quiet of his home, where he could exercise his own ingenuity and forecast, and make him the unreflecting tender of a machine, amidst the blaze of furnaces, the puffing of steam, or the din of a thousand spindles. The fact is, that men work more and harder for every labor-saving invention ; for the demand for every article of manufacture outspeeds, in a manifold ratio, the increasing ease of supply.

But in the various departments of intellect, the economical tendencies of the age have been far more successful. There exists, in the most active operation throughout the civilized world, a vast system of thought-saving machinery. This is, indeed, a knowing, but not a thinking age. Knowledge is substituted for thought ; loads of food, for the power of healthy digestion. Book-learning, and learning by rote, are supplanting self-communion. The mind is made a storehouse, rather than a laboratory. The books, that multiply so fast, are mainly products of compilation and dilution. Never were these words of Chaucer more true ;

> "Out of the olde fieldes, as men saithe,
> Cometh all this new corn fro yere to yere ;

> And out of olde bookes, in good faithe,
> Cometh all this newe science that men lere."

It is no generation of thinkers, we fear, that our popular school-systems are training up. Within the memory of many of our readers, pupils were compelled to think by the poverty of both their school-books and their teachers. No straw was given them, and yet the full tale of bricks was demanded under peril of the scourge ; and both straw and bricks were elaborated and duly delivered. When the young arithmetician wrought out the most complex problems, with no aid except a misty and arbitrary rule at the beginning of the list, his own mind was obliged to mingle itself largely with the process. When he had wrought an example, he understood it, and his intellect had grown by the exercise. Thus the very abstruseness of many of the ancient school-books was a benefit to those who would study ; for there were numberless chasms, which thought alone could bridge, and for which the mere task-masters, miscalled teachers, were, for the most part, unable to provide. And the young mind was not loaded beyond the power of digestion, or so as to clog appetite ; nay, the very meagreness of the fare contributed to keep up a healthy inward working.

But now, every thing is brought to the last degree of simplification. If, in any existing school-book, it is discovered, that room is anywhere left for the action of the scholar's mind, a new book comes out, at once, expressly to remedy that defect. The wholesome theory, that there should be a copartnership of intellect between the writer and the learner, is all exploded. The process of instruction is like the decanting of old wine into new bottles ; and books are the tunnel. The fancied perfection of teaching consists in making it as much as possible like play. The *beau idéal* of a schoolmaster is, literally, a *ludimagister*. The fundamental maxim of fashionable educationists is, "The mind is not to be taxed" ; and the mind, on which no tax is levied, pays none. Mathematics are taught by toys ; geography and history must be mixed with equal portions of Peter Parley's mythology ; the mysterious differences between active, passive, and neuter verbs, instead of being beaten into children's brains, as of old, by hard blows, are more kindly, yet not more wisely, illustrated by the picture of a whipping ; while all the mooted points in moral philosophy, which have baffled the wisdom of ages, are despatched in a thin 18mo, which treats but of tops and whistles, broken glass, and stolen sweetmeats. Even in the study of the ancient languages, the good old way, of hard work and thoughtful analysis with the grammar and dictionary, is almost deserted ; and patent gerund-grinders are getting into use so fast, that, as regards educational processes, it will soon be said of the critical scholar, "*Nascitur, non fit.*"

And what shall we say of the thought-killing quantities of printed paper, which children are expected to con and recite ; and of the standard, by which the merits of different schools are judged, — the same by which race-horses are estimated, — that school bearing away the palm, where the greatest space is gone over in the shortest time ? In the cant of the day, the seeds of knowledge are said to be sown broadcast. But the figure is an inadequate one. The actual process is, as if a farmer, in the spring, should dig a great trench, pour in his seed by the bushel, and then cover it up. And what would he find there in the autumn ? Identically the same seed in various stages of decay. How often, where the harvest of assiduous mental culture should appear, are we compelled to witness this very spectacle, — the seed, originally consigned to the virgin soil, because it was planted too thick to germinate, lying where it fell, useless, putrescent, and offensive !

Another feature of a thought-saving age may be found in the prevalent literary tastes and habits. The master-pieces of reasoning, such books as really aid reflection, books which one cannot read without deep thought, how little are they read ! How few are the devoted readers of such men as Cudworth and Butler ! How little quarter is given to the modern writer, who presents metaphysical truth in a purely philosophical form, who communicates, in manly simplicity, the results of clear intuition and sound reasoning, and leaves his readers to digest and apply them ! Even on the deepest subjects, on subjects, which no one can fathom without girding up all his force of intellect, and placing his whole soul in the attitude of solemn attention, the demand is for *popular* books, for *interesting* books, that is, for such books as one can doze over and laugh over, for books as full of trivial illustrations as a nursery volume is of pictures. And the reader seizes upon these illustrations as arguments, deals with facts as if they were principles, and remains self-satisfied with such glimmer of spiritual truth, as may be reflected from tawdry material imagery. The writer, who would have the popular suffrage, must make it his business to macerate the strong meat of manly minds into food for babes.

Of course, the same thought-saving tendency marks the prevailing habits of reading. There exists among all classes of the community a desire to be deemed or styled *intellectual.* And this sadly-abused term is applied rather according to what one reads, than to what he is. The good mother, who has read her New Testament all her days, has inwardly digested it, and has made it a fountain of deep practical wisdom, is respected for her virtues, but pitied or derided for lack of those intellectual attributes, which are ascribed in full to her daughter, simply because she has read some thousands of pages, no matter how stupid, foolish, or wicked. "She openeth her mouth with wisdom," said Solomon, when he described a paragon of female excellence. "She hath devoured a circulating library," is an endorsement, which, we fear, many a fair one of the present day would rather covet. The idea is universally prevalent, (and it cannot be too generally entertained,) that it is unworthy of a rational being to live without some intellectual pursuit. Few, however, are willing actually to task their minds, either without books, or by means of books. The majority regard reading as a more dignified and worthy employment than thinking; and, well knowing that it is the easier of the two, read much and think none. It is to meet the demands of such readers, that the press groans. It is for such, that hosts of pettifogging pens rest not day or night, that fourth-rate novels are cast with undoubting faith upon the public hospitality, that *Libraries* innumerable and interminable are projected and published, that the sweepings of a by-gone literature are reproduced in those weekly sheets, which are vaunted each as equivalent to an octavo volume.

This general appetite for books is at present so poorly catered for, as to be productive of very nearly as much harm as good. In our cities and larger towns, the fountains of a pure literature are open for all who will drink at them, and there is a sufficiently strong literary influence to give the public taste a right direction. But in the villages and thinly-settled districts, the choice of books is mainly left to chance, and yet worse, to a *chance with loaded dice*, — to the chance of auctions and pedlers' packs. Nor is this fortuitous selection controlled by the combined or representative wisdom of each little community; for in the country towns there are very few public or social libraries of general literature. Such libraries were to be found some twenty or thirty years ago, in most of the towns, and even now they have a name to live; but have either remained without increase and grown obsolete, or else have become church or parish property, and are replenished with sectarian theology. People now prefer taking a newspaper and a magazine, and buying ever and anon a shop-worn novel, to paying an annual assessment to be expended for the general edification, at the grave discretion of the village priest and lawyer.

Moreover, were these central institutions as liberally and judiciously sustained as could be desired, they would be very far from meeting the wants of the whole community. They must necessarily be the property of the few and the near, not of the many and the remote. How little for the improvement of a thousand people scattered over a town five miles square, could a single library of three or four hundred well-chosen volumes do! The village library might supply with reading a hundred out of the thousand. The remaining nine hundred will read, or might be induced to read. Should they not then be provided with books, or saved from the curse of bad books? There is but one way of supplying the whole population of New England with profitable reading; and that is by furnishing every school district with a library. To such libraries all may have access; for the place of deposit would be within the easy reach of all, and most families would have in the younger members daily inducements and facilities for sending thither. By this arrangement, each school district is made a literary society; and the place of instruction for the young becomes the seat and source of knowledge to those of every age. Moreover, where the library is supported by a tax on all the inhabitants of the district, the very fact that all had helped in paying for it would insure general use.

Considerations of this kind led the Massachusetts legislature of 1837 to authorize by law the taxing of school-districts to a certain amount for the purchase and annual increase of district libraries. But here the question arose, "How shall these libraries be selected? What assurance is there, that in many districts, from the ignorance or negligence of committees, the money raised for this purpose may not be worse than wasted? By what mark are those but little conversant with general literature, to choose out the precious, and eschew the vile, from among numberless books of fair exterior and good report?" This difficulty suggested to the members of the Board of Education the plan of recommending a series of books for district libraries. An enterprising publishing firm stood ready to print, in uniform editions, whatever they might recommend. On considering the range of subjects to be embraced in such a plan, the Board found that, while on many subjects there were extant treatises in every way suited to their proposed series, on others there were none, or at best only such as must be abridged or modified in order to be made available. It was determined, therefore, to embrace in the series republications, abridgments, and original works. The *School Library* is issued in pursuance of this plan. It is not, as many might infer from its name, a library for strictly school use; but a library designed to be kept in every schoolhouse for the use of the families of the whole district. The principal series consists of works designed no less for adults than for intelligent youth. The juvenile series is for children only.

This enterprise is not conducted under legislative enactment or patronage. It is a private enterprise sanctioned by the Board of Education. There is no obligation on the part of any district to purchase the works thus published. Committees are left entirely free in their selection of books. But those, who are disposed to avail themselves of the superior judgment of others, are by this plan enabled to enjoy the advice of a body of men eminently qualified for the trust they hold. We have in the well-known fidelity and zeal of the Board collectively, and in the sound judgment and pure taste of its individual members, the highest possible assurance, that this plan will be judiciously and happily executed. Their *imprimatur* is not a mere form; but given only after a deliberate and thorough examination of each separate work.

We have a further guaranty for the "School Library" in the authors of the highest eminence in their respective departments, who have engaged to furnish original volumes for it. It will suffice to mention such names as those of Judge Story, President Wayland, and Professor Silliman, among many others, which hold an equally high place in the public esteem.

The publishers propose issuing fifty volumes of each series, in sets of ten each, with an interval of several months between the decades, so as to enable individuals or school-districts, to purchase the whole series with but little expense at any one time. The first decade of the larger series is now before us, together with the first two volumes of the smaller or juvenile; and we avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity of recommending these volumes, and the plan generally, to the public interest and patronage.

The volumes already issued do credit to the taste of the publishers, and we cordially hope, that the enterprise will prove as lucrative to them, as they may aim to render it worthy of general patronage. The paper of the volumes before us is fair and strong, the type new and clear, the binding both substantial and elegant, the engravings, maps, and cuts, numerous, tasteful, and ornamental. The books are handsome enough for a drawing-room library, and yet are done up in a style well adapted to the rough and tumble of promiscuous circulation.

On the editorship of these volumes too we must bestow unqualified praise. We find in them all the unobtrusive, but essential graces of systematic punctuation and accurate typography. They are amply and judiciously provided with notes and pictorial illustrations. No obscure point or remote allusion in the text of the republished works is left unexplained. Every thing in the series is carefully adapted to American readers of ordinary advantages and attainments. Each volume, which admits of it, is furnished with a full alphabetical index. Each has appended to it a copious glossary of scientific terms, foreign words and idioms, proper names, and obsolete or unusual modes of expression.

The first volume is Irving's "Columbus," abridged by himself, and enriched by the Author's narrative of his visit to Palos, (the port at which Columbus embarked for America,) now first given to the public in a permanent form. It is needless to multiply remarks on a work so well known as this in its original dress, or to say a word in vindication of the appropriateness, with which it is made to occupy the first place in the series under review. Suffice it to say, that the present abridgment is made at the expense, neither of minute detail, nor of good taste ; but the narrative has gained in graphic power by condensation, so that it will be read with new interest in this edition.

A considerable portion of this volume is occupied by an ably written, or rather a felicitously compiled " Introductory Essay," which brings together the testimony of a large number of eminent American statesmen and scholars, in behalf of the cause of popular education, and in favor of legislative enactments and systematic efforts for the diffusion of knowledge.

The next two volumes of the " School Library," we have no hesitation in pronouncing the most perfect and valuable edition extant of Paley's " Natural Theology." Dr. Bartlett has taken for the basis of his labors the late English edition, with notes by Lord Brougham and Sir Charles Bell, with supplementary dissertations by the latter. Most of those notes he has retained, and has added notes of his own, wherever additional explanations seemed necessary. He has also retained the numerous wood-cuts of the English edition, and furnished others himself, so that there is hardly a passage, capable of pictorial illustration, which is not accompanied with an appropriate cut. Such of the supplementary dissertations as Dr. Bartlett thought best to republish, he has incorporated into the body of the work, in connexion with those of Paley's chapters, which they were designed to illustrate. The second volume contains Lord Brougham's " Analytical View of the Researches on Fossil Osteology, and their Application to Natural Theology," also his " Dialogues on Instinct and Animal Intelligence." The whole is followed by an accurate and ample Glossary and Index. The aspect of the work is such as to tempt those most familiar with Paley to a re-perusal ; and we cannot but rejoice to see this incomparable treatise offered to the public in so inviting a form, that even a school-boy could hardly look without reading, or begin without finishing.

The next three volumes of the " Library " are selected from Sparks's " American Biography," containing, (with several portraits and fac-similes of handwriting,) the lives of Robert Fulton, John Stark, David Brainerd, John Smith, Sebastian Cabot, Ethan Allen, Henry Hudson, Joseph Warren, Israel Putnam, David Rittenhouse, Sir Henry Vane, William Pinkney, Anthony Wayne, William Ellery, and Richard Montgomery. It is intended that the series shall be peculiarly rich in the department of American Biography; and these already well known and elegantly written memoirs may be regarded as an earnest of future, similar, and no less valuable contributions to the series.

The remaining four volumes of the first decade are, "The Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons," by Dr. Duncan, of Ruthwell, Scotland, arranged and adapted to American readers by Dr. Greenwood. These volumes contain appropriate reflections on the divine attributes, as displayed in the phenomena of nature and of human life, for every day in the year, each volume being devoted to a season, and divided into as many chapters as the season contains days. The range of subjects, introduced into these reflections, is vast. There are chapters dedicated to almost every department of natural history and science, to the various useful and ornamental arts, to the resources, habits, and manners of different nations; in fine, to every familiar theme, from which a devout mind might draw arguments for religious gratitude and adoration, while, in the Sunday papers, we find edifying trains of thought on a wide diversity of ethical and theological subjects. The chapters are short; the illustrations, well-chosen and entertaining; the religious considerations, inwoven into the texture of the work, and running through the whole, instead of standing out in stiff, frigid relief, in the shape of a formal moral, at stated intervals. The variety of subjects, taken up in these volumes, their affluence in curious facts and anecdotes, and their familiar, easy style, will render them universally popular. They will be invaluable as *family books*, which may always be put into young hands in the certainty, that they will furnish an unfailing fund of entertainment and improvement, and in which a judicious parent may find suggested many profitable themes, to be carried out in fireside conversation and instruction. Had Dr. Duncan written his work for the express purpose, for which it has now been republished, we know not how he could have varied his general outline for the better. But we are reminded, in every part of the work, of the care, skill, and taste, exercised by the American editor, who has occasionally inserted short papers, original and selected, and has been indefatigable in the task of revision, correction, and adaptation.

The succeeding works, of this series, will embrace a great variety of subjects. Besides several ethical and political works, and several biographies and histories, treatises are in the course of preparation on Agriculture, Chemistry, Technology, Volcanic Agency, and numerous other subjects, on which there are no works, adapted for general circulation, now extant.

Of the Juvenile Series we can say but little. The two specimen volumes before us give a fair promise. They are such books as every parent would be glad to have his children read. Mrs. Embury's Sketches are fresh and glowing ; some of them full of the truest pathos, and all of a highly moral tendency. Two or three of them, perhaps, approach a little too nearly the character of the *nouvellette*. Were we to write any thing about Jane Taylor, we should want to devote a whole article to her. Though somewhat eclipsed by the cloud of writers for the young, that have recently risen up, to our taste she remains unrivalled. Her more playful tales, and her graver lessons, alike flow from a true simplicity of heart, from a close intimacy with childhood, and a deep religious love for the young spirit. It seems to us, that the words of the great Teacher, " Suffer little children to come unto me," are never dismissed from her thoughts. In Mrs. Hale's selection, while we miss much that we should be glad to see, we find nothing with which we should be willing to part.

We will only say, in conclusion, that we anticipate, from the further progress of both series of " The School Library," a succession of instructive, suggestive, and thought-nourishing works, which will do much to cure both young and old of the habit of reading merely for pastime, or for appearance' sake, and to excite the desire, and lay open the field, for serious reflection and diligent study on many subjects of the highest interest and moment.

ART. X.—CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Elements of Chemistry, including the recent Discoveries and Doctrines of the Science.* By the late EDWARD TURNER, M. D. Sixth American Edition. With Notes and Emendations, by FRANKLIN BACHE, M. D. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwaite, & Co. 8vo. pp. 666. 1840.

THIS excellent work is well known. It has passed through five editions in England, where a sixth was in the course of publication, at the time of the accomplished author's death. The publication was continued by Dr. Turner's brother, in conjunction with Professor Liebig. In consequence of the demand for the work, four hundred and ten pages of the new edition were issued in London, as a "First Part," in 1837. Several months elapsed before the "Second Part" appeared, and still a longer interval before the publication of the "Third Part." This last comprises but about one hundred pages, and was issued in 1839. Since then no more has appeared, and the work is still incomplete.

Five editions have been published in this country, under the editorial care of Professor Bache, than whom a more competent editor could not have been selected. We have, however, in common with others, regretted, that Professor Bache did not render Dr. Turner's work of a more practical and experimental character. It is not sufficiently elementary for beginners, or for use as a text-book, although admirably suited to the wants of the more advanced student of chemistry.

Two years ago, four hundred and sixty pages of a new American edition were issued, embracing the First Part; and we have been impatiently looking for the remaining parts. The whole is now before us, as "the Sixth American Edition"; but it is not announced as from the sixth London edition,—an important fact, as will be seen on comparing the two. Indeed, this "Sixth American Edition" is, with some few changes in but 283 of the pages, only a reprint of the old edition of 1835. The Sixth English edition presents us, in almost every page, with great and important changes and alterations of the text; not so the Sixth American.

It is true, that the advertisement, prefixed to this edition, informs us, that it is a reprint of the fifth, as far as "Sulphur, page 191," when the printing appears to have been suspended until the receipt of the First and Second Parts of the new English edition, from which we are told in the "Advertisement," "the printing was continued." This is indeed a candid avowal that this sixth American edition is neither Dr. Turner's "Elements" as it *was*, nor as it *is*; and, on comparison, the English edition will be found to be quite a different book.

What is naturally to be inferred, under these circumstances, is, that the publishers chose to finish their undertaking, and get the book into the market at any rate, rather than wait for the completion of the work in London; and that, Dr. Bache's name having been connected with the other editions, and he having revised the first four hundred and sixty pages, the publishers completed the six hundred and sixty-six pages, by reprinting the residue from the old edition, on their own responsibility, and without sufficient regard to the reputation of the deceased author, or to the reasonable expectations of the living.

We might adduce page after page, from this sixth American edition, with the corresponding passages from the parts of the sixth English, to show how many and important are the omissions in the former, and the changes made in the latter; but we have room to notice only a few of them.

The elegant method of estimating the specific heat of gases, founded on La Place's formula for calculating the velocity of sound, is given at page 52, in the sixth English edition, but is altogether wanting in the sixth American. In the table of the relations of the specific heats of elementary bodies and their equivalents, the four important substances, arsenic, carbon, iodine, and phosphorus, are omitted. The American edition contains no notice of the researches of Avogardo and Newmann, which are found in the English, at page 55. These and several other additions to the English edition are, it is true, comprised in the earlier pages which were not received in this country when the First Part of the American edition appeared, but there can be no excuse for not having given them in the Appendix.

At pages 84–86 of the sixth English edition, Dr. Turner has given a succinct and masterly account of the undulatory theory of light, which alone, in his opinion, is suitable to the present condition of the science. In the sixth American edition it is merely named. We have, too, the old statement, that light is "not reflected by purely gaseous bodies," instead of "light may be reflected by all media, whether solid, liquid, or *gaseous*"! The table of the refractive indices of gases, contained in the sixth English edition, is not to be found in the American. There are important changes in the English edition, in the pages devoted to "Light," which the reader will in vain seek in the American.

Passing over the alterations which, in the English edition, have been made in the first part of the section on Electricity, and do not appear in the American edition, we turn to page 117 of the former, where we find a notice of the valuable and interesting experiments of Mossotti on the forces which regulate the internal constitution of bodies, and which are to be viewed as favorable to the Franklinean hypothesis. Of these nothing is said in the sixth American edition, "including the recent discoveries and doctrines."

Every one at all conversant with the great accession to our knowledge of the laws of the action of Voltaic circles, which has been made by the researches of Faraday, will be astonished to find, that this American edition contains merely the statements of 1835. It need hardly be remarked, that such is far from being the case with the sixth London edition. In the latter, too, the whole arrangement of the section has been changed and greatly improved. In this American edition, the slight allusion to Becquerel's experiments remains ; but the notices of those of Crosse, and of those of Fox on the electrical state of mineral veins, and the new light they have thrown upon many obscure phenomena, which occur in the English edition, should have had a place in the Appendix, where, however, they are not to be found.

There are also several new explanatory figures wanting in the American edition.

In the English edition we find an account of Ampère's views in connexion with the Atomic theory, and some important additions in relation to the theory of volumes, which are wanting in the American edition.

Dr. Turner has exhibited the changes which Berzelius has made in chemical formulæ ; but the student who may be referred to the sixth American edition of the "Elements," that he may be enabled to use or understand them, will be sadly disappointed. He will find no notice of the formulæ of Liebig and Poggendorff, which are coming so much into use in Europe, and which are, indeed, constantly employed in the body of the English edition of Turner's work.

The latter part of the "Elements" relates to a department of the science, in which greater changes have been called for than in any other ; from the extent to which the analysis of organized bodies has recently been carried, the skill with which it has been executed, and the inferences to which it has led. Indeed, so vast had been the accumulation of facts in 1837, that it became absolutely necessary to remodel and rewrite all the pages on "Organic Chemistry," and this within *two* years after the publication of the fifth edition in England. Not a page, period, or line, we believe, remains in the sixth English edition as it was in the fifth. It is here an entirely different work. And yet a sixth American edition is thrust upon us in 1840, professing to contain "the recent discoveries and doctrines"! Nor, as has been said, is this part even yet completed in England. In the English edition seven distinct compounds are arranged under carbonic oxide (and this in the "Organic Chemistry"), while in the American that substance retains the same place it did in the edition of 1835, and the compounds are dispersed through other parts of the volume, anywhere but where they belong. So, too, oxalic acid is to be found in its old place, among the "Vegetable Acids."

The new views of Liebig are very fully given in the English edition (contained in the "third" part, published in England months ago); but we find nothing of them in the one before us. As to the compounds of carbon and nitrogen, and cyanogen as the compound radical, we are left in utter darkness. Liebig describes, in his continuation of Dr. Turner's "Elements," six compounds. Of one of these with hydrogen, viz. Hydrocyanic (Prussic) acid, — so important to be known, even to those who are not professed chemists, — there is nothing in this sixth American edition. Neither the process for making it, nor its properties, nor the means of detecting it after death, in cases of suspected poisoning, are given. One would not learn from this book any thing more than the existence of this interesting though deadly acid, to which, in the sixth English edition, several pages are devoted. At page 260 of the American edition we read, that "it [cyanogen] is in fact a compound radical of organic chemistry, and therefore its various combinations will be described in that part of the work." But no description is to be found!

Sufficient has been said to prove to our readers, that the sixth American edition of Turner's "Elements of Chemistry" is not what the title-page gives it out to be; that it does not contain the recent discoveries and doctrines; and that it is in fact a long way, — years, we had almost said, — behind the present state of the science. We are far from attributing this to any oversight of the learned editor. We are persuaded, that, had the work been published at once, as commenced, it would have fully sustained the high character it had acquired and have been brought up to the state of the science. But we cannot but think, that the editor, finding so great delay in bringing out the work, abandoned the task, and is not responsible for its completion from the old edition. All the preceding editions have been kept up to the state of the science ; the present must not only materially impair the usefulness of the work wherever it obtains currency, but must be viewed by every follower of science, and by every friend of the late and lamented author, as an act of injustice to his reputation and memory. It would be no more than right for the publishers to call in the copies that have been issued, and replace them by others more correct, when the sixth edition shall have been *completed* in England.

---

2. — *Eighth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, to the Corporation.* Boston : John H. Eastburn. 1840. 8vo. pp. 32.

Here we have another interesting Report on the condition of the Massachusetts Institution for the Blind ; a foundation, which reflects the highest credit on the community, for the liberal spirit which produced and has maintained it, and which is equally honorable to the managers of it, for the enlightened system of instruction pursued there. It is now but ten years since the first germ of this establishment was to be found, in a private dwelling, in an obscure corner of Boston, struggling under all the embarrassments of want of funds, and the inexperience consequent on a new undertaking, of which there was but very little knowledge in the country. The experiment began with a few pupils well selected, to show the capacity of the blind, under a proper tuition, for entering on the most useful branches of knowledge. When the trial had been fairly made, and its success established to the satisfaction of the few gentlemen, who had charge of the infant institution, the results were submitted to the public. The pupils, the scheme of education, and its peculiar apparatus, were brought before the legislature, and before large assemblies in the city. A wide and deep interest was excited in behalf of this less favored portion of our fellow-creatures, who showed that they only wanted our assistance, to take their place among the useful members of the community, instead of being a burden on it. A liberal appropriation was made by the state legislature ; and Mr. Thomas H. Perkins made a munificent grant of his own noble mansion, contingent on a contribution of fifty thousand dollars, to be raised by private subscription. The people of Boston answered the call with their characteristic spirit; and, in a few weeks, an institution, which was without patronage, without funds or prospects, saw itself, by the conviction, produced on the public mind, of its utility, in a situation for diffusing as extensive and important benefits, as almost any other in the country. The whole story is highly creditable, as we have said, to a community, which, cautious in embarking in doubtful experiments, showed that it could enter earnestly and effectually into so important a plan of benevolence, as soon as its practicability was proved.

The management of the Institution has been distinguished by a wise forecast, which has turned the bounty of the public to the best account. Instead of hoarding up its funds, it has employed them in providing accommodations for a thorough system of instruction, confiding in the belief that the same enlightened spirit, which supplied the means for commencing the work, would continue to cherish it, as it became evident that its sphere of usefulness could be more and more widely extended. Under this system, the appropriation of the State has been uniformly expended in the maintenance of pupils, much beyond the number required of the Asylum to support. The most thorough apparatus has been provided for education, not only in mechanical occupations, but in the higher departments of mental cultivation. Music, and mathematical science, for both of which the blind discover peculiar aptitude, have been taught with the greatest thoroughness ; and the result has been, to qualify those, who seemed cut off by natural infirmity from the ways of men, for the various duties of active life, and for occupying their own lonely hours in a manner both pleasing and profitable to themselves. These results are not overstated. Numbers of those, who have been in the Institution, and who before were supported by their families or towns, have returned home, with the means of earning their livelihood wholly, or with very little aid. It is needless to expatiate on the blessed consequences to the unfortunate individuals, as well as to society at large, from such results. Surely, never did the bounty of the public meet with a richer or speedier return.

The Institution is now removed to the neighbourhood of

Boston, to an airy and elevated position, with ample grounds around it, and a building sufficiently spacious for the present and prospective demands of the establishment. The change was rendered necessary by the increase of the school, whose numbers would soon have been restricted by the confined quarters of the city, and who are obviously every way better accommodated in the open country, and with more personal safety, than they could be amidst the crowds of a bustling metropolis. The resources of the Asylum have been so largely drained by the various arrangements, as to be now barely adequate to its immediate wants ; while it is straitened in some departments, where, if it had the means, it might accomplish a great good. This is particularly the case in regard to its printing, in which its sagacious director, Dr. Howe, — to whom the school is under obligations, not to be estimated by money, — has made such improvements as to have attracted much attention, as well as imitation, on the other side of the water. His labors, in this department, may be said, indeed, to have given sight to the blind ; and we can only regret that the want of funds should limit the means of extending those blessings, so freely enjoyed by the poorest who can see, to those of our unfortunate brethren who cannot. But there can be little doubt, that a community, who have the interests of education as much at heart as any other people in the world, will be alive to them in the present instance, where they are connected with circumstances more touching than ordinary.

But our remarks are running to a greater length than we intended. We shall content ourselves with making a single extract, and with recommending the Report itself to the careful perusal of all who take an interest in the welfare and improvement of their fellow-creatures.

The Appendix to the Report contains, among other things, highly interesting details respecting a pupil, named Laura Bridgman, who was placed in the school, some two or three years since, with scarcely an idea in her mind, — for she is deprived, and has been so ever since she was little more than a year old, of every sense, save that of touch. The power of communicating knowledge, through this single channel, — the solitary thread, by which she is connected with humanity, — is one of the most remarkable and interesting phenomena in the history of mind. The full description, in the Appendix, of the course pursued with her, and of its marvellous results, is so long that we are compelled to deny ourselves the satisfaction of laying it before our readers. The account given of her in the body of the Report, is as follows ;

"There is one whose situation is so peculiar, and whose case is so interesting in a philosophical point of view, that we cannot forbear making particular mention of it; we allude to Laura Bridgman, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, mentioned in the two last Reports.

"The intellectual improvement of this interesting being, and the progress she has made in expressing her ideas, are truly gratifying.

"She uses the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes, with great facility and great rapidity; she has increased her vocabulary so as to comprehend the names of all common objects; she uses adjectives expressive of positive qualities, such as *hard, soft, sweet, sour,* &c.; verbs expressive of action, as *give, take, ride, run,* &c., in the present, past, and future tense; she connects adjectives with nouns to express their qualities; she introduces verbs into sentences and connects them by conjunctions; for instance, a gentleman having given her an apple, she said, *Man give Laura sweet apple.*

"She can count to high numbers; she can add and subtract small numbers.

"But the most gratifying acquirement which she has made, and the one which has given her the most delight, is the power of *writing a legible hand,* and expressing her thoughts upon paper; she writes with a pencil in a grooved line, and makes her letters clear and distinct.

"She was sadly puzzled at first to know the meaning of the process to which she was subjected; but, when the idea dawned upon her mind, that by means of it she could convey intelligence to her mother, her delight was unbounded. She applied herself with great diligence, and in a few months actually wrote a legible letter to her mother, in which she conveyed information of her being well, and of her coming home in ten weeks. It was indeed, only the skeleton of a letter, but still it expressed in legible characters a vague outline of the ideas which were passing in her mind. She was very impatient to have *the man* carry this letter, for she supposed that the utmost limit of the Post Office Department was to employ a man to run backward and forward between our Institution and the different towns where the pupils live, to fetch and carry letters. We subjoin to this Report an exact *fac simile* of Laura's writing, observing that she was not prompted to the matter, and that her hand was not held in the execution; the matter is quite original, and the chirography is entirely her own.

"She has improved very much in personal appearance as well as in intellect; her countenance beams with intelligence; she is always active at study, work, or play; she never repines, and most of the time is gay and frolicsome.

"She is now very expert with her needle, she knits very easily, and can make twine bags and various fancy articles very prettily. She is very docile, has a quick sense of propriety, dresses herself with great neatness, and is always correct in her deportment. In short, it would be difficult to find a child in the possession of all her senses, and the enjoyment of the advantages that wealth and parental love can bestow, who is more contented and cheerful, or to whom existence seems a greater blessing than it does to this bereaved creature, for whom the sun has no light, the air no sound, and the flowers no color or smell." — pp. 8-10.

3. — *Topographical Description and Historical Sketch of Plainfield, in Hampshire County, Massachusetts, May,* 1834. By Jacob Porter. Greenfield. 1834. 8vo. pp. 44.

From this pamphlet, which, though not lately published, has but recently fallen into our hands, it appears, that Plainfield, at the northwest corner of Hampshire County, Massachusetts, on the eastern side of the Green Mountain range (incorporated in 1807), has geological features of some interest. Some strata (mica and talcose slate) the author says, are "turned up, so that their *inclination* is *perpendicular*," an effect which he ascribes to "the general deluge." A variety of minerals occur, some of which are prized by collectors. The writer thinks, that gold will probably be found in the beds of talcose slate, which occupy a large portion of the town, it having been discovered, in the same range, in Vermont. But as long as the good people of Plainfield, being short of one thousand, can, in addition to woollen fabrics, manufacture forty-eight thousand palm-leaf hats, in one year, valued at eight thousand nine hundred dollars ; turn shoe-lasts and broom-handles by means of an "improved machine" ; raise Indian corn, wheat, and other grains, to which, it seems, their soil is adapted, to say nothing of the sugar-maple and potatoes ; and, besides, pasture some four thousand sheep ; they will do well, we think, to seek gold elsewhere than in the bowels of their mountains, — though, as to the probability (the author puts the question) of a profitable manufacture of "molasses" from "potatoes," which grow there "of excellent quality," we must demur a little.

We are not disposed to question what the writer asserts, that "walking in the woods is extremely delightful, especially in the spring ;" and we can readily believe him, when he says, that he "has enjoyed many a ramble through the grove, and over

'The craggy hill, where rocks, with wild flowers crowned,
Burst from the shady copse and verdant ground ;
Where sportive nature every form assumes,
And, sweetly lavish, spreads a thousand blooms.'" — p. 10.

The author is fond of quoting poetry, and so are we. But to get back to sober prose, which, for the present, is needful, Plainfield will not suffer from a comparison with other towns in the interior of the Commonwealth, in regard to its efforts in the cause of education. In this connexion, the Rev. Moses

Hallock, the first minister of the place, deserves honorable mention. The labors of such men are not always estimated at their full worth. To their patient and humble toils, to the direction they succeed in giving to the youthful mind, and the ardor of truth and knowledge they inspire, the world is often more indebted than it is aware. Among the pupils of Mr. Hallock, we find the names of several individuals since extensively known to the public. The poet Bryant is one.

In conclusion, we can truly say, that the pamphlet has interested us in the reading ; and, though it betrays some marks of carelessness, it contains many facts which are worth being known and preserved. Such sketches of local history show the working of our free institutions, and the elements of our growth and prosperity. In a statistical view, they are too valuable to be dispensed with.

---

4. — *An Historical Discourse, delivered at the Celebration of the Second Centennial Anniversary of the First Baptist Church, in Providence, November 7th,* 1839. By WILLIAM HAGUE, Pastor of the Church. Providence. 1839. 12mo. pp. 192.

THE Discourse of Mr. Hague, though not remarkably rich in original materials, holds a worthy place among the productions called forth by similar occasions at the present day. The subject, as the author could not but be aware, presents some points of great interest, and, as was proper, he has dwelt upon them at considerable length. Treating of the first Baptist Church in America, founded, too, by Roger Williams and his associates, he would very naturally be led to say something of those principles of the soul's freedom, which found so strenuous an advocate in that pure-minded man, in many respects in advance of his age. We are not disposed to complain of the length to which he has extended his inquiries and remarks on this subject, disproportionate as the space given to it may at first view seem. By many, this will be regarded as the most interesting portion of the performance.

Mr. Hague is at some pains to show, that Roger Williams was not the discoverer of those great "moral truths," which animated and solaced him in all his wanderings and labors, and which he embodied in the polity of his new Commonwealth.

They were secretly cherished by multitudes in England, and on the continent, in the time of Elizabeth, though the open expression of them was checked by the heavy pressure of the hand of power. Contrary to the general supposition, the Baptists were numerous before the disturbances at Munster. "It is clear," says the writer, "that those have reason for their opinion, who say that the Baptists may trace the history of their sentiments through the old Waldensian churches." These sentiments, he contends, embraced those principles of religious freedom, the assertion of which caused the expulsion of Roger Williams from Massachusetts. "He was only one of a sacred succession." Whether or not Mr. Hague's authorities, which are numerous, fully bear him out in all these statements, is a point we cannot now discuss.

The subsequent portion of the Discourse is occupied chiefly with a notice of the several pastors of the church. Some general reflections follow, and biographical notes are added in an appendix. The whole is written in a clear and unpretending style, without any attempt at eloquence, but in a spirit of good faith and earnestness, which cannot fail of securing for the author a fair hearing from those who may dissent from some of his positions and reasonings.

5. — *An Historical Account of Massachusetts Currency.* By JOSEPH B. FELT. Boston: Perkins & Marvin. 1839. 8vo. pp. 248.

MR. FELT's book is an accumulation of facts, relative to currency and prices in Massachusetts, from the settlement of the colony to the present time, arranged chronologically, without any continuity of narrative, without any division into chapters and sections, without any table of contents, or index of subjects. It is, accordingly, an exceedingly repulsive work, either to read or to consult, for it requires a very stern and persevering resolution to labor on, page after page, through two hundred and forty or fifty pages on the subjects of wampumpeag, beaver-skins, paper money, public bills of credit, the exhausted state of the treasury, taxes, and other kindred topics. These subjects are detailed with patient fidelity in a fragmentary *congeries*. And as to consulting the work, the only clew to any matter is the date. If you have that, the margin readily leads you to the year and month sought ; if you have not the date, the only way is to begin the book and read patiently.

It is to be regretted, that Mr. Felt has not given some clew to the subjects treated of, in his book, by a table of contents, or index, or both, and we do not see any thing to prevent his still adding those appendages. And the importance of the subject will justify this additional labor ; for the book is full of instruction from beginning to end, not only as throwing great light upon the history of the country, and the working of its institutions, but also giving practical lessons, applicable to the present state of things.

The work illustrates a striking fact, of which all our new settlements afford similar illustrations ; namely, that a country may be in a condition of rapid growth, in numbers, wealth, and improvements, and, at the same time, in a state of continual embarrassment, with now and then a paroxysm of intense consternation and distress.

Another subject, present to the mind in every part of this economical history, is the vital importance of a good circulating medium, that is, coin, or paper redeemable in specie, or supported by an unquestionable public or private credit ; for it may consist of one or all of these, and the two latter are as important and effectual as the first. In regard to individual credits between man and man, or between banks and their customers, it would be extreme folly for any government to attempt to regulate and control it, otherwise than by providing laws for the enforcement of contracts. But where credits are the basis of the currency, or the currency itself, as in the case of bank notes, or treasury drafts, the public is bound to maintain the credit in its own case, and, in the case of banks, to inspect the state of the credit, as far as the currency is liable to be affected, with the most rigid and exact scrutiny. This is now done in Massachusetts and many other States, so that the circulating medium is on as good a footing, as far as paper is concerned, as it can possibly be, with perhaps one deficiency in the regulations. There have been some attempts, but none of them successful, we believe, absolutely to prohibit banks from discounting new paper, when their specie falls below a certain proportion to their notes in circulation. Such a regulation would, by no means, be, of itself, a sufficient guaranty of the soundness of currency, but it would be an essential auxiliary to the others now in operation. The banking companies have, hitherto, successfully resisted such a law. But, without this restriction, the banks, constituted, conducted, and inspected, as they now are, in those States where they are best regulated, are among the most admirable institutions that have sprung from the invention and social improvement of man. Almost every page of Mr. Felt's book is, by contrast, a practical eulogy upon our present banking system.

Another subject, of intense interest, at the present time, and likely to be so in future, is illustrated more distinctly and satisfactorily in Mr. Felt's book, than in any other work before published. The people of this country have, at frequently recurring periods, felt the disastrous and overwhelming effect of an immense foreign debt, following upon excessive importations, and often aggravated by the consequent reduction of the prices of the imported articles, and often, still again, aggravated by a contemporaneous reduction of the prices of our own exports in the foreign markets. We are probably more subject to commercial revulsions, from this cause, than any other country in the world, owing to our peculiar relation with England. Mr. Felt's book discloses a series of disasters, from this cause, from the early settlement of the country down to the present time. Every few years this foreign balance has swept the country of specie, and, of course, deranged the currency, on some occasions causing its temporary derangement, only with a partial and transient disturbance of industry and production, but on others, for a time, paralyzing and prostrating business, and bringing ruin upon thousands of enterprising and useful citizens, in all branches of industry. It is worth while to read Mr. Felt's book for the purpose of studying and understanding this class of our commercial phenomena.

6.— *Precedents in Pleading, with Copious Notes on Practice, Pleading, and Evidence.* By Joseph Chitty, Jun., Esq. First American, from the First London Edition. Two Volumes. 8vo. Springfield: G. & C. Merriam. 1839.

This work seems to have been demanded by the changes introduced, of late years, in the English law of remedy. The statutes, by which these great legal reforms have been chiefly effected, are, 1st. The Administration of Justice Act, (11 Geo. 4, c. 70.) — 2d. The Speedy Judgment and Execution Act, (1 W. 4. c. 7.) — 3d. The Examination of Witnesses Act, (1 W. 4. c. 22.) — 4th. The Interpleader Act, (1 & 2 W. 4. c. 58.) —

5th. The Uniformity of Process Act, (2 W. 4. c. 39.) — and 6th, The Law Amendment Act, (3 & 4 W. 4. c. 42.) The first of these statutes was directed chiefly to reform in matters of practice; enabling a single judge to transact much of the interlocutory business, necessary for the advancement of the cause to its final decision; authorizing the Judges of the Courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, or any eight of them, and no others, to make general rules of practice for all these courts, and opening the practice in them all, to the attornies of either of them. By the Act for the examination of witnesses, facilities were given for the taking of testimony before a master, in all cases pending, to be used in the event of the absence of the witness at the time of trial (similar, in substance, to a practice long familar among us); and a very convenient provision is made, which we might profitably adopt, for the production at chambers or elsewhere, of documentary evidence intended to be used at the trial of the cause, in order that it may be previously known in what cases the subscribing witnesses will be called for, and that both surprise and expense may be avoided. By the Law Amendment Act, the same judges were authorized to make general rules altering and establishing the mode of pleading; which, however, were not to take effect till six weeks after they had been laid before both houses of Parliament. In pursuance of the power given by the first of these acts, general rules were made by all the Judges, in Trinity Term, 1831, for the shortening of declarations in certain actions, illustrated by examples, as well as for brevity of proceeding in other stages of the cause; to which were added, in Hilary Term, 1832, other rules, to assimilate the practice of the different courts, and to render the proceedings more expeditious, and less expensive to the suitors. Under the last of these acts, other general rules were made, in Hilary Term, 1834, restraining the abuse of inserting several counts, and of pleading several pleas, where distinct matters of claim or defence were not intended to be set up under each; shortening the record, by the omission of obsolete and useless formularies; abolishing the general issue in actions on bills of exchange and promissory notes, and narrowing its effect in all other cases; abolishing the plea of *nil debet;* and requiring that all matters in confession and avoidance should be specially pleaded.

By these statutes and rules, great and salutary improvements have been wrought in the common law methods of remedy. The claim of the plaintiff is stated with directness, brevity, and precision; the answer of the defendant is given in terms equally explicit; and the cause proceeds to trial and judgment with as much rapidity and as little expense, as seems consistent with certainty and impartiality in the administration of justice. Beyond this, there appears little else to be desired. We may be pardoned, however, for the passing remark, that the brief form of declaration, and the consolidation of the common counts, required by these rules, have been used in this country more than twenty years ; and it may be retorted, also, that while, in England, increased care has been taken to guard against surprise, by requiring the matter in defence to be specially pleaded, American legislation has more widely opened the door to that mischief, by permitting the defendant to answer, in all cases, by a mere general denial. It is true, we require that a brief statement of the matter of defence should accompany the general plea ; but, as this admits all sorts of defence, however multifarious, its utility remains to be tested by longer experience.

This great legal reform, as might be expected, rendered all the old books of entries and precedents of little further use. It thus called forth the work of Mr. Chitty, which is a very neat and well-executed revision of the existing forms, adapted to the new rules of practice. The English edition was published in two parts ; the first by Mr. Chitty, in the year 1836 ; and the second in the year 1838, after his decease, which took place in April of that year, by Henry Pearson and Tompson Chitty, Esquires. The American edition appears to be well executed ; and though the forms are still rather more redundant than those in general use in this country, the work, we doubt not, will prove a valuable, we had almost said an indispensable, aid to the American lawyer.

7. — *Principia Saxonica ; or an Introduction to Anglo-Saxon Reading.* By L. LANGLEY, F. L. S. London : 1839. 12mo. pp. 78.

To those who think with Horne Tooke, that the Anglo-Saxon and Gothic ought long ago to have made a part of the education of youth, the publication of this little book will not be unwelcome. It contains the Anglo-Saxon Homily of Archbishop Ælfric, on the Birth-day of Saint Gregory, with a Glossary, and a well-written "Essay on the Importance and Utility of the Anglo-Saxon Language." The object of the book is thus explained by Mr. Langley in his Preface. "In again presenting the Homily to the public, with the appendage of a copious Glossary, instead of a Translation, the sole object of the editor is to promote, in however subordinate a capacity, a cause in which he has long felt a deep and undiminished interest, — the cause of Saxon letters." It was his desire to produce, "that novelty in Saxon literature, a cheap book."

Consequently beginners have now within their reach a very good text-book, small in compass and in price. We commend it to their attention.

---

8. — *The Analyst; a Collection of Miscellaneous Papers.* New York: Wiley & Putnam, 1840. 12mo. pp. 174.

This is a volume well worthy to be read. It gives proof of reflection, observation, and literary culture; and its style is always clear, sometimes forcible and terse, though not often elegant. It abounds with shrewd remarks, happy criticisms, and well-drawn traits of character. But it is not executed with equal felicity throughout. The author imitates largely in some parts of his book; he writes not from his own mind, and after his own fashion, but draws from others both matter and form. The series of papers, in which he attempts to delineate certain characters, are not, taken as a whole, very well done, though they contain many single touches of great merit. They constantly remind us of other writers and other times; they are Theophrastus and the French and English essayists remoulded. To paint faithfully a series of characters, to draw them from the life, requires the reflective powers of the philosopher, and the experience of the man of the world; a quick eye to perceive the real peculiarities of men, and a rapid power of combination; a style at once clear, graphic, and discriminating, and that force of imagination which breathes the breath of life into the conceptions of the mind.

It is not enough, therefore, to be familiar with the admired models of this species of writing, belonging to other ages and to different states of society. The characters of Theophrastus are drawn with consummate skill; they betray numberless delicate touches, which mark them as genuine pictures taken from living realities, that passed before the author's eye. The few specimens that Aristotle gave, are not quite so individual as those of Theophrastus; they rest more upon the universal principles of human nature, and upon transient traits;

but still they are touched with the spirit of life and truth. Some of the French authors have been equally successful; and many characters drawn by the British essayists live in our memories with as distinct an individuality as the best known personages of history.

Now the author of these papers has taken more from these sources than from the observation of nature. He relies more upon imitation than experience. His characters do not rise before us like living beings, but are only faded copies of pictures that represent another age. He has not embodied the form and pressure of the times. His characters are like wooden images, dressed out in the costumes of our ancestors. They are cold and artificial combinations of certain qualities of human nature in general, with the oddities, extravagances, or peculiarities, not which lend a variety to the aspect of society now, but which figure in the literature that represents the aspect of society in days long since departed.

But the critical papers show much more ability. The "Thoughts on the Writings of Bulwer" contain more truth, in a short space, upon the works of that great mystagogue of modern frivolity and nonsense, than we have elsewhere seen. The paper on La Bruyère is excellent ; that on the Old English Comedy, is just and discriminating, and does honor to the moral feeling as well as to the literary taste of the author. But the disquisition on the Scotch, German, French, and English philosophies, is simply absurd. It begins with the remark, that, "in order more clearly to elucidate the spirit of each, a few observations on the national characteristics of each people may not be irrelevant." This task he undertakes to accomplish. He despatches these four great schools of philosophy, preliminary remarks and all, in six pages. There is an air of pretension about this attempt to dash off such great subjects, which it is painful to see deforming the pages of a writer of so much merit ; to say nothing of the false and sweeping generalities which make up the whole of this precious little morsel of philosophical disquisition. Among other bold and unfounded assertions, he says, that Stewart is only a "flimsy declaimer," — the elegant, learned, polished Stewart, — the master of the best philosophical style of this age ; — whose periods, pregnant with thought, attuned to a beautiful melody, adorned with graceful poetical allusions, remind us of the magnificent eloquence of Cicero, more than any modern author, — to be called by this essayist, or anybody else, a "flimsy declaimer"! The arrogance of literary conceit has rarely led to a more astounding absurdity.

Though we like this author's style very well, in general, we do not like the affected quaintnesses, into which it sometimes runs. To write *'tis* for *it is*, is merely attempting to put on the air of our great-grandfathers; to say *doth* and *hath*, answers no mortal purpose but to confound the peculiarities of different ages, and make an author's language a disagreeable patchwork of affected and incongruous archaisms.

9.—1. *An Address, delivered before the Eumenian and Philanthropic Societies of Davidson College, North Carolina, July 31st,* 1839. By the Rev. P. J. Sparrow, A. M., Professor of Languages in Davidson College. Raleigh: Turner & Hughes. 1839. 8vo. pp. 32.

2. *Introductory Address, delivered before the Louisiana Institute for the Promotion of Education, December 16th,* 1839, By Professor H. H. Gird. New Orleans. 1839. 8vo. pp. 21.

3. *An Address, delivered at Amherst before the Literary Societies of Amherst College, August 27th,* 1839. By Daniel D. Barnard. Albany: Hoffman & White. 1839. 8vo. pp. 63.

4. *Oration, delivered before the Biennial Convention of the Alpha Delta Phi Society, at New Haven, Conn., August 15th,* 1839, *on the Law and Means of Social Advancement.* By Samuel Eells, President of the Convention. Cincinnati: Kendall & Henry. 1839. 8vo. pp. 69.

Mr. Sparrow is a clear, sensible, and tasteful writer. His subject is, the duty of the educated young men of this country; and he handles it ably. He points out the defects in American education, their causes and their remedies; then he discusses the duty of elevating the standard of professional character; and, lastly, he considers the duties of educated young men with respect to literature, to the cause of general education, and to the country as patriots. Under all these heads, the author presents considerations of great importance, in an impressive manner and an elegant style. The only thing we see to find fault with, is, his extravagant eulogy upon that absurd, pedantic, and bigoted poem, Pollok's "Course of Time."

Mr. Gird's Address is rather carelessly written, but contains valuable suggestions to the citizens of Louisiana, upon the state of education there, the dangers to which the youth of the State are exposed, the proper means to be taken to guard against them, and so on. He speaks with approbation of the establishment of a Board of Education ; and there is a singular contrast between his judicious views upon this subject, and the recent report of the Committee on Education before the Massachusetts legislature.

Mr. Barnard's Address discusses the importance of telling the truth to the people. He shows, that the leading men, of all parties, have used fraud, deception, lies, by which they have been able to lead astray their dupes. He points out the ruinous consequences of this state of things, and insists strongly on a reform. His discourse is marked by sound common sense, and just and right feeling, rather than by vigor or eloquence. The influence of such opinions and views cannot be other than good. The only fault of the oration is its length.

The Oration of Mr. Eells is upon social progress. He ranges over the entire history of the world, and exhibits, under the successive forms of the political institutions and social states, the hidden principles which led to their overthrow. He illustrates his views by examples drawn from a wide extent of reading, and shows himself to be a very well-informed man. But he deals too largely in historical and other common-places ; he undertakes to prove what nobody denies ; he wants compression, vigor, and logical order. His Oration is spun out to an excessive length, filling sixty-nine large pages. If the really good things in it were brought into half the space, by striking out unnecessary words, and taking for granted what everybody knows, the oration would be excellent.

---

10. — *Rejected Addresses, or the New Theatrum Poetarum. From the Nineteenth London Edition ; carefully revised, with an Original Preface and Notes*, by the Authors. Boston : William D. Ticknor. 1840. 16mo. pp. 159.

We notice this little work, not for the purpose of undertaking the superfluous task of commenting on its merits, but merely to express our pleasure in seeing it reprinted here, with the amusing preface and notes of the authors, in so handsome a form. The good-humored wit of the imitations has given a celebrity and a permanent value to this *jeu d'esprit*, which never before were attained by similar burlesques. The book was wholly out of print here, and the republication will be welcomed, as well by those who laughed over the pages of the work on its first appearance, as by the younger generation of readers, who have only heard its fame.

---

11. — *An Address delivered before the New England Society in the City of New York, December 23d,* 1839. By Robert C. Winthrop. Boston: Perkins & Marvin. New York: Gould, Newman, & Saxton. 1840. 8vo. pp. 60.

We have rarely read an occasional or historical address with more pleasure than Mr. Winthrop's, delivered before the New England Society, in New York. The principles and characters of our Pilgrim fathers are set forth with a graceful eloquence, and an accuracy of historical knowledge, which show, that Mr. Winthrop has by no means neglected the pursuits of elegant literature amidst the cares and labors of political life. He writes in a grave, earnest, and polished style, which is excellently suited to the gravity, earnestness, and dignity of his sentiments, and to the solemn and interesting character of the occasion. He appreciates justly, and describes forcibly, the conduct of the men, to whom was intrusted, by Providence, the mighty task of founding the New England colonies. He calls up, with warm and reverential interest, the terrific scenes they were summoned to pass through, and delineates, with a glowing pencil, the great consequences to the cause of human liberty all over the world, which have flowed from that, at first sight, well-nigh desperate enterprise. We had marked one or two striking passages to extract, but are compelled to suppress them.

---

12. — *The Farmer's Companion ;* or, *Essays on the Principles and Practice of American Husbandry.* Second Edition. By the late Hon. Judge Buel, Conductor of the "Cultivator." Boston : Marsh, Capen, Lyon, and Webb. 1840.

The publication of this valuable volume, and the reception it has met with, afford new evidence of an increasing interest in the subjects it so ably discusses, and in the great cause of American agriculture. Much has been done, within a few years, for this cause, but a vast deal more remains to be accomplished ; and we know not of a more efficient instrumentality for that purpose than the circulation of works like this. It is a production of substantial merit ; such, in a word, as the peculiar experience, intelligence, and enthusiasm of the lamented author, as well as the extraordinary opportunities of observation, experiment, and study, which he enjoyed, might reasonably lead us to expect.

In regard both to the author, and to the work before us, we cordially concur in the opinions expressed by Professor Dean, of the Albany Medical College, in his Eulogy, delivered a short time since before the Agricultural Society of the State of New York, of which Mr. Buel was President for many years.

> "His writings," says the Professor, "are principally to be found in the many addresses he has delivered ; in the six volumes of his 'Cultivator,' in the small volume (made up, however, principally or entirely, from materials taken from the 'Cultivator,') published by the Harpers, of New York ; and 'The Farmer's Companion,' the last and most perfect of his works, containing within a small compass, the embodied results of his agricultural experience, a rich legacy, to which the great extent of our farming interest cannot remain insensible. * * * * * I deem it really the most fortunate circumstance in his life, that he should have been permitted, so immediately previous to his departure, to furnish this volume ; and I shall confidently expect that the coming generation will be better farmers, better citizens, and better men, from having had the formation of their young minds influenced to some extent by the lessons of experience and practical wisdom, derived from the last, best, most mature production of this excellent man."

The "Companion" contains, among numerous miscellanies of great interest, the Discourse prepared to be delivered last autumn, before the Agricultural and Horticultural Societies of New Haven County, Connecticut, the actual delivery of which was prevented by the untimely decease of its author.

---

13. — *American Juvenile Biography.* — (1.) *The Life of Christopher Columbus, the Discoverer of America.* Boston : Benjamin H. Greene. 1840. 18mo. pp. 233.

(2.) — *The Lives of Hernando Cortez, the Discoverer of Mexico, and Francisco Pizarro, the Conqueror of Peru.* Boston : Benjamin H. Greene. 1840. 18mo. pp. 194.

These two little volumes are exceedingly well adapted to interest the readers for whom they are intended. The narratives of the adventures of Columbus, Cortez, and Pizarro, are told in a very simple but animated manner. The Juvenile reader will easily remember the principal facts, which are here stated so carefully and correctly. We wish there were more such books ; for the knowledge they communicate, though in the most unpretending form, is important. The author of these modest works shows a happy tact, and excellent taste ; and we are sure her circle of little readers will feel themselves greatly obliged to her, for what she has done for their instruction and entertainment.

---

14. — *The Annuallette, or Christmas and New Year's Gift for Children.* Boston : Samuel G. Simpkins. 1840.

There is a pleasant tone running through the book, which will make it acceptable to the same class of readers, for whom the two abovementioned works were intended. The moral tendency of it is worthy of high praise ; the variety and amusing character of its contents will be found attractive ; and the taste which pervades all the pieces is pure and good. We commend it to the friends of little people. The " History of a Fly " is a very fine specimen of autobiography.

---

15. — *A Sermon, preached at the Church in Brattle Square, on Sunday morning, January* 19th, 1840, *on the Destruction of the Lexington by Fire, January* 13*th.* By S. K. Lothrop, Pastor of the Church. Published by Request. Boston : John H. Eastburn. 8vo. pp. 24.

This is one of a large number of discourses from the pulpit, delivered in Boston and other places, on the occasion of that shocking casualty, the burning of the steamboat Lexington in Long Island Sound. We have read it with that painful interest which the eloquence of the accomplished writer, employed upon so profoundly tragical a theme, could not fail to excite. That the just and manly feeling which pervades it well responded to that of the community around, may be inferred from the fact, that it immediately passed through three or four editions.

To the memory of one, — we need not hesitate to say, — the most illustrious, of the many lamented victims, Mr. Lothrop pays the following earnest, but in no wise exaggerated, tribute.

"That the faith of which I speak was present to many, with a calming and sustaining power, we have reason to hope. That it was present to one I cannot doubt; and from among the many husbands and fathers, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, who, torn from their homes on earth, have found, I trust, a home in Heaven, I may be allowed to select and notice one, the only one with whom I had an intimate acquaintance, whose unobtrusive goodness and genuine worth have won for him an abiding-place, in the memory, and the hearts, of all who knew him well.

"Exiled from his birth-place, not for any crime, but for his love of liberty, his adherence to what he thought right and truth, Dr. Follen, brought to this, his adopted country, the same principles, the same noble sentiments, the same love of freedom and of truth, the same devotion to what he deemed duty, that had banished him from his home. It is now nearly twenty years since he sought a refuge in our land, bringing with him no patent of nobility, but that which God had stamped upon his soul; and he needed none other to secure him that place in society to which his worth and talents entitled him. During his residence among us, he has honorably filled some of the most important literary offices in the community. As a Professor in our University, those, who enjoyed his instruction, will bear testimony to his faithfulness and industry, to the unvarying kindness and Christian courtesy which marked his manners. As a preacher, earnest and persuasive, as a pastor, devoted and affectionate, full of good words and works, carrying with him to the houses of mourning a heart of quick and tender sympathies, in the dwellings of the happy and the prosperous remembering the injunction to 'rejoice with them that do rejoice,' he secured to himself the love and respect of all. Even those, and I myself was among the number, who differed from him in judgment and opinion on some subjects, honored and revered the man. His character deserved and inspired these emotions. The qualities, for which Dr. Follen was remarkable, were his ardent love of truth and his fearless devotion to it, his patient perseverance, his high moral purpose, his warm and tender affections, his quick and wide sympathies with humanity, and, especially and above all, the simplicity and purity that distinguished his every thought and word. He was truly an upright and sincere man, 'in whom there was no guile.' In the prime of life, with a mind vigorous, active, and richly stored with learning, a heart full of noble purposes and aspirations, his death is a public bereavement. From literature and religion it takes an ornament, from truth and virtue, an advocate, eloquent in character as well as speech, and from an extensive circle of friends, an object of warm and confident attachment. Upon the sanctuary of private sorrow, we cannot, we dare not, intrude. There is desolation there which none but God can reach and comfort. Our sympathy is with the living, — for him we fear not. Death in however terrible a form, could have no terrors to him. It could not find him unprepared, and those who have seen his 'calm look, where Heaven's pure light was shed,' will feel assured, that in that last hour of mortal agony,

'Faith o'er his soul, spread forth her sunny wing,
And from the spoiler plucked the dreaded sting.'"

pp. 12-14.

Further on, the preacher uses language but too well called for, and hitherto, alas ! too fatally disregarded.

"I hesitate not to say, that after the first emotions of horror and pity, excited by this event, the thought, the feeling that is uppermost in my own mind is, *indignation ;* yes, I will use that word though it be a strong one, indignation at the gross recklessness or carelessness, which caused this destruction of human life and produced this wide suffering, — and *indignation* also at the feeble and inefficient legislation, that permits, and has for years permitted, these disasters to occur throughout our waters, without a just rebuke or an adequate restraint in the laws. I have read the statement published by the agent of this ill-fated boat. I am willing to admit and believe that every word of that statement is true. I admit also that those, whose business it was to prevent by carefulness this accident, are themselves among the sufferers, and that the inference is, that they would not wantonly peril their own lives. They are dead, — I would respect the memory of the dead, — but I must plead, and I feel constrained to plead, for the rights, the protection, the security of the living. Admitting all that has been, or can be said in extenuation, the simple facts of the case, so far as known, *especially when taken in connexion with the circumstance that this self-same boat has unquestionably been on fire once, rumor says two or three times, within the last few weeks,* it seems to me, that these facts are enough to prove that a solemn duty, a fearful responsibility was neglected somewhere by some one, enough to sustain the opinion, widely prevalent, that this awful disaster is to be attributed, either to the selfishness and cupidity of the owners, who, greedy of gain, insisted upon overloading their boat with a dangerous and inflammable freight, or to the culpable carelessness, the utter inattention of the master and officers, in not stowing that freight securely, in not watching ever and constantly, with an eagle eye, the condition and safety of the vessel, to which hundreds had intrusted their lives.

"The simple fact that such an accident, on such a night, occurred, is in itself presumptive evidence of carelessness or incompetence on the part of some one. At any rate, all the circumstances of the case ought to be thoroughly investigated, every thing that can be gathered, if any thing *can* be gathered from the survivors, touching the origin and early progress of the fire, ought to be made known, to satisfy the public curiosity, to relieve the public anxiety. If this investigation makes against the owners or managers, the truth ought not to be winked out of sight. It ought not to be hushed up, and kept back, and passed over. It is a misplaced charity to do it. We are false to our own interests and safety, to the interest and safety of all, in doing it. It ought to be spoken out, to be urged and insisted upon, boldly and plainly. It ought to be proclaimed trumpet-tongued, throughout the length and breadth of the land, till it reaches the halls of Congress, calls off the members from their petty party animosities, their disgraceful personal contentions, and wakes up the government from its inertness, its epicurean repose, a repose of apparent indifference to those, whose safety it ought to guard, whose lives it ought to protect, — till it causes the supreme power of the land to legislate, wisely and efficiently, for one of the most important interests of the people, and to do, not something, but every thing requisite, to check an evil that cries aloud for redress.

"The destruction of human life in the United States, during the last ten years, by accidents and disasters in the public conveyances, is, I had almost said, beyond computation. It is utterly unparalleled in the history of the world. It confirms, what all foreigners and travellers assert, that there is no country upon earth, where the proprietors, managers, and conductors of these public conveyances, are so little responsible, so slightly amenable to the law, so far beyond the reach of public rebuke or public punishment; and the fearful catastrophe of the past week, as well as many others that might be collected from the history of the past year, are sufficient evidence that the late act of Congress, as was anticipated, has proved utterly inadequate and inefficient, and that something more strong, peremptory, and binding is necessary, to protect the immense amount of life and property, daily and hourly exposed upon our highways and our waters.

"I call upon you therefore, as merchants, who have large interests at stake in this matter, I call upon you as men and citizens, who cannot behold with indifference the sufferings of your fellow-men, to let your influence be felt; let your voice be heard in this thing, let it go forth to swell the power of that great sovereign, Public Opinion, till it demands and insists upon enactments, that shall meet the necessities of the case." — pp. 17 – 20.

QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AGRICULTURE.

The Culture of the Beet, and Manufacture of Beet-Sugar, by David Lee Child. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, & Co. 12mo. pp. 156.

ANNUALS.

The Boston Almanac, for the Year 1840. By S. N. Dickinson. Boston: Thomas Groom. 32mo. pp. 132.

The American Medical Almanac for 1840; designed for the daily Use of Practising Physicians, Surgeons, Students, and Apothecaries. By J. V. C. Smith, M. D. Vol. II. Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon, & Webb. 18mo. pp. 152.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

The Life of William H. Harrison (of Ohio), the People's Candidate for the Presidency. With a History of the Wars with the British and Indians on our Northwestern Frontier. Philadelphia: W. Marshall & Co. 18mo. pp. 212.

The People's Presidential Candidate. The Life of Wm. Henry Harrison, by Richard Hildreth. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, & Co. 18mo.

Outlines of the Life and Public Services, Civil and Military, of William Henry Harrison. By Caleb Cushing. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, & Co. 18mo. pp. 71.

Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry. By William Wirt, of Richmond (Va.). Revised Edition. Philadelphia: Thomas Cowperthwait & Co. 12mo. pp. 306.

The Life of George Washington. By S. G. Arnold, Author of "Memoirs of Hannah More." New York: T. Mason & G. Lane.

A General Biographical Dictionary, comprising a summary Account of the most distinguished Persons of all Ages, Nations, and Professions; including more than One Thousand Articles of American Biography. By the Rev. J. L. Blake, D. D. Third Edition. Philadelphia: James Kay, Jr. & Brother. New York: A. V. Blake. 8vo. pp. 1096.

EDUCATION.

A Grammar of the Hebrew Language. By George Bush, Professor of Hebrew and Oriental Literature in the New York City University. New York: Gould, Newman, & Saxton. 8vo. pp. 276.

Report on Education in Europe, to the Trustees of the Girard College for Orphans. By Alex. Dallas Bache, LL. D., President of the College. Philadelphia: Lydia R. Bailey. 8vo. pp. 666.

Civil Polity and Political Economy. For the Use of Schools and Academies. By Marcus Willson. New York: Taylor & Clement.

The American Reader; containing Selections in Prose, Poetry, and Dialogue. Designed for the Use of Advanced Classes in Public Schools, High Schools, and Academies. By. P. H. Snow. Hartford: Spaulding & Storrs. Boston: Crocker & Brewster.

First Lessons in Geometry; with Practical Applications in Mensuration and Artificers' Work and Mechanics. By Charles Davies. Hartford: A. T. Barnes & Co.

M. Tullii Ciceronis ad Quintum Fratrem Dialogi Tres de Oratore. Cum Excerptis Variorum Notis. Editio Tertia. Novi-Portus (Conn.): B. & W. Noyes.

Geography on the Inductive System, accompanied by a large and valuable Atlas, for the Use of Schools and Families. By Roswell C. Smith. Hartford: Spaulding & Storrs. New York: Collins, Keese, & Co.

Newcomb's Infant School Question Book. Boston: Mass. Sunday School Society. 18mo. pp. 107.

The Elements of Logic, explained by numerous Examples and Exercises; adapted to the Capacity of Younger Students, and designed for Academies and the Higher Classes of Common Schools. By Charles K. True, A. M. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 18mo. pp. 156.

Progressive Exercises in English Grammar. Part. III. Containing the Rules of Orthography and Punctuation, the Principles of Etymology, and the Prosody of the English Language, with an Appendix embracing some of the Elementary Principles of Rhetoric and Logic, &c. By Richard Green Parker, A. M. and Charles Fox, A. M. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 12mo. pp. 122.

The Moral Education, or the Culture of the Heart, of the Young. From the German of Zollikofer, Pastor of the Evangelical Church in Leipsic. Providence: B. Cranston & Co. 8vo. pp. 16.

HISTORY.

An Historical Discourse, prepared for the Semi-centenary Sabbath, and delivered on that Day, at the Request of the Session of the Presbyterian Church in New Brunswick, and published at the Request of the Trustees of the Congregation. By Jacob I. Janeway, D. D. New Brunswick: John Terhune. 8vo. pp. 28.

Universal History, from the Creation of the World to the Decease of Geo. III., 1820. By the Hon. Alexander Fraser Tytler, and Rev. Edward Nares, D. D. Edited by an American. In Six Volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 18mo.

Institutes of Ecclesiastical History, Ancient and Modern, in Four Books, much corrected, enlarged, and improved from the primary Authorities. By John Lawrence von Mosheim, D. D., Chancellor of the University of Göttingen. A new and literal Translation from the original Latin, with copious additional Notes, original and selected.

By James Murdock, D. D. In Three Volumes. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo.

History of Madagascar; embracing the Progress of the Christian Mission, and an Account of the Persecution of the Native Christians. Boston: American Sunday School Union. 18mo. pp. 342.

History of the New Netherlands, Province of New York, and State of New York, to the Adoption of the Federal Constitution. In Two Volumes. By William Dunlap. New York: Published for the Author. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 427.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

Gammer Grethel; or German Fairy Tales and Popular Stories, from the Collection of MM. Grimm and other Sources. Edited by Mrs. Follen. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 18mo. pp. 312.

Sergeant Bell and his Raree-Show. Embellished with Woodcuts. Philadelphia: Henry Perkins. 16mo. pp. 144.

Visit to Grandfather; or a Week at Newport. By Sarah S. Cahoone. New York: Taylor & Dodd. 12mo. pp. 213.

James and his Mother; or Conversations on Constantinople. By Eliza B. Dwight, late a Member of the Mission at that City. Boston: Mass. Sunday School Society. 18mo. pp. 57.

The Child's Book of Thought. Boston: S. G. Simpkins. 18mo. pp. 72.

LAW.

Report of the Presbyterian Church Case; the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, at the Suggestion of James Todd and Others, *vs.* Ashbel Green and Others. By Samuel Miller, Jr., a Member of the Philadelphia Bar. Philadelphia: William S. Martien. 8vo. pp. 596.

Civil Office, and Political Ethics. Containing familiar Law relating to Husband and Wife, Parent and Child, Guardian and Ward, Wills, Executors and Administrators, Witnesses, Jurors and Arbitrators. For the Use of Citizens and Schools. By E. P. Hurlburt. New York: Taylor & Clement.

An Argument in Favor of the Constitutionality of the General Banking-Law of this State, delivered before the Supreme Court, at the July Term, 1839. By Samuel A. Troat, of the City of New York, Counsellor at Law. Geneva: Ira Merrell.

The Practice in the Courts of Law and Equity in Virginia. By Conway Robinson. Vol. III. Containing Practice in Criminal Causes; in Cases before Courts of Probate; and in other Cases wherein Appeals are demandable of Right, such as Mills, Roads, and the like. Richmond: Smith & Palmer.

Reports of Cases at Law, argued and determined in the Court of Appeals and Court of Errors of South Carolina, from Dec. 1838 to May, 1839, both inclusive. By William Rice, State Reporter. Vol. I. Charleston: Burgess and James.

A Treatise on the Law of Evidence. Fourth American from the Seventh London Edition. By S. March Phillips, Esq., Barrister at Law. In Two Volumes. With Notes to the First Volume, by Esek Cowen, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State of New

York; assisted by Nicholas Hill, Jr., Counsellor at Law. New York: Gould & Banks. 8vo.

An Act for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors, and for the more equal Distribution of their Effects; passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts, April 23d, 1838. With an Outline of the System thereby introduced, and Forms of Proceeding under the Same. By L. S. Cushing. Second Edition, revised and corrected. Boston: C. C. Little & James Brown. 12mo.

MEDICINE, ANATOMY, AND SURGERY.

Remarks on the Operation for the Cure of Club Feet, with Cases. Also Letters to John C. Warren, M. D., on Curvature of the Spine. By John B. Brown, Member of the Mass. Med. Soc., &c. &c. Republished from the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal. 8vo. pp. 28.

An Account of the Yellow Fever, which appeared in the City of Galveston, Republic of Texas, in the Autumn of 1839, with Cases and Dissections. By Ashbel Smith, M. D., A. M., Ex-Surgeon General of the Texian Army. Galveston: Hamilton Stuart. 12mo. pp. 78.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Supplementary Catalogue of the Books belonging to the Mercantile Library Association; comprising all those added from July, 1837, to January, 1840. New York: Printed for the Association.

Tariff, or Rates of Duties, payable on Goods, Wares, and Merchandise, imported into the United States of America on and after the First Day of January, 1840, until the Thirtieth Day of June, 1842, inclusive; in Conformity with the Compromise Act. Also, the Rates of Duties imposed by the Tariff of 1832; together with many important Laws, Circulars, and Decisions of the Treasury Department, relating to Commerce and the Revenue, and much Useful Information to Merchants, Masters of Vessels, and Others. By E. B. Ogden, Entry Clerk, Custom House, Port of New York. New York: Bronson & Co. 8vo. pp. 144.

The Family Visiter. By John Hayward. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, & Co. 12mo. pp. 224.

Despotism in America; or an Inquiry into the Nature and Results of the Slaveholding System in the United States. By the Author of "Archy Moore." Boston: Whipple & Damrell. 12mo. pp. 186.

A Treatise on Banking. By Condy Raguet, Esq., Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c. Philadelphia: Grigg & Elliott. 8vo. pp. 264.

Answers to the Questions, What constitutes Currency? What are the Causes of Unsteadiness in the Currency? and, What is the Remedy? By H. C. Carey, Author of "Principles of Political Economy," "Credit System in France, Great Britain, and the United States," &c. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 8vo. pp. 81.

The Young Merchant. Philadelphia: R. W. Pomeroy. 18mo. pp. 288.

The Working Man. By Charles Quill, Author of "The American Mechanic." Philadelphia: Henry Perkins. 18mo. pp. 287.

Banks, Banking, and Paper Currencies; in Three Parts. I. History of Banking and Paper Money. II. Argument for open Competition in Banking. III. Apology for One Dollar Notes. By Richard Hildreth, Author of "Life of Harrison," &c. Boston: Whipple & Damrell. 12mo. pp. 209.

A Letter to His Excellency Marcus Morton, on Banking and the Currency. By Richard Hildreth, Author of "Banks, Banking, and Paper Money," "Life of Harrison," &c. &c. Boston: Kidder & Wright. 8vo. pp. 16.

Strictures on Governor Morton's Message. By a Democrat. Second Edition. Boston: Cassady & March. 8vo. pp. 16.

A Plea for Liberty of Conscience and Freedom from Military Conscription. In Letters to Thomas Loring, Esq. By Joshua Wilder. Hingham: J. Farmer. 12mo. pp. 45.

The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties; its Pleasures and Rewards. Illustrated by Memoirs of Eminent Men. New York: Harper & Brothers. 18mo. pp. 287 and 275.

Aids to Reflection, by S. T. Coleridge, with a Preliminary Essay, by James Marsh, D. D., from the Fourth London Edition, with the Author's last Corrections. Edited by Henry Nelson Coleridge, Esq. New York: Gould, Newman, and Saxton. 8vo. pp. 357.

A New Theory of the Steam Engine, and the Mode of Calculation, by Means of it, of the Effective Power, &c., of every kind of Steam-Engine, stationary or locomotive. By the Chevalier G. de Pambour. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 8vo. pp. 48.

Boston Journal of Natural History, containing Papers and Communications, read to the Boston Society of Natural History, and published by their Direction. Vol. III. Nos. 1, 2. Boston: C. C. Little & James Brown. 8vo. pp. 280.

The Practical Farmer; or Spirit of the Boston Cultivator, containing a Collection of valuable Essays on Practical Agriculture, &c. By Wm. Buckminster. Boston: David H. Williams. 12mo. pp. 300.

Instructions for Field Artillery, Horse and Foot. Translated from the French and arranged for the Service of the United States, by Robert Anderson, Captain in the Staff, U. S. A. Philadelphia: W. P. Desilver.

A Missionary Chart; comprehending all the principal Protestant Missions in the World. By Jefferson Hascall and Daniel Wise. Boston: S. N. Dickinson.

The Traveller; or Wonders of Art. Vol. II. New York: Taylor & Dodd. 18mo. pp. 147.

White Slavery; a New Emancipation Case presented to the People of the United States. By the Author of "The District School as it was." Worcester: M. D. Phillips. Boston: C. C. Little & Co. and B. B. Mussey. 18mo. pp. 199.

The Parent's Friend; a Manual of Domestic Instruction and Discipline. By John Morrison, D. D., Author of "Counsels to a Newly Wedded Pair," &c. &c. With a Prefatory Address to Parents in America, by Samuel Hanson Cox, D. D. New York: Gould, Newman, & Saxton. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 18mo. pp. 172.

Fifty-Third Annual Report of the Council of the American Antiquarian Society, May 29th, 1839; with the Report of the Librarian. Worcester: Printed for the Society. 8vo. pp. 32.

Prize Essays on a Congress of Nations, for the Adjustment of International Disputes, and for the Promotion of Universal Peace without Resort to Arms. Together with a Sixth Essay, comprising the Substance of the Rejected Essays. Boston: Whipple & Damrell, for the American Peace Society. 8vo. pp. 706.

History and Progress of Phrenology. By R. W. Haskins, A. M. Buffalo: Steel & Peck. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 12mo. pp. 217.

Thoughts on the Laws, Government, and Morals. By a Citizen of Boston. Boston: Printed for the Author. 1840. 12mo. pp. 24.

Memorial of Edmund Pendleton Gaines to the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled. Enquirer Office, Memphis, Tenn. 1840. 8vo. pp. 30.

An Hour's Conference with Fathers and Sons, in Relation to a Common and Fatal Indulgence of Youth. Boston: Whipple & Damrell. 12mo. pp. 88.

Third Annual Report of the Board of Education, together with the Third Annual Report of the Secretary of the Board. Boston: Dutton & Wentworth. 1840. 8vo. pp. 100.

Annual Report of the Board of Internal Improvement of the State of Kentucky. Communicated to the Legislature of Kentucky, Jan. 16th, 1840. Frankfort, Ky. A. G. Hodges. 1840. 8vo. pp. 136.

Seventh Annual Report of the Trustees of the State Lunatic Hospital at Worcester. Boston: Dutton & Wentworth. 1840. 8vo. pp. 102.

Remarks on Slavery and the Slave-Trade, addressed to the Hon. Henry Clay. By a Slaveholder. 1839. 8vo. pp. 23.

Answer of the Whig Members of the Legislature of Massachusetts, constituting a Majority of both Branches, to the Address of His Excellency, Marcus Morton, delivered in the Convention of the Two Houses, Jan. 22d, 1840. Boston: Perkins & Marvin. 8vo. pp. 36.

A Letter to the Honorable Daniel Webster, on the Causes of the Destruction of the Steamer Lexington, as discovered in the Testimony before the Coroner's Jury in New York. By a Traveller. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. 8vo. pp. 46.

NOVELS, TALES, AND ROMANCES.

Stories for the People. Boston: Whipple & Damrell. 18mo.

Delusion; or the Witch of New England. Boston: Hilliard, Gray, & Co. 12mo. pp. 160.

Rosanna; or Scenes in Boston. A Story. By the Author of "Three Experiments of Living," &c. &c. Written and sold for the Benefit of the Infant School in Broad Street, Boston. Cambridge: John Owen. 16mo. pp. 134.

The Geranium Leaf; an Original Tale. By L'Uom del Valchiusa. Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon, & Webb. 18mo. pp. 69.

Romance of Travel; comprising Tales of Five Lands. By the Author of "Pencillings by the Way." New York: Samuel Colman. 12mo. pp. 300.

Charles Elwood; or the Infidel Converted. By O. A. Brownson. Boston: C. C. Little & James Brown. 12mo. pp. 262.

The Brigantine; or Admiral Lowe. A Tale of the Seventeenth Century. By an American. New York: Crowen & Decker. 12mo. pp. 201.

ORATIONS AND ADDRESSES.

Address delivered in the First Presbyterian Church in New York, at the Funeral of Robert Lenox, Esquire, on the 16th of December, 1839. By the Rev. William W. Phillips, Pastor of the Church. New York. 8vo. pp. 38.

Lectures on the Elevation of the Laboring Portion of the Community. By William E. Channing. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor. 12mo. pp. 81.

An Address delivered at the Centennial Celebration in Wilton, N. H., Sept 25th, 1839. By Ephraim Peabody. With an Appendix. Boston: B. H. Greene. 8vo. pp. 103.

The Proper Character and Functions of American Literature. A Discourse before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College, Aug. 1839. By the Rev. Leonard Bacon. New York: Office of the American Biblical Repository.

Remarks on the Importance of Obedience to Law, and the Duty of Good Citizens, in Relation to the sustaining of Law. Delivered before the West Cambridge Temperance Society, Dec. 30th, 1839. By Norwood Damon. Published by Request. Boston: C. C. Little & James Brown.

Public Address, delivered by Mr. Buckingham, in Defence of his Lectures on Palestine against the Criticism of the Rev. Eli Smith, published anonymously in the New York Observer, in 1839. Delivered at the Lyceum of New York, on Wednesday, January, 1840. New York. 12mo. pp. 36.

Natural Religion the Remains of Primitive Revelation; a Discourse pronounced at Burlington, before the Literary Societies of the University of Vermont, Aug. 6th, 1839. By Taylor Lewis. New York: University Press. 8vo. pp. 52.

Education and the Gospel Combined. An Address delivered before the Trustees, Instructers, and Students of the Institute of Hobart Hall, Holland Patent, Oneida Co., N. Y. By J. C. Rudd, D. D. Utica: Hobart Press. 8vo. pp. 14.

A Discourse on the Genius of the Federative System of the United States. Prepared by Professor Beverly Tucker, and read before the Young Men's Society of Lynchburg, Aug. 26th, 1839. Richmond: T. W. White. 12mo. pp. 24.

The Annals of Chicago, a Lecture delivered before the Chicago Lyceum, Jan. 21st, 1840. By J. N. Balestier. Chicago: Edward H. Ruad. 8vo. pp. 24.

An Address delivered at the Anniversary Celebration of the Birth of Spurzheim, and the Organization of the Boston Phrenological Society, December 31st, 1839. By George Combe, Esq. Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon, & Webb. 8vo. pp. 28.

An Address delivered before the Goethian and Diognathian Societies of Marshall College at their Annual Celebration, September 24th, 1839. By Joseph R. Chandler. Philadelphia: J. Crissy. 8vo. pp. 41.

POETRY.

The Captivity in Babylon, and Other Poems. By the Rev. Joseph H. Clinch, A. M. Boston: James Burns. 12mo. pp. 115.

Poem pronounced before the Literary Societies in Amherst College, August 27th, 1839, by Grenville Mellen. Amherst: J. S. & C. Adams. 8vo. pp. 35.

THEOLOGY AND SERMONS.

The Signs of the Times; a Series of Discourses delivered in the Second Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. By Cornelius C. Cuyler, D. D., Pastor of the Church. Philadelphia: William S. Martien. 12mo. pp. 319.

Letters on the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. By Samuel Bayard, Esq. a Ruling Elder in the Presbyterian Congregation at Princeton, New Jersey. Second Edition. Philadelphia: William S. Martien. 18mo. pp. 219.

The Minister wholly in his Work; a Sermon delivered at the Ordination of the Rev. Daniel Bates Woods, as Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Springwater, Livingston County, N. Y. By Leonard Woods, D. D., Professor of Christian Theology, Andover. Andover: Gould, Newman, & Saxton. 8vo. pp. 16.

An Attempt to Estimate the Christian Ministry. A Sermon preached before the Baptist Education Society of Virginia. By William Southwood. 8vo. pp. 15.

A Discourse preached at the Ordination of Mr. R. C. Waterston as Minister at Large, Nov. 24th, 1839. By Henry Ware, Jr., Professor in Harvard University. Boston: Isaac R. Butts. 8vo. pp. 51.

Domestic Worship. By W. H. Furness, Pastor of the First Congregational Church in Philadelphia. Philadelphia: J. Kay, Jr., & Brother. 12mo. pp. 275.

The Christian Layman; or the Doctrine of the Trinity fully considered, and adjudged, according to the Bible. By a Christian Layman. Mobile: Doubleday & Sears. New York: C. S. Francis and Wiley and Putnam. 12mo. pp. 371.

The School Girl; or the Principles of Christian Duty familiarly enforced. By J. S. C. Abbott, Author of "The Mother at Home," &c. &c. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 18mo. pp. 180.

The Evangelical Church; or True Grounds for the Union of the Saints. By Darwin H. Ranney, A. M. January, 1840. Woodstock (Vt.). 12mo. pp. 24.

The Triumph of Faith; or Memoir of Miss Nancy M. Clark, destined on a Mission to Western Asia, under the Direction of the American Board. Boston: Mass. Sunday School Society. 18mo.

A Discourse, delivered Jan. 19th, 1840, in the First Congregational Unitarian Church, occasioned by the Loss of the Lexington. By W. H. Furness, Pastor. Philadelphia: 12mo. pp. 16.

Evidence from Scripture and History of the Second Coming of Christ, about the Year 1843, exhibited in a Course of Lectures. By William Miller. Boston: B. B. Mussey. 18mo. pp. 300.

The Theory of William Miller, concerning the End of the World in 1843, utterly exploded. Being Five Discourses. By Otis A. Skinner, Pastor of the Fifth Universalist Church in Boston, with some other Essays on the same Subject. Boston: Thomas Whittemore. 18mo. pp. 210.

A Discourse occasioned by the Death of the Rev. Dr. Follen. By William E. Channing. Second Edition. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 8vo. pp. 29.

Scripture Doctrine of Christian Perfection; with other kindred Subjects, illustrated and confirmed in a Series of Discourses designed to throw Light on the Way to Holiness. By the Rev. Asa Mahan, President of the Oberlin Collegiate Institute. Third Edition. Boston: D. S. King. 18mo. pp. 193.

A Sermon occasioned by the Loss of the Harold and the Lexington, delivered at the Odeon, Jan. 26th, 1840. By William M. Rogers, Pastor of the Franklin Street Church. Second Edition. Boston: Perkins & Marvin. 8vo. pp. 18.

Jesus the Great Missionary. A Sermon delivered in Bowdoin Street Church, Boston, on the Evening of Nov. 13th, 1839, at the Ordination of Samuel Wolcott as a Foreign Missionary. By the Rev. Edward N. Kirk. Published by Request. Boston: Perkins & Marvin. 8vo. pp. 32.

A Sermon occasioned by the Burning of the Steamer Lexington. Preached in St. Paul's Church, Boston. By John S. Stone, D. D. Boston: Perkins & Marvin. 8vo. pp. 20.

Oxford Theology. From the New York Review for January, 1840. 8vo. pp. 43.

A Help to the Study of the Scriptures, abridged. By Rev. E. Bickersteith, A. M., Rector of Wotton, Herts. Edited, with Additional Matter, by Chauncey Colton, D. D., of the Theological Seminary, Diocese of Ohio. Columbus: J. N. Whiting. 18mo. pp. 139.

The Sunday School Teacher's Aid; a Collection of Anecdotes for illustrating Religious Truth; arranged under a Variety of Subjects. For the Use of Sunday School Teachers; especially the Teachers of Infant Classes. By Harvey Newcomb. Boston: Mass. Sunday School Society. 18mo. pp. 333.

A Doctrinal Text Book, designed to aid Bible Classes, Families, and Churches, in the Systematic Study of the Cardinal Doctrine of Christianity. Part I. By the Rev. Ray Palmer. Boston: Mass. Sunday School Society. 18mo. pp. 72.

The Importance of Moderation in Civil Rulers. A Sermon delivered before His Excellency, Edward Everett, Governor, the Honorable Council and the Legislature of Massachusetts, at the Annual Election, Jan. 1st, 1840. By John Codman, D. D., Pastor of the Second Church in Dorchester. Boston: Dutton and Wentworth. 8vo. pp. 32.

A Thanksgiving Sermon. By the Rev. John Nelson, Pastor of the First Congregational Society in Leicester, Massachusetts. Published by Request. Worcester. 18mo. pp. 14.

A Discourse on the Life and Character of the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, D. D., Senior Pastor of the Second Congregational Society in Worcester, delivered at his Interment, Aug. 22d, 1839. By Alonzo Hill, Pastor of the Second Congregational Society in Worcester. Worcester. T. W. & J. Butterfield. 8vo. pp. 41.

The Work of Missions to be Progressive. A Sermon on the present Crisis in the Missionary Operations of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. By Rufus Anderson, D. D., One of the Secretaries of the Board. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 12mo. pp. 26.

Seven Letters to the Rev. George A. Calhoun, concerning the Pastoral Union of Connecticut, and its Charges against the Ministers and Churches. By Leonard Bacon, Pastor of the First Church in New Haven. New Haven. 12mo. pp. 131.

The License Law Vindicated. A Discourse delivered at the Annual Thanksgiving, Nov. 28th, 1839. By the Rev. Samuel E. Jackson, Andover. Andover: Wm. Pierce. Boston: Whipple & Damrell. 12mo. pp. 32.

The Causes of Infidelity Removed. By Rev. J. R. Smith. Utica: Grosh & Hutchinson.

Christology of the Old Testament, and a Commentary on the Predictions of the Messiah by the Prophets. By E. W. Hengstenberg. Translated from the German by Reuel Keith, D. D. Washington, D. C.: William M. Morrison. Andover: Gould & Newman. 8vo. 3 vols. pp. 560, 423, and 499.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Letters from the Old World. By a Lady of New York. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 307 and 336.

INDEX

TO THE

FIFTIETH VOLUME

OF THE

North-American Review.

A.

Academy of Music in Boston, 17.

Adams, John Quincy, on Oregon, 112.

Æschylus, Blomfield's, 466.

Age, influence of the, on poetry, considered, 488.

Alaric, invasion of Italy by, 45, 46, *note*.

Alboin, 47, 48.

Alden, John, 357.

Allen, Paul, edition of Lewis and Clark's expedition by, 96, 97.

Allin, John, of Dedham, 168 — "Animadversions" by, 169, *note*.

Allston, exhibition of pictures by, 358 — rank of, among artists, *ib.* 380 — first pictures by, 361 — in England, *ib.*, 364 — reception of, by West, 363 — comic pieces, 364 — faults avoided by, 366 — in Paris, 367 — in Rome, 368 — intimacy of, with Coleridge, *ib.* — paints The Dead Man revived by touching Elisha's Bones, 369, 370, 373 — The Angel liberating St. Peter from Prison, 371 — Jacob's Dream, 372 — Elijah in the Desert, *ib.* — Uriel in the Sun, 373 — — Jeremiah dictating his Prophecy to Baruch, *ib.* — remarks on his historical pictures, 374 — Belshazzar's Feast, *ib.* — his Miriam, 375 — Witch of Endor, 376 — Donna Mencia in the Robber's Cavern, *ib.* — Beatrice and other heads, 377 — his landscapes, 379.

America, want of national music in, 1, 12 — prospects for the growth of it in, *ib.* — Italian opera in, 15-17 — Academy of Music in Boston, 17.

American Fur Company, 115.

American Revolution, Botta's, 315 — sold for wastepaper, 317.

Amherst College, Barnard's Address at, noticed, 533, 534.

Analyst, The, noticed, 531.

Andros, Sir Edmund, tyranny of, over the Plymouth colony, 354.

Anglo-Saxon, remains of, in the English language, 148, 268 — Introduction to the, 530.

Anne, Queen, literary taste in the time of, 201.

Annualette, 537.

Antisthenes, on beauty, 478.

Arabian literature and poetry, 67, 68, 74 — Nights' Entertainments, 69.

Arctic Sea, voyages to the, 86, 90.

Ariosto, last of the *trouvères*, 72.

Aristotle, on Greek poetry, 472.

Armada, defeat of the, 185.

Arnold's Thucydides, 466.

Art, Greek philosophy of, 473.

Ashley, General, revives the expeditions beyond the Rocky Mountains, 114.

Assistants in Plymouth Colony, 344, 345, 348 — fine for their not accepting the office, 352.

Astor, John Jacob, project by, on Columbia River, 106, 113, 136. See *Astoria*.

Astoria, 106 — the fate of, 108, 136. See *Oregon*.

Athelstan, anecdote as to, 489.
Athens, Bulwer's History of, 465.
Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, on communications between the, 88, 91.
Attila, invaded Italy, 45, 46, *note*.
Audubon, John James, Ornithological Biography, Vol. V., by, reviewed, 381, 392 — his agreement with Macgillivray, 384 — his episodes, *ib.* — his publication of his Illustrations, 385 — his third volume, 386 — on the sun-perch, *ib.* — his fourth volume, *ib.* — his excursion to Texas, *ib.* — publishes Townsend's collection, 387 — on the ruff-necked humming-bird, *ib.* — on swallows, 388 — the closing volume of his Biography, *ib.* — advice by, 390 — in the Highlands of Scotland, *ib.* — at the Trosachs, 392 — his portrait of Bewick, *ib.* — troopials described by, 393 — finches, *ib.* — on hawks, 394, 400 — on the flight of birds, 394 — on blue-birds, 396 — on warblers, *ib.* — birds named from, 397, 398 — on woodpeckers, 398 — on flycatchers, 400 — on owls, *ib.* — on the migration of birds, 401 — on the plumage in birds of different ages, 402 — on terns, *ib.* — remarks respecting him, 403.
Austin, James Trecothick, Address by, before the Mechanic Association, 223 — its character, 230.

B.

Bache, Franklin, Turner's Chemistry by, noticed, 516.
Bachelor, origin of the title, 67.
Bacon, Leonard, Thirteen Historical Discourses by, reviewed, 161, 432.
Ball, John, journeys to Oregon, 132.
Bancroft, Archbishop, persecutes Puritans, 440, 443.
Barbarossa, Frederic, 48, 56, 70.
Barnard, Daniel D., Address by, 533, 534.
Batchelder, S., dynamometer by, 227.
Baylies, Francis, exertions of, on the Oregon question, in Congress, 112 — An Historical Memoir of the Colony of New Plymouth by, reviewed, 336.
Beaumont, Sir George, on West, 363.
Beauty, according to the Cynics, 478.
Beaver, The, at Astoria, 108.
Beccaria, Madama, 315.
Behaviour. See *Chesterfield*.
Benevolence, Chesterfield's, 429, 430.
Bentley, remarks on, 465.
Bewick, Audubon's portrait of, 392.
Bird, William, musical canon by, 12.
Birds, American, undescribed, 389 — flight of, 394 — migration of, 388, 401 — plumage of, at different ages, 402. See *Audubon* and *Macgillivray*.
Black, Captain, at Astoria, 109.
Blind, Eighth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the, 520 — education there, 521.
Bliss, Leonard, Jr., Grammar by, 291.
Blomfield, Æschylus, 466.
Blue-birds, Audubon on, 396.
Bode, George Henry, History of Grecian Poetry by, reviewed, 462 — defects in it, 468 — principles adopted by, 469 — his division by epochs, 471 — opposes the theory of Wolf, 485.
Bœotia, 482.
Boilers of steam-boats, 26.
Bologna, university of, 67.
Bombet, L. A. C., The Life of Haydn by, 1, 2.
Bonneville, B. L. E., expedition by, 125.
Books, 508 — choice of, 510.
Borghese, Cardinal, 305.
Borrelli, Cavalier Pasquale, 332.
Boston, Academy of Music in, 17 — music there, 17, 18.
Botta, Carlo, Storia d' Italia di, reviewed, 301 — birth and birthplace of, 309 — at Turin, 310 — a medical student and botanist, *ib.* 311 — his study of the Italian classics, 310 — his reading, *ib.* — imprisoned, *ib.* — origin of his passion for history, 312 — released, *ib.* — his accuser, *ib.*, 314 — retires to France, 312 — a physician in the army, *ib.*, 314 — revisits Piedmont, 313 — his plan for the government of Lombardy, *ib.* — goes to the Venetian Islands, *ib.*

— his History of Corfu, *ib.* — exiled, 314 — meets Monti, *ib.* — in power in Piedmont, *ib.* — anecdote respecting, *ib.* — sent to France, *ib.* — his Précis Historique de la Maison de Savoie et du Piedmont, 315 — honors of, *ib.* — his History of the American Revolution, *ib.*, 317 — of Italy, 316, 317 — poverty and affliction of, 317 — sells his American Revolution for waste paper, *ib.* — writes for subsistence, *ib.*, 318 — his second History of Italy, *ib.* — interviews with, in Paris, *ib.* — personal appearance of, *ib.* — his last visit to Piedmont, 319 — last days of, *ib.* — buried in Père la Chaise, *ib.* — style of, 320.

Botta, Ignatius, 309.

Bradford, Governor, 356.

Bradford, T. G., his Translation of Chevalier's Society, Manners, and Politics in the United States, 299.

Brewer, Thomas, 389, 397, 403

Brewster, Elder, services of, 356.

Bridgman, Laura, deaf, dumb, and blind, 522.

British Birds. See *Macgillivray.*

British possessions in North America, prior to 1763, 76.

Brougham, Lord, on Fossil Osteology, 513.

Buel, Judge, The Farmer's Companion by, noticed, 534.

Bulwer, on Chesterfield, 429 — his History of Athens, 465 — school of, 493 — Thoughts on the writings of, 532.

Burns, Robert, Cotter's Saturday Night of, 205 — freedom of, from the influences of his age, 488.

Bursting of boilers, 26.

Byron, Lord, and Scott, compared, 494 — his poetry, 495 — his wanderings, *ib.* — on Campbell, 496.

C.

Caffè, principles of the authors of the, 304, 307.

Cambreleng, Churchill C., on the Hudson's Bay Company, 133.

Campbell, Thomas, The Poetical Works of, reviewed, 488, 496.

Canada, ceded to Great Britain, 77.

Capital crimes in the New Plymouth Colony, 343, 350.

Capponi, Gino, Marquis, 308.

Carlylese style, 273.

Carver, of Plymouth, 356.

Carver, John, Travels of, in the West, 75, 78 — Oregon earliest mentioned by, 76, 79 — facts respecting, 77 — statements of, 79 — cited, 80.

Carver grant, explained, 81.

Catalonia. See *Provence.*

Centennial anniversaries, 162.

Cesari, Antonio, 305.

Chamberry, Botta and Monti at, 306, 314.

Charlemagne's conquest of Italy, 48.

Charles I., as a protector of liberty, 443, 446.

Charter for New Plymouth, 342, 355.

Chaucer, cited, 506.

Cheever, Ezekiel, notice of, 172.

Chemistry, Turner's, noticed, 516.

Chesterfield, Lord, Works of, reviewed, 404 — the distinctions of, *ib.* — as a literary man, 405, 406, 415 — his last years, 406, 412, 416 — his Correspondence, 406 — his Letters to his Son, *ib.*, 414, 417, 424, 428 — his authority in manners, 407 — his public life, *ib.* — in the House of Commons, *ib.*, 409 — his embarrassment on first going into company, 408 — in the House of Peers, 409 — a Whig, *ib.* — cause of his popularity and success, 410 — his resignation, 411 — his private life, 412 — Johnson offended with, *ib.* — literature of his time, 414 — his mind in retirement, and his estimate of himself, 415 — corresponds with the Bishop of Waterford, 416 — his fondness for his son, 417 — his plan of education, 417, 420 — the motive for it, 426 — Cowper cited respecting, 428 — Bulwer on, 429 — citations from, *ib.*

Chevalier, Michael, Society, Manners, and Politics in the United States by, 299.

Chitty, Joseph, Jun., Precedents in Pleading by, 528.

Christ healing the Sick, 366.

Christianity in Italy in the Middle Ages, 58.

Church of Rome, influence of, on music, 7 — on Italy, 59.

Cicero's Tusculan Questions, 283.

Cities, on living in, 154, 158.

Civilization, the Grecian, 463.

Clarendon, Lord, cited, 442.

Clark, William. See *Lewis*.

Claude Lorraine, paintings of, 379, 380.

Clavers, Mary, Glimpses of Western life by, 206.

Clergy, on the support of the, in the Plymouth Colony, 352.

Climate, influence of, on music, 3, 14.

Coleridge, intimacy of Allston with, 368.

Colletta, Pietro, History of Naples by, 323.

Columbia or *Oregon River*, 79 — Mackenzie in error as to the, 87, 90 — expedition to, by Lewis and Clark, 98. See *Oregon*.

Columbus, Irving's, reviewed, 505, 512. — Biography of, noticed, 535.

Colville, Fort, 118, 140.

Common Law of England, adoption of the, in New Plymouth, 348, 349.

Company, Chesterfield's embarrassment on first going into, 408.

Conant, T. J., his translation of Gesenius's Hebrew Grammar, 263.

Condillac, efforts to overthrow the school of, 326.

Connecticut Colony, union of the New Haven with the, 168.

Corfu, Botta's History of, 313.

Cortez, Life of, noticed, 536.

County Courts in Plymouth, 348.

Coureurs des bois, 85.

Cowper, on Chesterfield, 428 — uninfluenced by his times, 488, 489.

Cox, Ross, adventures by, 109.

Credits, remarks on, 527.

Criminal law of Plymouth Colony, 350.

Critics, two classes of, on paintings, 359 — American, 360.

Crito, writings by, 479.

Cromwell, Oliver, proposition of, to the New Haven Colony, 167.

Crooks, Ramsay, 115.

Crusades, effects of the, on social life, 60.

Currency, Felt's Massachusetts, 526.

Cushman, Elder, cited, 449.

Cynic philosophers, on beauty, 478.

D.

Dante Alighieri, 75.

Davenant, Sir John, 8.

Davenport, John, at New Haven, 164 — facts respecting, 166 — befriends the regicides, 167 — value of, to New Haven Colony, *ib.* — part taken by, in the religious controversy, 168 — his removal to Boston, 169 — death of, 170 — his efforts to found a college, *ib.*

Davidson College, Address at, 533.

Day, author of Sanford and Merton, facts respecting, 425.

Dayrolles, Chesterfield's letters to, 405, 411, 416.

Deception, anecdotes respecting, 427, *note*.

Democratic government of Plymouth, 341.

Democritus, musical works by, 474.

Deputies, in the Plymouth Colony, 345, 346.

Developement, national, 302.

Doctor, origin of the title, 67.

Donna Mencia, 376.

Doria, Andrea, dissertation on, 308.

Douglas, David, expeditions by, 127.

Drama, origin of spiritual, 6.

Dryden, on Spenser, 201.

Duellists, first in New England, 348.

Duncan, Henry, Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons by, 505, 514.

Dynamometer, Batchelder's, 227.

E.

Eaton, Theophilus, settler of New Haven, 164, 165 — facts respecting, 171.

Eclectics, positive and negative, 326.

Edgecombe, Earl of Mount, on glees, 12.

Edgeworth, Mr., cited respecting Day, 425.

Education, Hillhouse on, for men of leisure, 259 — Chesterfield's plan of, 417, 420 — present systems of, 506 — Massachusetts Board of, 511 — Addresses on, noticed, 533.

Eells, Samuel, Oration by, 533.

Eleusinian mysteries, 482.

Elizabeth, Queen, remarks on, and on the age of, 175 — her idea of prerogative, *ib.* — her fondness for admiration as a woman, 176 — her tyranny considered, 177 — her identification with the nation, 178 — loyalty to, 179 — wits of her age, *ib.* — tyranny of the time of, 180

— her baptismal train, *ib.* — religious features of the age of, 181 — its patriotism, 182 — historical incidents in the reign of, 184 — illustrious men at that time, 185 — magnificence, of the age, 187 — its literature 192. See *Spenser.*

Embury, Emma C., Pictures of Early Life by, 294, 506, 515.

England, music in, 4, 5, 8 — features of, in the age of Elibabeth, 178 — Greek literature in, 465. See *Elizabeth* and *Great Britain.*

English language, Anglo-Saxon the, 148.

English poetry, decline of, 490 — Scott's, 491 — Byron's, 495 — Campbell's, 496 — Moore's, 501 — prospective character of, 503.

Epic poetry, Bode on Grecian, 469.

Episcopalians, concessions by, 434 — the contest between the Puritans and, not merely political, 436.

Eumolpus, Eleusinian mysteries, 482.

Explosions. See *Steamboats.*

F.

Faerie Queene, American edition of the, reviewed, 174, 199 — persons allegorized in the, 186 — representative of the age, 187 — a mirror of the times, 188 — directions for reading, *ib.* — Todd's edition, 191 — Upton's notes, 194 — Warton's, 197, 198. See *Spenser.*

Fame, literary, 153.

Felt, Joseph B., Massachusetts Currency by, 526.

Feudal System, in Italy, 53.

Finches, described, 393.

Fine arts, Italy the republic of, 10.

Flemish painters, 364.

Florida Treaty, cedes to the United States the country of Oregon, 111.

Flue boilers, 27.

Flügel, J. G., German Dictionary by, noticed, 279.

Fly-catchers, 400.

Forcellini's Lexicon, 467.

Foreign debt, 528.

France, literature of, in the Middle Ages, 69.

French philosophy in Italy, 311, 325.

French possessions in America, prior to 1763, 76.

Fur trade, early importance of the, in Canada, 84 — must be carried on by associations, 88 — Pacific Fur Company for the, 107 — other American companies for, 115 — mode pursued in the, *ib.* See *Hudson's Bay Company.*

G.

Gainsborough, a painter, 362, 363.

Galuppi, Pasquale, Elementi di Filosofia di, reviewed, 301 — notice of, and of his philosophy, 326 — on the origin of knowledge, 327 — on the limits of, 328 — elements of philosophy by, *ib.* — logic, *ib.* — psychology, 329 — ideology, *ib.* — mixed logic and ethics, *ib*

Gardiner, William, Bombet's Life of Haydn by, reviewed, 1, 2.

General Court, in the Plymouth Colony, 344, 345 — judicial powers exercised by it, 348 — the great rule of action adopted by the, 349 — abolished by Andros, 354.

Genoa, emancipated, 308.

Genoese, characteristics of, 50.

Genseric, stormed Rome, 46, *note.*

German Dictionary, by Flügel and Sporschil, 279.

German literature, in America, 279.

German music, 3.

Germany, Greek literature in, 466 — defects in the scholars of, 467.

Gertrude of Wyoming, 498.

Gesenius's Hebrew Grammar, 263.

Ghibelines in Italy, 58.

Giannoni, History of Naples by, 323.

Gioja, Melchiorre, 332.

Gird, H. H., Address by, 533.

Glees, Earl of Mount Edgecombe cited on, 12.

Glimpses of Western Life, 206.

Goffe, facts as to, 167.

Goldsmith, Oliver, on Spenser, 204.

Government of Plymouth, 341.

Governor in Plymouth, fine for nonacceptance of the office of, 352, six only, 357.

Great Britain, policy of, as to the Indians, 101–104 — detection of it, and the consequences, 104 — remarks on her claim to Oregon, 130. See *British* and *England.*

Grecian literature, 63.

Grecian philosophers, 472.

Grecian poetr Bode's History of,

reviewed, 462 — ancient writers and theories on, 472 — earliest, 481. See *Bode* and *Poetry*.

Grecians, homogeneousness of the, 462, 469 — permanency of their civilization, 463 — ancient and modern, *ib.* — treatment of their political history, 464 — literary history of, 465 — philosophers of the, 472 — philosophy of art of the, 473.

Greece, the Orphic age of, 480 — the Heroic age of, 484.

Guelphs, in Italy, 58.

H.

Hale, S. J., Selections from Jane Taylor by, 506, 515.

Hallam, Henry. Middle Ages by, 43, 44 — on the Faerie Queene, 201.

Handel, the style of, 11.

Hare, on explosions, 33.

Harvard College, founded, 170.

Hawks, remarks on, 394, 395, 400.

Haydn, Life of, reviewed, 1.

Hague, William, Centennial Discourse by, noticed, 525.

Hebrew, works on, noticed, 263.

Heidelberg, castle of, 151.

Henry VIII., quarrels with the Pope 436.

Heroic age of Greece, 484.

Highlands, of Scotland, ornithological excursion to the, 390.

Hillhouse, James A., Dramas, Discourses, and other Pieces by, reviewed, 231 — his finish and style, 232 — Percy's Masque, 235 — Hadad, 239 — outline of his Demetria, 243 — faults in his poems, 254 — his prose Discourses, 257 — Phi Beta Discourse, 258 — Lyceum Discourse, 259.

Hope, remarks on, 498.

Horses, for cavalry in the Middle Ages, 56.

Homer, poets before, 481 — antiquity of, considered, 485 — Bode on, *ib.*

Hudson's Bay Company, 77 — Indian trade with the, 85 — collisions of, with the Northwest Company, 92, 113 — their union, 93 — power and intrusion of the, 93, 113, 140 — monopoly of the, 111 — establishment of, at Fort Vancouver, 113 — returns of the, for 1828, 133 — proceedings of the, 138.

Hughes, on the essay of, 202.

Hume, on Spenser, 204.

Humming-bird, ruff-necked, 387.

Hunt, Wilson P., at Astoria, 107.

Hyperion, a Romance, reviewed, 145 — simplicity of the plan of, 146 — the style, 147 — literary criticisms in, 149 — poetical translations in, *ib.* — extracts from, 150.

I.

Imitation, the philosophy of, 476.

Imperial woodpecker, 399.

Indian titles, law respecting, 82.

Indians, Canada fur trade with, 85 — British policy as to the, 101 — annual war pay to the, 102 — conduct of Plymouth towards, 357, 459.

Intellectual culture, as a test and token of the destiny of nations, 302 — abuse of the term, 509.

Ireland, Moore's feelings for, 501.

Irnerius, at Bologna University, 67.

Irving, Washington, on Astoria, 113 — on Wyeth's expedition, 124 — on the proceedings of the Hudson's Bay Company, 142 — Life of Columbus by, 505, 512.

Italian history, contributors to, 308, 309, 316, 317, 323.

Italian language, corruption of the, 304, 309 — labors for the, 305, 307.

Italian literature, in the Middle Ages, 63, 65 — from 1800 to 1838, 303.

Italian music, 3 — history of, and of English, 6.

Italian opera, in America, 15, 16.

Italian painters, 364.

Italian philosophy, 325 — full revival of, 326 — principal leaders in, and sketch of, *ib.* — application of, to art and science, 334.

Italian poetry, rise and progress of, 73.

Italy, the republic of art, 10 — history of, during the Middle Ages, 44 — invasions of, by Alaric and others, 45, 46, 54, 72 — the races of, 49 — prospective union of races in, 52 — feudal system, 53 — chivalry in, 55 — Roman democracy and aristocracy in, *ib.* — Guelphs and Ghibelines in, 57 — influence of the church in, 58 — effects of

the crusades on, 61 — rise of universities in, 67 — zeal for abstruse studies in, 68 — works on, reviewed, 302 — history, as indicative of letters in, 308 — influence of French philosophy in, 311, 325 — misrepresented, 335 — society in, *ib.* See *Italian.*
Ivanhoe, anecdote respecting, 489.

J.

Jamaica, proposition to remove the New Haven colony to, 167.
James I., denounced Puritans, 440.
Jay's Treaty, navigation of the Mississippi according to, 94 — abrogation of, 105.
Jefferson, Thomas, projects by, for exploring Oregon, 83, 84, 95 — cited as to Ledyard, 83 — plans Lewis and Clark's expedition, 95.
Jenkins's Ohio Gazetteer, 294.
Johnson, Samuel, on Spenser, 203 — and Chesterfield, 405, 412 — on Chesterfield's Letters to his Son, 414, 428.
Joubert, in Piedmont, 313.
Judicial system of New Plymouth, 348.
Jury, trial by, at Plymouth, 343, 348.
Juvenile Series of the School Library, 505, 515.

K.

Kant and Galuppi, 327, 328, 329.
Keese's Poets of America, 289.
Kelley, Hall J., expedition of, 120, 121.
Kingsley's Historical Discourse, 432.
Knowledge, origin of, 327 — limits of, 328.

L.

La Fontaine. A Present, 277.
Lady of the Lake, 493.
Lalla Rookh, Moore's, 502.
Langley's Principia Saxonica, 530.
Langue de sì, 66.
Lasus on music, 474.
Latin language, downfall of the, 63, 65 — Monti's study of the, 305.
Laud, Davenport threatened by, 166 — policy of, 438, 440, 443 — Southey on, 445.
Lay of the Last Minstrel, 491.
Ledyard, John, his project of exploring Oregon, 83.
Lee, Jason, missionary, 122, 126.
Lewis, Meriwether, selected for an expedition to Oregon, 84, 96 — Outline of his expedition with Clark, 96.
Liberty, protection of colonial, considered, 443 — dependence of civil and religious, on the Puritans, 452.
Libraries, remarks on, 509, 510.
Linnæus, classification of birds by, 382.
Linus of Chalcis, a poet, 482.
Literary fame, 153.
Literary men, remarks on, 152, 154.
Literature, 63 — in the age of Queen Elizabeth, 192 — of Queen Anne, 201 — on judging of nations by, 302 — of Chesterfield's time, 415. See *Arabian*, *Grecian*, *Italian*, and *Roman.*
Litta, Pomponio, Count, 309.
Lives of Eminent Americans, 505.
Locke, Dr., on the Steamboat Moselle, 31.
Logic of Galuppi, 328.
Lombards, invasion of Italy by, 47 — characteristics of the, 49 — their rules, 54 — ignorance under the, 64, 72.
Longfellow, H. W., translation by, 149, 269 — Voices of the Night by, 266. See *Hyperion.*
Lothrop, Rev. S. K., his Sermon on the Destruction of the Steamboat Lexington, 537.
Louisiana, on the acquisition of, in relation to Oregon, 94, 96, 97.
Louisiana Institute, Gird's Address before the, noticed, 533.
Louvre, Imperial gallery of the, 367.
Lyric poetry, Grecian, 487.

M.

McDougal, Duncan, in the Astorian expedition, 107, 108.
Macgillivray, William, History of British Birds by, reviewed, 381 — his mode of classification, *ib.*, 383 — his four groups, 384 — Audubon's concurrence with, *ib.* — excursion of, to the Highlands of Scotland, with Audubon, 390.
Machinery, at the second Mechanic Exhibition, 225.
Mackenzie, Sir Alexander, connected with the Northwest Company, 84,

86 — his expedition to the Arctic Sea, 86 — beyond the Rocky Mountains, *ib.* — its importance, 88 — suggestions by, 89.
Mackinaw Fur Company, 105.
McLeay, Quinary system of, 382.
McLeod, in the Hudson's Bay Company, 140.
McTavish, agent, purchases Astoria, 108.
Madden, Dr., Chesterfield's letter to, 405.
Magna Grecia, 51.
Malbone, effect of, on Allston, 361, 365.
Mamiani della Rovere, Count, 332.
Manners, Chesterfield's estimate of, and discipline for forming, 407, 222. See *Chesterfield.*
Manufactures. See *Massachusetts.*
Marengo, battle of, 314.
Marmion, Scott's, 492.
Martin, paintings by, 372, 374.
Massachusetts, early education in, 170 — union of Plymouth with, 355 — distinction between the early settlers of, *ib.*
Massachusetts Board of Education, 511.
Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, The Second Exhibition of the, 223.
Massachusetts Currency, Felt's, 526.
Massachusetts patent, 444.
Mather, Increase, agent in England, 355.
Maty, Dr., Life of Chesterfield by, 404, *note* — on Chesterfield's failure in the House of Commons, 409.
Mayflower, last survivor of the, 357.
Mechanic Association, 223.
Melampus, 483.
Memory, Audubon on trusting to, 390.
Messenger of the General Court, 345.
Michaux, André, on a western expedition, 84.
Michilimackinac, fur trade at, 85.
Middle Ages, Hallam's View of the State of Europe during the, reviewed, 43 — effects of the, on the existing order of society, *ib.* See *Italy*.
Migration of birds, 388, 401.
Milton, John, on Uriel, cited, 373 — uninfluenced by his age, 489 — cited, 504.
Mississippi, river, depth of the, 25 — free navigation of the, according to Jay's Treaty, 94. See *Steamboats.*
Missouri, trading of the British with Indians in, 132.
Mitchell's Grecian Comedies, 466.
Mitford's History of Greece, 465.
Molineri, Ignazio, botanist, 310.
Molini, Giuseppe, 308.
Monks, literary labors of, 153.
Monroe, James, on Oregon, 111.
Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley, on deception, 427, *note.*
Montaigne, on motives, 449.
Monti, Vincenzo, Proposta di alcune Correzioni ed Aggiunti al Vocabolario della Crusca di, reviewed, 301 — labors of, for the Italian language, 305 — biographical sketch of, *ib.* — Botta's acquaintance with, 314.
Moore, America visited by, 500 — his poetry, 501 — his patriotism, *ib.* — secret of his defects, *ib.*
Moors, intolerance of the, in Spain, 69.
Morton's Hope, noticed, 295.
Moselle steamboat, facts as to the, 29 - 34.
Motives, Montaigne on, 449.
Mozart, Life of, reviewed, 1.
Music, want of national, in America, 2, 12 — characteristics of, in different countries, 3 — influence of poetry on, *ib.*, 5 — of climate and natural scenery, 3 — German and Italian, *ib.* — want of national, in England, 4, 9 — history of English and Italian, compared, 6 — effect of Puritanism on, 7 — English composers of church, 12 — prospects for the growth of a national, in America, 13 — Academy of, in Boston, 17 — in the Boston public schools, *ib.* — state of, in Boston, 18 — ancient theoretical views of, 473 - 476 — works on ancient, 474.
Musical Magazine, 12, 18.
Mythi, of Homer, 480.
Mythical age, 480.

N.

Naples, character of the people of, 52 — histories of, 323.

National developement, on judging of, 301.
National music, 4, 6. See *Music.*
National wrongs, redressing, 105, 501.
Naudowessies, 79 — Carver Grant by, 81.
New England plantations, 162. See *Pilgrims* and *Puritans.*
New Haven, Bacon's Thirteen Historical Discourses at, reviewed, 161, 432 — first settlers and settlement of, 164, 172 — organization of the church and government of, 165 — the basis of the laws of, *ib.* — leading men at, *ib.*, 167 — proposition for removing to Jamaica, *ib.* — union of with the Connecticut colony, 168 — Eaton, governor of, 171.
New Home, reviewed, 206.
New Plymouth Colony, origin of, 337, 338 — geographical territory of, 338 — settlement of, 339 — origin of the government of, 340 — charter purchased for, 342 — early legislation in, 343 — first records of, *ib.* — revision of the laws of, 344 — representative government in, 345 — character of the records of the laws of, 346 — selection from the laws, with amendments, 347 — laws of, digested and printed, 348 — judicial system of, *ib.* — common law of England in, *ib.*, 349 — its criminal law, 350 — the capital crimes in, *ib.* — punishments, 351 — opposition to tobacco, *ib.* — reluctance to holding public office in, *ib.* — compulsion respecting it, 352 — support of clergy in, *ib.* — schools in, 353 — tyranny of Andros over the, 354 — union of, with Massachusetts, 355 — feelings respecting it, 356 — extensive influence of the, 357 — remarks on the government, *ib.* — the intercourse with the Indians, *ib.* — its conduct towards the Quakers, *ib.* — settlers of, separatists, 444. See *Pilgrims* and *Puritans.*
New York Review, [Article 2. Politics of the Puritans,] reviewed, 432.
Nobles in Italy, in the Middle Ages, 56.
Nome, Olympus inventor of the, 482.
Non nobis, Domine, 12.
Normans, in northern France, 71.
North America, British possessions in, prior to 1763, 76 — plans for crossing, 88, 91.
Northwest Company, formation of the, 86 — control of Indians by the, 94, 100 — territory explored by the, 105 — sale of Astoria to the, 108, 109. See *Hudson's Bay Company.*
Northwestern Boundary of the United States, facts as to the, 94, 109 —articles of convention respecting it, 109, 110. See *Oregon.*
Nuttall, visit to Oregon by, 127— ruff-necked humming-bird seen by, 387—violet-green swallow described by, 388 — on a finch, 394.

O.

Odoacer, king of Italy, 47, and *note.*
Office, compulsion respecting, in Plymouth colony, 352.
Ohio Gazetteer. See *Jenkins.*
Olen, a Grecian poet, 482.
Olympus of Mysia, 482.
Opera, origin of the, 6 — in 1658, 8 — in America, 15 — in London, *ib.*
Oratorio, origin of the, 6.
Oregon, earliest mention of, 75, 79 — views of, by Carver, 80 — by Ledyard, 83 — by Jefferson, *ib.* — Mackenzie's expedition to, 84, 86 — its importance, 88—concessions to Great Britain in, 94, 133, 135— effects of the acquisition of Louisiana on, 95 — expedition to, by Lewis and Clark, 98 — Astor's project, 106 — ceded to the United States, 111 — the subject of, commended to the notice of Congress, 132, 136 — extent of, 113 — expeditions to, by Ashley and Henry, 114 — by Pitcher, 118 — by Kelley, 120 — by Wyeth, 124, 126 — by Bonneville, 125 — by Douglas, 127 — by Townsend and Nuttall, *ib.* — by Parker, 128 — British right to, 130 — Ball's journey to, 132 — Slacum's agency at, 138 — proceedings of the Hudson's Bay Company there, 137 - 144 — re-

marks on protecting, 144. See *Astoria* and *Hudson's Bay Company*.

Oriental literature and poetry, 68.

Ornithological Biography, Vol. V., by John James Audubon, reviewed, 381.

Ornithology, classifications in, 382 — attention to, 389. See *Audubon* and *Macgillivray*.

Orpheus, 481 — remarks on, 483.

Orphic age, 480.

Osgood, Frances Sargent, a Wreath of Wild Flowers by, 269.

Otis, George Alexander, Tusculan Questions of Cicero by, noticed, 283.

Owls, remarks on, 400.

P.

Pacific Fur Company, formed, 107.

Pacific Ocean. See *Atlantic*.

Paesiello, letter to, by Botta, 311.

Painting, influence of Poetry on, 368. See *Allston* and *Pictures*.

Paley's Natural Theology, reviewed, 505, 513.

Pamphus, of Athens, a poet, 482.

Papi, Commentaries of, on the French Revolution, 325.

Parker, Samuel, Journal of an Exploring Tour beyond the Rocky Mountains by, reviewed, 75 — account of it, 128.

Patent, the Massachusetts, 444.

Pebblebrook, and the Harding Family, 273.

Perkins Institution for the Blind, Eighth Annual Report of the, 520.

Perticari, Giulio, Count, 306 — facts respecting, 307.

Peters, Samuel, petition by, for the Carver Grant, 81 — facts respecting, 82, *note*.

Petrarch, last of the troubadours, 72.

Phidias, borrowed from Homer, 481.

Philammon of Delphi, 483.

Philolaus on music, 473.

Philosophers, remarks on ancient, 473.

Philosophy. See *Grecian* and *Italian*.

Philosophy of art, the Greek, 473 — Plato's, 176.

Pianoforte-making, in Boston, 229.

Picture of Early Life, noticed, 294.

Pictures, two classes of critics on, 359. See *Allston*.

Piedmont, corruptness of the dialects in, 309 — French principles in, 311 — government of, overthrown, 313 — various revolutions in, 314 — reëstablishment of the French power in, *ib.* — union of, with France, *ib.*

Pilgrims, voyage of the, to New Plymouth, 339 — their political freedom, 340 — social compact by the, *ib.* — distinction between the Plymouth and the Massachusetts, 356. See *New Plymouth*.

Pitcher, Joshua, expedition of, beyond the Rocky Mountains, 118 — on the joint occupation of Oregon, 133.

Pizarro, Life of, noticed, 536.

Plainfield, Massachusetts, History of, 524.

Planter's Plea, reviewed, 432 — cited, 446, 447, 460.

Plato, 475 — on the philosophy of art, 476.

Pleading, Chitty's Precedents in, noticed, 528.

Pleasing, Chesterfield on, 429 — remarks on, 431.

Pleasures of Hope, Campbell's, 496.

Plymouth. See *New Plymouth*.

Poetical translations, Longfellow's, 149, 269.

Poetry, influence of, on music, 3, 5 — Arabian, 68 — in Spain, *ib.* — of the Troubadours, 70 — of the Trouvères, 71 — rise and progress of Italian, 73 — influence of, on painting, 368 — innateness of, 474 — Plato's speculations on, 476 — Aristotle's, 479 — influence of the age on, 488 — decline of, 490. See *English*, *Faerie Queene*, *Grecian*, and *Italian*.

Poets of America, Keese's, noticed, 289.

Poggi, of Parma, publishes Botta's History of Italy, 317.

Poli, Baldassare, 330.

Politics of the Puritans, an article in the New York Review upon the, reviewed, 432. See *Pilgrims* and *Puritans*.

Pope, on the Faerie Queene, 189, *note*.

Porson, remarks on, 465.

Porter's Sketch of Plainfield, 524.
Precedents in Pleading, Chitty's, 528.
Prince, Thomas, Governor, 352.
Principia Saxonica, Langley's, 530.
Protestantism in England, in the time of Elizabeth, 182, 184.
Provençal, the Romance, 70.
Provence, union of Catalonia with, 70 — the poetry of, 70.
Puritanism, effect of, on music, 7.
Puritans, residence of, at Leyden, in Holland, 338 — removal of, to Plymouth, 339 — Politics of the, an Article in the New York Review, reviewed, 432 — contest between the Episcopalians and the, not merely political, 436 — oppression of the, 439 — persecuted, 440 — motives of the, for leaving England, 446 — dependence of civil and religious liberty on the, 452 — religious intolerance of the, 458 — their mode of obtaining lands from the Indians, 459 — R. C. Winthrop on the, 535. See *New Plymouth* and *Pilgrims*.
Psychology of Galuppi, 329.
Pythagoreans, on music, 473, 474.

Q.

Quakers, in New England, 352 — conduct of Plymouth towards, 357.
Quinary system of McLeay, 382.
Quincy Market Hall, 224.

R.

Raccoon, The, at Astoria, 109.
Railroads taking the place of steam navigation, 41.
Raphael, the paintings of, 370, 371.
Rationalists, empiric, 326, 330.
Reading, abuse of, 509.
Redi, a favorite of Botta, 310.
Reformation, in England in the time of Elizabeth, 182.
Regicides, facts as to the, 167.
Rejected Addresses, noticed, 534.
Religious age, 181.
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, effect of his portraits and lectures, 362 — merits of, *ib.*
Rocky Mountain Fur Company, 115.
Rocky Mountains, discovery beyond the, 75 — on crossing the, 88, 91, 95, 96, 98, 120 — southern pass over the, 120, 128 — missionaries beyond the, 126. See *Oregon.*
Romagnosi, Giandomenico, Collezione degli Scritti sulla Dottrina della Ragione di, reviewed, 301 — notice of, and of his philosophy, 330.
Roman Empire, decline of the, 45.
Roman literature, 63.
Romance, remarks on the word, 145.
Romance language, introduced into Italy, 65 — remarks on the, *ib.*, 69 — Provençal, the language of chivalry, 70 — Walloon, 71.
Rome, taken by Alaric, 46, *note* — remarks on the people of, 51. See *Church.*
Rosmini, Abbé, idealism of, 333.
Rotary press, 226.
Rovere, Count Mamiani della, 332.

S.

Safety valves in steamboats, 32.
St. Ronan's Well, altered, 490.
Salerno, university of, 67, 69.
Saracens, in Sicily, 69.
Saxonica, Principia, noticed, 530.
Scenery, influence of, on music, 3, 14.
Schiller, on the age of Elizabeth, 183.
Schoell, quotation from, 482.
School Library, The, reviewed, 505 — its plan, 511 — writers in the, 512 — the works in the, published, *ib.* — Introductory Essay to the, 513 — Juvenile Series of the, 515.
Schools, support of, in Plymouth Colony, 354.
Scotland. See *Highlands.*
Scott, Sir Walter, changes by, in his novels, 489 — his Lay of the Last Minstrel, 491 — his Marmion, 492 — his Lady of the Lake, 493 — his romances, *ib.* — Lord Byron and, compared, 494.
Seclusion, remarks on, 152, 154.
Serra, History of Liguria by, 325.
Shenstone's School Mistress, 205.
Siddons, Mrs., 366.
Simmias the Theban, 479.
Simon the Athenian, 479.
Singleness of purpose, 421.
Slacum, William A., remarks by, 137.

Smoking, in the Plymouth Colony, 351.

Snags, description of, 22.

Sneyd, E., Day's attachment to, 425.

Social life, effects of the crusades on, 61.

Socrates, on poetry, 474 - 476.

Somnambulism, 329.

Song-sparrows, Brewer on, 403.

Southern Literary Messenger, Vol. V. No. 12. Article in, on Otis's Tusculan Questions of Cicero, noticed, 283.

Southern Pass over the Rocky Mountains, 120, 128.

Southey, Dr., on the discipline of Laud, 445.

Sparks's American Biography, selections from, reviewed, 513.

Sparrow, P. J., Address by, noticed, 533.

Spenser, Edmund, The Poetical Works of, reviewed, 174 — remarks on the edition, *ib.*, 199 — the child of the age, 187 — his learning, 193 — his reputation in the age of Anne, 201 — his reputation in the last century, 202 — recent poems in the stanza of, 205, 233. See *Faerie Queene*.

Spenserian stanza, recent poems in the, 205, 233.

Sporschil, Johan, German Dictionary by, noticed, 279.

Standish, Miles, 356.

Stanhope, son of Chesterfield, 417, 421.

Stanhope, Earl, deception of foreign ministers by, 427, *note*.

Steam, expansive force of, 33.

Steam engines, models of, at the exhibition of the Mechanic Association, 225.

Steamboats, effects of, on the West, 19 — statutes respecting, 20 — causes of explosions of, 21 — peculiar character of the rivers, *ib.* — construction of, 23, 26 — collision, 23 — fire and combustible cargoes, 25, 26 — tiller ropes, and want of small boats, 26 — bursting of boilers, *ib.* — the Tangipaho, *ib.*, *note* — conduct of passengers, 28 — rivalry, 28, 29 — the Moselle, 29 - 34 — safety valves in, 32 — effect of care and vigilance in, 34 — selection of, by travellers, 35 — crowded, 36 — want of discipline in, *ib.* — remedies for accidents, *ib.* — as regular packets, 37 — legislative protection, and suggestions respecting it, *ib.* — inspection of, 38 — tiller ropes, 39 — signal lights, *ib.* — penalties 40 — prosecutions, *ib.* — railroads taking the place of, 41 — iron, 287.

Stuart dynasty, aid of Episcopalians in overthrowing the, 434.

Style, in Johnson's time, 148 — remarks on, and on Hillhouse, 232 — on the Carlylese, 273.

Summer, extract on, 157.

Sun-perch, Audubon on the, 386.

Swallows, remarks on, 388.

T.

Tangipaho, The, destroyed, 26, *note*.

Tappan, William B., The Poet's Tribute by, noticed, 297.

Taylor, Jane, Selections from reviewed, 506, 515.

Tenivelli, Botta's master, 309.

Terns, Audubon on, 402.

Thamyris, a poet, 483.

Theodoric, reign of, in Italy, 47.

Theophrastus, characters of, imitated in the Analyst, 531.

Thessaly, poetical associations in, 482.

Thirlwall's History of Greece, 466.

Thorn, Jonathan, voyage of, to Astoria, 107 — death of, 108.

Thought-saving tendency of the age, 508.

Thucydides, Arnold's, 466.

Tiller ropes and substitutes, 39.

Tobacco, Plymouth hostility to, 351.

Todd's Faerie Queene, 191.

Tonquin, voyage of the, to Astoria, 107 — destroyed, 108.

Townsend, John K., Narrative by, reviewed, 75, 127 — Audubon publishes the birds of, 387 — bird named from, 393 — birds seen by, *ib.*, 394, 396, 397, 399.

Translations. See *Poetical*.

Treaties of Utrecht and of Paris, British and French possessions in America, according to the, 76.

Trifles, remarks on, 303.

Troopials, described by Audubon, 393.

Trosachs, Audubon at the, 392.
Troubadours, poetry of the, 70 — remarks on, *ib.* — the last of the, 72, 74.
Trouvères, poetry of the, 71 — the last of the, 72, 74.
Truth, slow establishment of, 433.
Turner's Chemistry noticed, 516.
Turner, Sharon, cited, 456.
Tuscans, characteristics of, 51.
Tyranny, Queen Elizabeth's, considered, 177 — features of an age of, 180.

U.

United States, northwestern boundary of the, 94, 109, 110. See *America* and *Music*.
Universal ideas, 327.
Universities, effects of the rise of, 66.
Upton on the Faerie Queene, 194.
Uriel in the Sun, picture of, 373.

V.

Vancouver, Fort, 113, 134, 138, 142.
Venetian paintings, 367.
Venetians, characteristics of, 49.
Vieillot, classification of birds by, 382.

W.

Wallamet, settlement at, 122, 126 — valley of the, 142.
Warblers, Audubon on, 396.
Warton, Thomas, on Spenser's Faerie Queene, 197, 198.
Waterford, Bishop of, Chesterfield corresponds with him, 416.
West, Benjamin, reception of Allston by, 363 — his merits, *ib.* — the neglect of, 364.
West, effect of steamboats on the, 19. See *Oregon.*
Western Life, Glimpses of, reviewed, 206.
Westminster Review, cited on music in England, 8.
Whalley, the regicide, facts as to, 167.
Whitworth, western project of, 80.
Williams, Roger, Hague on, 525.
Wilson, as a landscape painter, 362.
Winthrop, Robert C., Address by, before the New England Society, noticed, 535.
Wiswell, Ichabod, Reverend, agent in England, 355.
Wolf, theory of, opposed, 485.
Woodpeckers, Audubon on, 398.
Worcester, J. E., Geographical Works by, noticed, 272.
Wordsworth, 490, 503.
Writing by a deaf, dumb, and blind girl, 523.
Wyeth, Nathaniel J., expedition to Oregon by, 124, 126 — on the proceedings of the Hudson's Bay company, 141.
Wyoming, Gertrude of, 498.

Y.

Yale College, founded, 170 — Eells's Address there, noticed, 533.
Yates, W., his Theory of the Hebrew verb, and his Biblical Apparatus, noticed, 263.
Yellowstone river, post on the, 114.

ERRATUM.

Page 308, note, read *North American Review*, Vol. XLVI. p. 337 *et seq.*

no
B.a-

JUN 5 1939